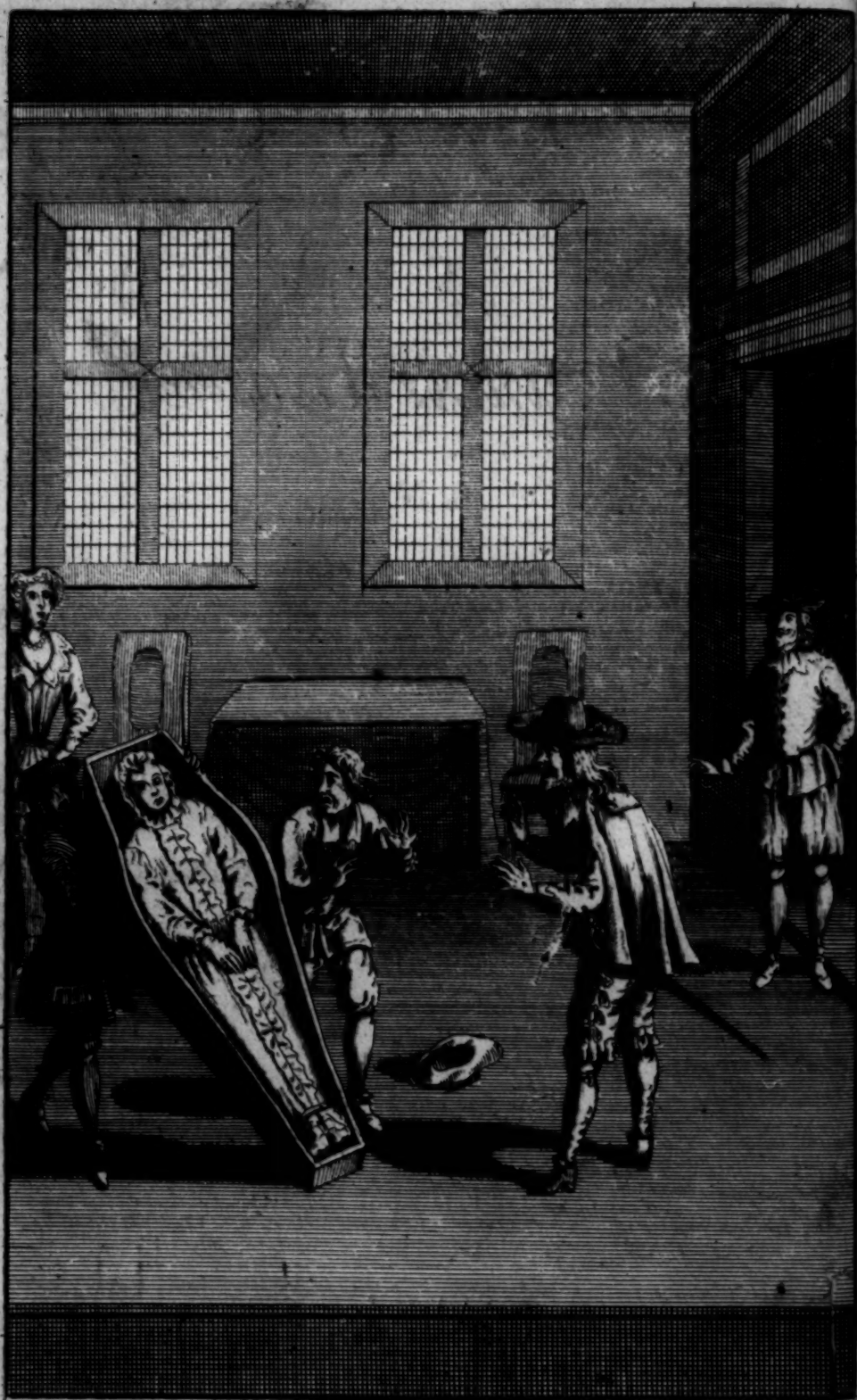
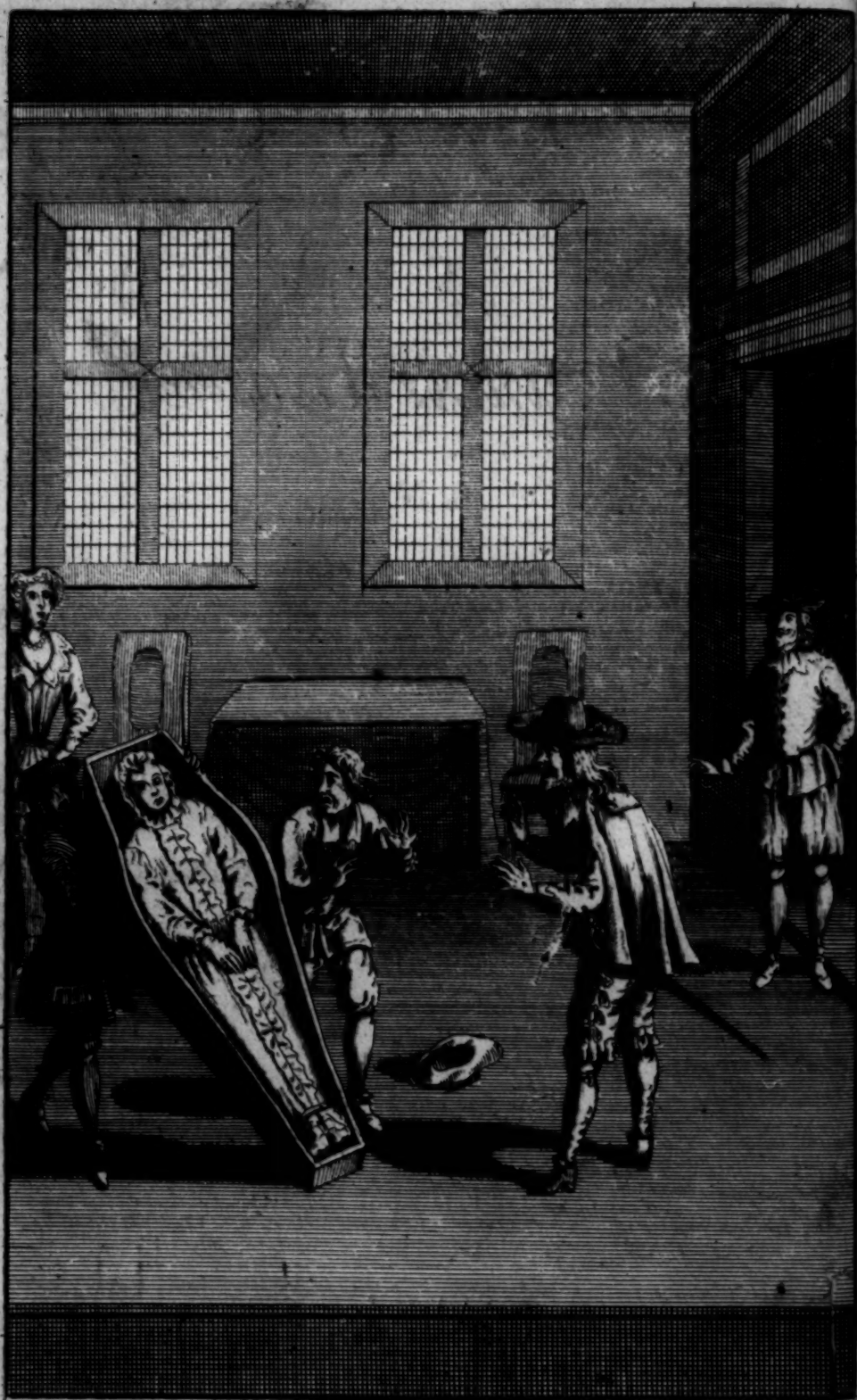




The Night Walker



The Night Walker

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,
AND
Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

The NIGHT-WALKER.	The CORONATION.
The WOMAN'S PRIZE.	The GOXCOMB.
The ISLAND PRINCESS.	SEA-VOYAGE.
The NOBLE GENTLE- MAN.	WIT at SEVERAL WEAPONS.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-
against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXI.

595
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WORKS

OF

MR. FRANCIS BARNARD

AND

MR. JOHN BARNARD

VOLUMES SIXTY

CONTAINING

The Night-Walker
The Woman's Trial
The Land of the Living
The Noble Gentleman
The Noble Gentleman

LONDON

Printed for J. B. Barnard, at the ...
... in the ...

THE
Night-Walker:

OR, THE
LITTLE THIEF.

A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

TOM Lurcher.
Jack Wildbrain.

Gentlemen.

Justice Algripe.

Frank Heartlove.

Toby.

Servants.

Sexton.

Bell-Ringers.

Boy.

A Lady, Mother to Maria.

Maria.

Nurse.

Mistress Newlove.

Women.

Mistress.

THE



THE
NIGHT-WALKER;
OR, THE
LITTLE THIEF.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Tom Lurcher, and Jack Wild-brain.

LURCHER.

ACK.



Wild. What Wind brought thee hither?
In what hollow Tree, or rotten Wall
Hast thou been like a Swallow all this Win-
Where hast thou been, Man? (ter?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What Plow? Thou hast no Land,
Stealing is thy own Purchase.

Lur. The best Inheritance.

Wild. Not in my Opinion,
Thou hadst five hundred Pound a Year.

Lur. 'Tis gone,
Prithee no more on't, have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all Men equal,
Her distribution to each Child alike;

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'Till

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'Till Labour came and thrust a new Will in,
Which I allow not; 'till Men won a Privilege
But that they call Endeavour, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful Couzenage,
An allow'd way to cheat; why should my Neighbour,
That hath no more Soul than his Horse-keeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a Broom-man,
Have fourty thousand Pounds, and I four Groats;
Why should he keep it?

Wild. Thy old Opinion still.

Lur. Why should that Scrivener,
That ne'er writ Reason in his Life, nor any thing
That Time ever glory'd in, that never knew
How to keep any Courtesie conceal'd,
But *Noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a Rascal?
Consider this, why should that mouldy Cobler
Marry his Daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thousand Pounds? Is this good Justice?
Because he has a tougher Constitution,
Can feed upon old Songs, and save his Mony,
Therefore must I go beg?

Wild. What's this to thee?

Thou canst not mend, if thou be'st determin'd
To rob all like a Tyrant, yet take heed
A keener Justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a Noose.

Lur. I am no Wood-cock,
He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth Pity, let me alone to shuffle,
Thou art for Wenching.

Wild. For Beauty I, a safe Course,
No halter hangs in the way, I defie it.

Lur. But a worse Fate, a wilful Poverty,
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee, 'tis thy Destiny;
One is a kind of weeping Cross, *Jack*,
A gentle Purgatory, do not fling at all,
You'll pay the Box so often, 'till you perish.

Wild.

Wild. Take no you no care for that, Sir, 'tis my Plea-
I will imploy my Wits a great deal faster (sure,
Than you shall do your Fingers; and my Loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove riper Harvest
And handsomer, and come within less Danger.
Where's thy young Sister?

Lur. I know not where she is, she is not worth caring for.
She has no Wit.

Oh you'd be nibbling with her,
She's far enough I hope, I know not where,
She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,
She wou'd not take my Counsel, *Jack*,
And so I parted from her.

Wild. Leave her to her Wants?

Lur. I gave her a little Mony, what I could spare,
She had a Mind to th' Country, she is turn'd,
By this, some Farrier's dairy Maid, I may meet her
Riding from Market one Day, 'twixt her Dorsers,
If I do, by this Hand I wo't spare
Her Butter Pence.

Wild. Thou wilt not rob thy Sister.

Lur. She shall account me for her Eggs and Cheeses.

Wild. A pretty Girl; did not old *Algripe* love her?
A very pretty Girl she was.

Lur. Some such thing,
But he was too wise to fasten; let her pass.

Wild. Then where's thy Mistress?

Lur. Where you sha' not find her,
Nor know what Stuff she is made on, no indeed, Sir,
I choose her not for your use.

Wild. Sure she is handsome. (all one.

Lur. Yes indeed is she, she is very handsome, but that's

Wild. You'll come to th' Marriage?

Lur. Is it to Day?

Wild. Now, now, they are come from Church now.

Lur. Any great Preparation,
Does Justice *Algripe* shew his Power?

Wild. Very glorious, and glorious People there.

Lur. I may meet with him yet e'er I die, as cunning
as he is.

Wild. You may do good *Tom*, at the Carriage,
We have Plate and dainty things.

Lur. Do you no Harm, Sir;
For yet methinks the Marriage should be marr'd
If thou may'st have thy Will, farewell, say nothing. [*Ex.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wild. You are welcome, noble Friends.

1 *Gent.* I thank you Sir,
Nephew to the old Lady, his Name is *Wildbrain*,
And wild his best Condition. 2 *Gent.* I have heard of him.
I pray ye tell me, Sir, is young *Maria* merry
After her Marriage Rites? Does she look lively?
How does she like her Man? *Wild.* Very scurvily,
And as untowardly she prepares her self,
But 'tis mine Aunt's will, that this dull Mettal
Must be mixt with her, to allay her Handsomeness.

1 *Gent.* Had *Heartlove* no fast Friends?

Wild. His Means are little,
And where those Littles are, as little Comforts
Ever keep Company: I know she loves him,
His Memory beyond the Hopes of——
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But 'tis her unhandsome Fate.

Enter Frank Heartlove.

1 *Gent.* I am sorry for't;
Here comes poor *Frank*, nay we are Friends, start not, Sir,
We see your Willow, and are sorry for't,
And though it be a Wedding, we are half Mourners.

Frank. Good Gentlemen, remember not my Fortunes,
They are not to be help'd by Words.

Wild. Look up Man,
A proper sensible Fellow, and shrink for a Wench?
Are there no more? Or is she all the Handsomeness?

Frank. Prithee leave fooling.

Wild. Prithee leave thou whining;
Have Maids forgot to love?

Frank. You are injurious.

Wild. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.

1 *Gent.* Come, good *Frank*,
Forget now, since there is no Remedy,
And shew a merry Face, as wise Men would do.

2 Gent. Be a free Guest, and think not of those Passages.

Wild. Think how to nick him home, thou know'st she
Graf me a dainty Medler on his Crabstock; (doats on thee,
Pay me the dreaming Puppy.

Frank. Well, make your Mirth, the whilst I bear my
Honest Minds would have better Thoughts. (Misery:

Wild. I am her Kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her Youth,
Yet honest *Frank*, before I would have that Stinkard,
That walking, rotten Tomb, enjoy her Maidenhead.

Frank. Prithee leave mocking.

Wild. Prithee *Frank* believe me,
Go to consider, hark, they knock to dinner, [*Knock within.*
Come, wo't thou go?

2 Gent. I prithee *Frank* go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.

Frank. You are light, Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your Hearts, pray give me leave,
I'll come and see, and take my Leave.

Wild. We'll look for you,
Do not despair, I have a Trick yet. [*Exit.*

Frank. When I am mischievous I will believe your Pro-
She is gone, for ever gone, I cannot help it, (jects,
My Hopes and all my Happiness gone with her,
Gone like a pleasing Dream: What Mirth and Jollity
Reigns round about this House? How every Office
Sweats with new Joys? Can she be merry too?
Is all this Pleasure set by her Appointment?
Sure she hath a false Heart then; still they grow louder,
The old Man's God, his Gold, has won upon her,
(Light-hearted Cordial Gold) and all my Services
That offer'd naked Truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if she were compell'd, but it cannot be,
If I could but imagine her Will mine,
Although he had her Body.

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

Lady. He shall come in.
Walk without Doors o'this Day, though an Enemy,
It must not be.

Wild. You must compel him, Madam.

La. No she shall fetch him in, Nephew it shall be so.

Wild. It will be fittest. [Exit.]

Frank. Can fair *Maria* look again upon me?
Can there be so much Impudence in Sweetness?

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong Heart to defie me?
She comes her self; how rich she is in Jewels!
Methinks they show like frozen Isicles,
Cold Winter had hung on her; how the Roses,
That kept continual spring within her Cheeks,
Are wither'd with the old Man's dull Embraces?
She would speak to me. I can sigh too, Lady,
But from a sounder Heart: Yes, and can weep too,
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,
Tears of more pious Value than your Marriage;
You would encase your self, and I must credit you,
So much my old Obedience compels from me;
Go, and forget me, and my Poverty,
I need not bid you, you are too perfect that way;
But still remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyal Love; nay turn not from me,
I will not ask a Tear more, you are bountiful;
Go and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my Life left.

Mar. Good Sir, hear me:

What has been done, was the Act of my Obedience
And not my Will; forc'd from me by my Parents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely,
And if there can be more Society,
Without Dishonour to my Tie of Marriage,
Or Place for noble Love, I shall love you still,
You had the first, the last, had my Will prosper'd.
You talk of little time of Life, dear *Frank*,
Certain I am not marry'd for Eternity,
The Joy my Marriage brings, tells me I am mortal,
And shorter liv'd than you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the Gold and Ease his Age hath brought me
Add what I coveted, Content. Go with me,
They seek a Day of Joy, prithee let's show it,
Though it be forc'd, and by this Kiss believe me,
However, I must live at his command now,

I'll die at yours.

Frank. I have enough, I'll honour ye. [Exeunt.

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my Trinkets, and this lusty Marriage I mean to visit, I have Shifts of all Sorts, And here are a thousand Wheels to set 'em working; I am very merry, for I know this Wedding Will yield me lusty Pillage: If mad *Wildgoose*, That debauch'd Rogue, keep but his ancient Revels, And breed a Hubbub in the House, I am happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you?

Boy. A poor distressed Boy, Sir, Friendless and comfortless, that would intreat Some Charity and Kindness from your Worship; I would fain serve, Sir, and as fain endeavour With dutious Labour to deserve the Love Of that good Gentleman should entertain me.

Lur. A pretty Boy, but of too mild a Breeding, Too tender, and too bashful a Behaviour: What canst thou do?

Boy. I can learn any thing That's good and honest, and shall please a Master.

Lur. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not, I love a bold and secure Confidence, An Impudence that one may trust: This Boy now, Had I instructed him, had been a Jewel, A Treasure for my Use. Thou canst not lye?

Boy. I would not willingly.

Lur. Nor thou hast not Wit To dissemble neatly?

Boy. Do you love such Boys, Sir?

Lur. Oh mainly, mainly, I wou'd have my Boy impudent, Out-face all Truth, yet do it piously; Like *Proteus*, cast himself into all Forms, As sudden and as nimble as his Thoughts; Blanch at no Danger, though it be the Gallows, Nor make no Conscience of a Cosenage, Though it be i'th' Church. Your soft, demure, still Child Are good for nothing, but to get long Graces — (dren---

And

And sing Songs to dull Tunes; I would keep thee
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active Quality,
And be a tender Master to thy Knavery,
But thou art not for my use.

Boy. Do you speak this seriously?

Lur. Yes indeed do I.

Boy. Would you have your Boy, Sir,
Read in these moral Mischiefs?

Lur. Now thou mov'st me.

Boy. And be a well-train'd Youth in all Activities?

Lur. By any means.

Boy. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneness?

Lur. I speak this to make thee.

Boy. Then take me, Sir, and cherish me, and love me,
You have me what you would: believe me, Sir,
I can do any thing for your advantage,
I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As easily as I can sleep, Sir, and securely;
As naturally I can steal too.

Lur. That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on, hold thee there, thou art excellent.

Boy. Steal any thing from any Body living.

Lur. Not from thy Master,

Boy. That's mine own Body,
And must not be.

Lur. The Boy mends mightily.

Boy. A rich Man, that like Snow heaps up his Monies,
I have a kind of pious Zeal to meet still;
A Fool that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

Lur. Excellent Boy, and able to instruct me,
Of mine own Nature just.

Boy. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of Danger I do best, Sir,
I have a thousand Faces to deceive,
And to those, twice so many Tongues to flatter,
An Impudence, no Brags was ever tougher,
And for my Conscience.

Lur. Peace, I have found a Jewel,

A Jewel all the *Indies* cannot match,
And thou sha't feel——

Boy. This title, and I ha' done, Sir;
I never can confess, I ha' that Spell on me;
And such rare Modesties before a Magistrate,
Such Innocence to catch a Judge, such Ignorance.

Lur. I'll learn of thee, thou art mine own, come Boy,
I'll give thee action presently.

Boy. Have at you.

Lur. What must I call thee?

Boy. Snap, Sir.

Lur. 'Tis most natural,
A Name born to thee, sure thou art a Fairy,
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mistress, Newlove and Toby.

Lady. Where be these Knaves? who strews up all the
Is the Bride's Bed made? (Liveries?

Toby. Yes, Madam, and a Bell
Hung under it artificially.

Lady. Out Knave, out,
Must we have 'larms now?

Toby. A little warning
That we may know to begin our Healths, Madam;
The Justice is a kind of old Jade, Madam,
That will go merriest with a Bell.

Lady. All the House drunk?

Toby. This is a House of Jubilee.

Lady. Are the best Hangings up? and the Plate set out?
Who makes the Posset, Nurse?

Nurse. The Dairy Maid,
And she'll put that in, will make him caper:
Well, Madam, well, you might ha' chose another,
A handsomer for your Years.

Lady. Peace, he is rich, Nurse,
He is rich, and that's Beauty.

Nurse. I am sure he is rotten, (giant!
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her. Term-

Lady. What an angry Quean is this, where,
Who looks to him?

Toby. He is very merry, Madam,

Mr. Wild-

Master *Wildbrain* has him in Hand, i'th' bottom o' th'
He sighs and tipples. (Cellar,

Nurse. Alas, good Gentleman,
My Heart's sore for thee.

Lady. Sorrow must have his Course, Sirrah,
Give him some Sack to dry up his remembrance.
How does the Bridegroom, I was afraid of him.

Nurse. He is a trim Youth to be tender of, Hemp take
Must my sweet new blown Rose find such a Winter(him.
Before her Spring be near.

Lady. Peace, peace, thou art foolish. (hobbles.

Nurse. And dances like a Town-Top, and reels and

Lady. Alas, good Gentleman, give him not much Wine.

Toby. He shall ha'none by my Consent.

Lady. Are the Women comforting my Daughter?

New. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a Pattern of true Patience,
They read and pray for her too.

Nurse. They had need,
Ye had better marry her to her Grave a great deal:
There will be Peace and Rest; alas poor Gentlewoman,
Must she become a Nurse now in her Tenderneſs:
Well Madam, well, my Heart bleeds.

Lady. Thou art a Fool still.

Nurse. Pray Heav'n I be.

Lady. And an old Fool to be vext thus.
'Tis late, she must to Bed, go Knave be merry,
Drink for a Boy, away to all your Charges. [Exeunt.

Enter Wildbrain, and Frank Heartlove.

Wild. Do as thou wo't; but if thou dost refuse it
Thou art the stupid'st Ass, there's no long arguing,
Time is too precious, *Frank*.

Frank. I am hot with Wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou dost this
Out of a Villany, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough.

Wild. Does she not love thee?
Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?
Had she not swooned if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?

Frank.

Frank. I must confess all this.

Wild. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting,
If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee going,
She whom thou lov'st.

Frank. Pray let me think a little.

Wild. There is no leisure; think when thou hast embrac'd
Can she imagine thou didst ever Honour her?
Ever believe thy Oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry Ham of Horse-flesh to enjoy her?
Enjoy her Maiden-head; take but that from her,
That we may tell Posterity a Man had it,
A handsom Man, a Gentleman, a young Man,
To save the Honour of our House, the Credit,
'Tis no great matter I desire. *Frank.* I hear you.

Wild. Free us both from the fear of breeding Fools
And Ophs, got by this Shadow: we walk too long.

Frank. She is going to Bed, among the Women,
What opportunity can I have to meet her?

Wild. Let me alone, hast thou a Will? speak soundly,
Speak discreetly, speak home and handsomly,
Is't not Pity, nay Misery, nay Infamy, to leave
So rare a Pie to be cut up by a Rascal?

Frank. I will go presently, now, now, I stay thee.

Wild. Such a dainty Doe to be taken
By one that knows not Neck-beef from a Pheasant,
Nor cannot relish Braggat from Ambrosia.
Is it not Conscience?

Frank. Yes, yes, now I feel it.

Wild. A meritorious thing.

Frank. Good Father *Wildgoose*,
I do confess it.

Wild. Come then follow me,
And pluck a Man's Heart up; I'll lock thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee; but be sure;

Frank. I shall be sure enough, lead on, and crown me.

Wild. No wringings in your Mind now as you love me.

[Exit.

Enter Lady, Maria, Justice, Gentlemen, Nurse, Newlove.

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.

Just.

Just. I prithee Sweetheart
Consider my Necessity, why art sad?
I must tell you a Tale in your Ear anon.

Nurse. Of *Tom Thumb*;
I believe that will prove your stiffest Story.

New. I pittie the young Wench.

1 Gent. And so do I too.

2 Gent. Come, old Sticks take fire.

1 Gent. But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly;
Give him another Cup.

2 Gent. Those are but flashes,
A Tun of Sack wonot set him high enough.
Will ye to Bed? *Mar.* I must:

1 Gent. Come, have a good Heart,
And win him like a Bowl to lye close to you;
Make your best use.

Just. Nay prithee Duck go instantly,
I'll dance a Jig or two to warm my Body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. 'Tis almost Midnight.

Lady. Prithee to Bed, *Maria.*

Wild. Go you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her Thoughts awhile, there must be
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries,
Bewailing others Maiden-heads.

Lady. Come then,
We'll wait in the next Room.

Just. Do not tarry;
For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep, *Mall.* [*Ex.*

Wild. Do, do, and dream of Doterels, get you to Bed
quickly,

And let us ha' no more stir, come now, no crying,
'Tis too late now, carry your selves discreetly:
The old Thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;
For the rest you must make your own play; nay not that
way,

They'll pull ye all to pieces for your Whim-whams,
Your Garters and your Gloves, go modestly,
And privately steal to Bed, 'tis very late, *Mall.*
For if you go by them such a new larum.

Mar. I know not which way to avoid 'em.

Wild.

Wild. This way,
This through the Cloysters, and so steal to Bed;
When you are there once, all will separate
And give ye rest; I came out of my pity
To shew you this.

Mar. I thank you. *Wild.* Here's the Keys,
Go presently and lock the Doors fast after ye,
That none shall follow.

Mar. Good Night.

Wild. Good Night sweet Cousin.

A good and sweet Night, or I'll curse thee, *Frank.* [*Ex.*

Enter Frank Hartlove. (*me,*

Frank. She stays long, sure young *Wildgoose* has abus'd
He has made sport wi' me, I may yet get out again,
And I may see his Face once more, I ha' foul Intentions,
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark, it was the Door,
Something comes this way, wondrous still and stealing,
May be some walking Spirit to affright me.

Mar. Oh Heav'n my Fortune.

Frank. 'Tis her Voice, stay.

Mar. Save me,

Bless me, you better Powers.

Frank. I am no Devil.

Mar. Y'are little better to disturb me now.

Frank. My Name is *Heartlove*.

Mar. Fie, fie, worthy Friend.

Fie, noble Sir.

Frank. I must talk farther with ye,
You know my fair Affection.

Mar. So preserve it;

You know I am married now, for shame be civilier,
Not all the Earth shall make me.

Frank. Pray walk this way,
And if you ever lov'd me.

Mar. Take heed, *Frank*,
How you divert that Love to Hate, go home prithee.

Frank. Shall he enjoy that, Sweet?

Mar. Nay pray unhand me.

Frank.

Frank. He that never felt what Love was.

Mar. Then I charge you stand farther off.

Frank. I am tame, but let me walk wi'ye,
Talk but a Minute.

Mar. So your Talk be honest,
And my untainted Honour suffer not,
I'll walk a turn or two.

Frank. Give me your hand then.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wildbrain, Justice, Lady, Nurse, Gentlemen,
Women, Newlove.*

Just. She's not in her Chamber.

Lady. She is not here.

Wild. And I'll tell you what I dream'd.

Just. Give me a Torch.

1 Gent. Be not too hasty, Sir.

Wild. Nay let him go:

For if my Dream be true he must be speedy,
He will be trickt, and blaz'd else.

Nurse. As I am a Woman
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty,
Would she would make thee Cuckold, thou old Bully,
A notorious Cuckold, for tormenting her.

Lady. I'll hang her then.

Nurse. I'll bless her then, she does Justice;
Is this old stinking Dogs-flesh for her Diet?

Wild. Prithee honest Nurse do not fret too much,
For fear I dream you'll hang your self too.

Just. The Cloister?

Wild. Such was my fancy, I do not say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.

Just. Where are the Keys, the Keys, I say.

Wild. I dream'd she had 'em to lock her self in.

Nurse. What a Devil do you mean?

Enter Servant.

Wild. No harm, good Nurse be patient.

Ser. They are not in the Window, where they use to be.

Wild. What foolish Dreams are these?

Just. I am mad.

Wild. I hope so,

If you be not mad, I'll do my best to make ye.

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* This is some Trick.

2 *Gent.* I smell the Wildgoose.

Just. Come, Gentlemen, come quickly, I beseech you,
Quick as you can, this may be your Case, Gentlemen.
And bring some Light, some Lights. [Exit.

Wild. Move faster, faster, you'll come too late else.
I'll stay behind and pray for ye, I had rather she were disho-
Than thou should'st have her. (next

Enter Maria and Frank.

Mar. Y'are most unmanly; yet I have some Breath left;
And this Steel to defend me, come not near me,
For if you offer but another Violence,
As I have Life I'll kill you; if I miss that,
Upon my own Heart will I execute,
And let that fair Belief out, I had of you. (Follies:

Frank. Most virtuous Maid, I have done, forgive my
Pardon, O pardon, I now see my Wickedness,
And what a monstrous Shape it puts upon me,
On your fair Hand I seal.

Enter Justice.

Just. Down with the Door.

Mar. We are betray'd; oh *Frank, Frank.*

Frank. I'll die for ye.

Rather than you shall suffer, I'll—— [Enter all.

Just. Now enter,
Enter sweet Gentlemen, mine Eyes, mine Eyes,
Oh how my Head akes.

1 *Gent.* Is it possible? 2 *Gent.* Hold her, she sinks.

Mar. A Plot upon my Honour
To poison my fair Name, a study'd Villany:
Farewel, as I have hope of Peace, I am honest.

Just. My Brains, my Brains, my monstrous Brains,
they bud sure.

Nurse. She is gone, she is gone.

Just. A handsome riddance of her.
Would I could as easily lose her Memory.

Nurse. Is this the Sweet of Marriage, have I bred thee
For this Reward?

1 *Gent.* Hold, hold, he's desperate too.
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Just.

Just. Be sure ye hold him fast, we'll bind him over
To the next Sessions, and if I can, I'll hang him.

Frank. Nay then I'll live to be a Terror to thee,
Sweet Virgin Rose farewell; Heav'n has thy Beauty,
That's only fit for Heav'n. I'll live a little
To find the Villain out that wrought this Injury,
And then most blessed Soul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewel, I feel my self another Creature. [Exit.]

Lady. Oh Misery of Miseries.

Nurse. I told ye, Madam.

Lady. Carry her in, you will pay back her Portion?

Just. No not a Penny, pay me back my Credit,
And I'll condition wi' ye.

Lady. A sad Wedding,
Her Grave must be her Bridal-Bed; oh *Mall*,
Would I had wed thee to thy own Content,
Then I had had thee still.

Just. I am mad, farewell,
Another wanton Wife will prove a Hell. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Tom Lurcher, and his Boy.

Lur. **W**HAT hast thou done?

Boy. I have walked through all the Lodgings.
A Silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.

Lur. What hast thou seen?

Boy. Nought but a sad Confusion,
Every thing left in such a loose Disorder,
That were there twenty Thieves, they would be laden.

Lur. 'Tis very well, I like thy Care, but 'tis strange
A wedding Night should be so solitary.

Boy. Certainly there is some Cause, some Death or
Is fall'n suddenly upon some Friend, (Sickness
Or some strange News is come.

Lur. Are they all a-bed?

Boy.

Boy. I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be
Some Women that keep watch in a low Parlor,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

Lur. Where's all the Plate?

Boy. Why lockt up in that Room :
I saw the old Lady, e'er she went to Bed,
Put up her Plate, and some of the rich Hangings
In a small long Chest, and Chains and Rings are there too,
It stands close by the Table on a Form.

Lur. 'Twas a good notice, didst thou see the Men?

Boy. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they said I was too far to hear, Sir.

Lur. 'Tis daintily discover'd, we shall certainly
Have a most prosperous Night; which way?

Boy. A close one,
A Back-Door, that the Women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch Necessaries,
Close on the Garden side.

Lur. I love diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?

Boy. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.

Lur. Say they had spied thee.

Boy. I was then determin'd (pany,
To have cry'd downright too, and have kept 'em Com-
As one that had an interest in their Sadness,
Or made an Errand to I know not whom, Sir.

Lur. My dainty Boy, let us discharge; that Plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my Fingers,
'Till I have fast hold of it.

Boy. Pray be wise, Sir, do't handsomly, be not greedy,
Let's handle it with such an Excellence
As if we would bring thieving into Honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend Watches.

Lur. Still my blest Boy.

Boy. And clear the Room of drunken Jealousies,
The Chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise i'the carriage we may be snap'd.

Lur. Come open, here's a Devil's Face.

Boy. No, no, Sir, we'll have no shape so terrible,
We will not do the Devil so much pleasure

To have him face our Plot.

Lur. A winding Sheet then.

Boy. That's too cold a Shift,

I would not wear the Reward of my Wickedness;
I wonder you are an old Thief, and no cunninger,
Where's the long Cloak?

Lur. Here, here.

Boy. Give me the Turbant

And the false Beard: I hear some coming this way;
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your Shoulders,
And now as I direct, stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no Noise.

Enter Nurse and Toby. (*Nick.*

Nurse. Oh 'tis a sad time, all the burnt Wine is burnt,

Toby. We may thank your dry Chaps for't, the Ca-
nary's gone too,

No Substance for a sorrowful Mind to work upon,
I cannot mourn in Beer, if she shou'd walk now,
As discontented Spirits are wont to do.

Nurse. And meet us in the Cellar.

Toby. What fence have we with single Beer against her?
What Heart can we defie the Devil with?

Nurse. The *March* Beer's open.

Toby. A Fortification of *March* Beer will do well,
I must confess 'tis a most mighty Armour,
For I presume I cannot pray.

Nurse. Why, *Nicholas*?

Toby. We Coachmen have such tumbling Faiths, no
Can go an even Pace. (*Prayers*

Nurse. Hold up your Candle.

Toby. Verily *Nurse*, I have cry'd so much
For my young Mistrefs, that is mortify'd,
That if I have no more Sack to support me,
I shall even sleep; heiho, for another Flagon;
These Burials and Christnings are the mournful Matters,
And they ask more Drink.

Nurse. Drink to a sad Heart's needful.

Toby. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, *Nurse*.

Nurse.

Nurse. Methinks the Light burns blue, I prithee snuff it,
There's a Thief in't, I think.

Toby. There may be one near it.

Nurse. What's that that moves there, i'th' Name of--
Nicholas?

That thing that walks.

Toby. Would I had a Ladder to behold it,
Mercy upon me, the Ghost of one o'th' Guard sure,
'Tis the Devil by his Claws, he smells of Brimstone,
Sure he farts Fire, what an Earthquake I have in me;
Out with thy Prayer-Book, *Nurse.*

Nurse. It fell i'th' frying Pan, and the Cat's eat it.

Toby. I have no Power to pray; it grows still longer,
'Tis Steeple high now, and it sails away *Nurse.*
Let's call the Butler up, for he speaks *Latine*,
And that will daunt the Devil: I am blasted,
My Belly's grown to nothing.

Nurse. Fie, fie, *Toby.*

[*Exit.*

Boy. So let them go, and whilst they are astonish'd,
Let us presently upon the rest now suddenly.

Lur. Off, off, and up again when we are near the
Art sure thou know'st the Chest? (Parlor;

Boy. Though it were i'th' dark, Sir,
I can go to't.

Lur. On then, and be happy.

[*Exit.*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How my Haunches quake, is the thing here still?
Now can I out-do any Button-maker at his own Trade,
I have fifteen Fits of an Ague, *Nurse*, 'tis gone I hope,
The hard-hearted Woman has left me alone. *Nurse*—
And she knows too I ha but a lean Conscience to keep
me Company.

[*Noise within.*

The Devil's among 'em in the Parlour sure,
The Ghost three Stories high, he has the *Nurse* sure,
He is boiling of her Bones now, hark how she whistles:
There's Gentlewomen within too, how will they do?
I'll to the Cook, for he was drunk last Night,
And now he is valiant, he is a-kin to th' Devil too,
And fears no Fire.

*Enter Lurcher and Boy.**Lur.* No Light?*Boy.* None left, Sir,

They are gone, and carried all the Candles with 'em,
 Their fright is infinite, let's make good use on't,
 We must be quick, Sir, quick, or the House will rise else.

Lur. Was this the Chest?*Boy.* Yes, yes.

Lur. There was two of 'em,
 Or I mistake.

Boy. I know the right, no stay, Sir,
 Nor no Discourse, but to our labour lustily,
 Put to your strength and make as little noise,
 Then presently out at the back Door.

Lur. Come, Boy;

Come happy Child, and let me hug thy Excellence. [*Exe.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. What thousand noises pass thro' all the Rooms?
 What cries and hurries? sure the Devil's drunk,
 And tumbles through the House; my Villanies,
 That never made me apprehend before
 Danger or Fear, a little now molest me;
 My Cousin's Death sits heavy o' my Conscience,
 Would I had been half hang'd when I hammer'd it.
 I aim'd at a living Divorce, not a Burial,
 That *Frank* might have had some hope; hark still,
 In every Room Confusion, they are all mad,
 Most certain all stark mad within the House,
 A Punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
 That I might have the more sense of my Mischief,
 And run the more mad too; my Aunt is hang'd sure,
 Sure hang'd her self, or else the Fiend has fetch'd her.
 I heard a hundred cries, the Devil, the Devil,
 Then roaring, and then tumbling, all the Chambers
 Are a meer *Babel*, or another *Bedlam*.
 What should I think? I shake my self too:
 Can the Devil find no time, but when we are merry?
 Here's something comes.

Enter Newlove.

New. Oh that I had some Company,

I care not what they were, to ease my Misery,
To comfort me.

Wild. Whose that?

New. Again? nay then receive——

Wild. Hold, hold, I am no Fury.

The Merchant's Wife.

New. Are ye a Man? Pray Heav'n ye be.

Wild. I am.

New. Alas I have met, Sir,
The strangest things to Night.

Wild. Why do you stare?

New. Pray comfort me, and put your Candle out,
For if I see the Spirit again I die for't.
And hold me fast, or I shall shake to Pieces else.

Wild. I'll warrant you, I'll hold ye,
Hold ye as tenderly; I have put the Light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there I'll watch wi'ye,
I'll keep you from all Frights.

New. And will ye keep me?

Wild. Keep you as secure, Lady. (us.

New. You must not wrong me then, the Devil will have

Wild. No, no, I'll love you, then the Devil will fear us,
For he fears all that love; pray come in quickly,
For this is the malicious House he walks in,
The Hour he blasts sweet Faces, lames the Limbs in,
Depraves the Senses; now within this half Hour
He will have Power to turn all Citizens Wives
Into strange Creatures, Owls, and long Tail'd Monkeys,
Jays, Pies, and Parrots, quickly, I smell his Brimstone.

New. It comes again, I am gone, shift for your self, Sir.

[Exit.

Wild. Sure this whole Night is nothing but Illusion,
Here's nothing comes, all they are mad, damn'd Devil
To drive her back again, 't had been thy Policy
To have let us alone, we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh, 'tis a dainty Wench,
If I had her again, not all your fellow Goblins,
Nor all their Claws should scratch her hence, I'll stay still,
May be her Fright will bring her back again,
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Toby. I can find no Bed, no Body, nor no Chamber,
 Sure they are all i'th'Cellar, and I cannot find that neither,
 I am led up and down like a tame Ass, my Light's out,
 And I grope up and down like blind Man buffe,
 And break my Face, and break my Pate.

Wild. It comes again, sure
 I see the Shadow, I'll have faster Hold now,
 Sure she is mad, I long to lye with a mad Woman,
 She must needs have rare new Tricks.

Toby. I hear one whisper,
 If it be the Devil now to allure me into his Clutches,
 For Devils have a kind of Tone like Crickets,
 I have a Glimpse of her Guise, 'tis she would steal me,
 But I'll stand sure.

Toby. I have but a Dram of Wit left,
 And that's even ready to run; oh for my Bed now.

Wild. She nam'd a Bed, I like that, she repents sure,
 Where is she now?

Toby. Who's that?

Wild. Are you there: In, in, in presently.

Toby. I feel his Talents through me,
 'Tis an old haggard Devil, what will he do with me?

Wild. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick.

Toby. A lecherous Devil.

Wild. What a hairy Whore 'tis, sure she has a Muffler.

Toby. If I should have a young Satan by him, for I
 dare not deny him,

In what Case were I? Who durst deliver me?

Wild. 'Tis but my Fancy, she is the same, in quickly,
 gently, my Sweet Girl.

Toby. Sweet Devil, be good to me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tom Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Where's my Love, Boy.

Boy. She's coming with a Candle,
 To see our happy Prize.

Lur. I am cruel weary.

Boy. I cannot blame ye, Plate is very heavy
 To carry without Light or Help.

Lur.

Lur. The fear too
At every stumble to be discover'd, Boy,
At every Cough to raise a Constable ;
Well, we'll be merry now.

Boy. We have some reason ;
Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious, Sir, to live upon.
Mony and Wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their Nature as much Merit
As his, that digs 'em out o'th' Mine, they last too
Season'd with Doubts and Dangers most deliciously,
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our Appetites.

Lur. Most learned Child.

Enter Mistress.

Mist. You're welcome, where have you left it ?

Lur. In the next Room, hard by.

Mist. Is it Plate all ?

Lur. All, all, and Jewels: I am monstrous weary,
Prithee let's go to Bed.

Mist. Prithee let's see it first.

Lur. To Morrow's a new Day, Sweet.

Mist. Yes, to melt it,
But let's agree to Night, how it shall be handled,
I'll have a new Gown.

Lur. That have any thing.

Mist. And such a riding Suit as Mistress *Newlove's*:
What though I be no Gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lur. Thou say'st right.

Mist. You promis'd me a Horse too, and a Lackquey.

Lur. Thou shalt have Horses six, and a Postilion.

Mist. That will be stately, Sweet-heart ; a Postilion.

Lur. Nay, we'll be in fashion ; he shall ride before us
In Winter, with as much dirt would damp a Musket ;
The inside of our Coach shall be of Scarlet.

Mist. That will be dear.

Lur. There is a Dye projecting
Will make it cheap, Wench ; come thou shalt have any
thing.

Mist.

Mist. Where is this Chest? I long, Sweet, to behold
Our *Indies*.

Boy. Mistress, let's melt it first, and then 'tis fit
You should dispose it, then 'tis safe from danger.

Mist. I'll be a loving Mistress to my Boy too.
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.

Boy. Hold your Light, Mistress, we may see to enter.

Mist. Ha, what's here? call you this a Chest?

Boy. We ha' mis'd, Sir;
Our haste and want of light made us mistake.

Mist. A very Coffin.

Lur. How! a Coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.

Boy. The Devil ow'd us a shame, and now he has paid us.

Mist. Is this your Treasure?

Boy. Bury me alive in't.

Lur. It may be there is no room.

Mist. Nay, I will search it:
I'll see what Wealth's within,—A Woman's Face,
And a fair Woman's.

Boy. I cannot tell, Sir,
Belike this was the Sadness that possess'd 'em;
The Plate stood next, I'm sure.

Lur. I shake, I shake, Boy, what a cold Sweat?—

Boy. This may work, what will become on's, Sir?

Mist. She is cold, dead cold; d'ye find your Conscience,
D'ye bring your Gillians hither—nay, she's punish'd,
Your conceal'd Love's cas'd up?

Lur. 'Tis *Maria*, the very same, the Bride, new horror!

Mist. These are fine tricks, you hope she's in a Swoon,
But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover
To bore my Nose; come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.

Lur. Be not so hasty, Fool, that may undo us;
We may be in for Murder so; be patient,
Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.

Mist. I am sure she shall not.

Boy. Be not, Sir, dejected,
Too much a strange mistake! this had not been else,
It makes me almost weep to think upon't.

Lur.

Lur. What an unlucky Thief am I?

Mist. I'll no considering, either bestir your self, or---

Lur. Hold.

Mist. Let it not stay, to smell then, I will not
Indure the stink of a Rival.

Lur. Would 'twere there again.

Boy. We must bury her.

Lur. But were o'th' sudden, or with what Providence,
That no Eyes watch us.

Mist. Take a Spade and follow me,
The next fair ground we meet, make the Church-yard;
As I live, I'll see her lodg'd. [Exit.

Lur. It must be so,
How heavy my Heart is, I ha' no life left.

Boy. I am past thinking too, no understanding,
That I should miss the right Chest.

Lur. The happy Chest.

Boy. That which I saw and mark'd too.

Lur. Well, Passion wo't help us,
Had I twenty falls for this?

Boy. 'Twas my Fault, Sir.
And twenty thousand fears for this, o'th' Devil,
Now could I curse, well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mist. Hang both for two blind Buzzards, here's a Spade,
Quickly, or I'll call the Neighbours:

There's no remedy,

Would the poor hungry Prisoners had this Pasty. [Exe.

Enter Justice, and a Servant with a Light.

Ser. 'Twas a strange mischance, Sir.

Just. Mischance, sayst? No, 'twas Happiness to me,
There's so much Charge sav'd, I have her Portion,
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.

Ser. Did it not trouble you, Sir,
To see her dead?

Just. Not much, I thank my Conscience;
I was tormented 'till that happen'd, Furies
Were in my Brain to think my self a Cuckold
At that time of the Night:
When I come home, I charge you shut my Doors,

Locks, Bolts, and Bars, are little enough to secure me.

Ser. Why, and please you?

Just. Fool, to ask that question;

To keep out Women, I expect her Mother
Will visit me with her Clamours, oh I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole Sex heartily;
They are all walking Devils, Harpyes: I will study
A Week together how to rail sufficiently
Upon 'em all, and that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing Books and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented against Women,
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
'Till I grow fat with Curses.

Ser. If you'll go

To th' Charge, let me alone to find you Books.

Just. They come near us.

Ser. What's that?

Just. Where? hold up the Torch, Knave.

Ser. Did you hear nothing, 'tis a——

Just. Why dost make a stand?

Ser. What's that?

Just. Where, where, dost see any thing?

We are hard by the Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;

They say Ghosts walk sometimes, hark, dy'e hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Boy and Mistress.

Mist. No farther, dig here, and lay her in quickly.

Lur. What light is that, Boy? we shall be discover'd;
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding.

Boy. Oh!

Just. Where's that Groan? I begin to be afraid.

Ser. What shall we do, Sir?

Just. We are almost at home now, thou must go forward,
Perhaps 'twas my Imagination.

Lur. 'Tis he?

Boy. I know him too, let me alone.

Ser. Oh Sir, a Ghost, the very Ghost of Mistress Bride,
I have no power to run away.

Just.

Just. Cursed Ghost, bless me, preserve me,
I do command thee what so-e'er thou art,
I do conjure thee leave me; do not fright me;
If thou be'st a Devil vex me not so soon,
If thou be'st

The Spirit of my Wife.

Boy. Thy Wife.

Just. I shall be tormented.

Boy. Thy abus'd Wife, that cannot peaceably
Enjoy her Death, thou hast an evil Conscience.

Just. I know it.

Boy. Among thy other Sins, which black thy Soul,
Call to thy Mind thy Vow made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her Satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd Man; or else
A thousand black Tormentors shall pursue thee,
Until thou leap into eternal Flames;
Where Gold which thou ador'st here on Earth
Melted, the Fiends shall power into thy Throat;
For this time pass, go home and think upon me.

Lur. Away.

Ser. There are more Spirits.

Just. Thank you dear Wife,
I'll bestow twenty Nobles of a Tomb for thee,
Thou shalt not walk and catch Cold after Death.

[*They go backward in.*]

Lur. So, so, they're gone, 'twas my ingenious Rascal:
But how dost thou know he made Vows to another?

Boy. I over-heard the Woman talk to Night on't;
But now let's lose no time, Sir, pray let's bury
This Gentlewoman. Where's my Mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mist. Here, I durst not tarry.

Lur. We ha so cozen'd the old forty i'th' hundred,
And the Devil hinder him not, he'll go a Pilgrimage;
But come, about our Business, set her down again.

Mar. Oh!

Lur. She groans, ha.

Mar. Oh!

Lur. Again, she stirs.

Mist.

Mist. Let's fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.

Lur. And you be good at that, bury your self,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his Fee.

Away, Boy. *[Exit.]*

Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me: Ha? I do remember
I was betray'd, and swoounded, my Heart akes,
I am wondrous hungry too, dead Bodies eat not;
Sure I was meant for burial, I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of Ice, dwells round about me;
Darkness spreads o'er the World too; where? what Path?
Best Providence direct me. *[Exit.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lady, Wildbrain, Women, and Toby.

Lady. **T**Hou art the most unfortunate Fellow.

Wild. Why, Aunt, what have I done?

Lady. The most malicious Varlet,
Thy wicked Head never at rest, but hammering
And hatching hellish things, and to no purpose,
So thou may'st have thy base Will.

Wild. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
But I must be at one end on't?

Lady. Thou art at both ends.

Wild. Cannot young sullen Wenches play the Fools,
And marry, and dye, but I must be the Agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the World judge it) was but to perswade her,
And, as I take it, I was bound to it too,
To make the reverend Coxcomb her Husband Cuckold:
What else could I advise her? was there harm i'this?
You are of Years, and have run through Experience,
Would you be content, if you were young again,
To have a continual Cough grow to your Pillow?

A Rottenness, that Vaults are Perfumes to,
Hang in your Roof, and like a Fog infect you?
Anointed Hams, to keep his Hinges turning,
Reek ever in your Nose, and twenty Night Caps,
With twenty several Sweats?

Toby. Some Jew, some Justice,
A thousand Heathen smells to say truth, Madam,
And would you mellow my young pretty Mistress
In such a mis-ken?

Lady. Sirrah,
Where's the Body of my Girl?

Wild. I know not,
I am no Conjuror, you may look the Body,
I was like to be stol'n away my self, the Spirit
Had like to ha' surpris'd me in the shape of a Woman,
Of a young Woman, and you know those are dangerous.

Toby. So had I, Madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty Spirits,
In every corner of the House a Fiend met me.

Lady. You lye like Rascals,
Was Mistress *Newlove* such a Spirit, Sir,
To fright your Worship?

Well, I discharge you, Sir, you're now at liberty,
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy,
You know your Substance: though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound, Sir, to protect your mischief:
So fare you well.

Wild. Farewel, good Aunt, I thank you,
Adieu honest *Nick*; the Devil, if he have Power,
Will persecute your old Bones for this Marriage,
Farewel Mistress *Win*.

Toby. And shall we part with dry Lips?
Shall we that have been Fellow Devils together
Flinch for an old Woman's Fart?

Wild. 'Tis a fine time a Night too, but we must part, *Nick*.

Toby. Shall we never ring again? ne'er toss the Tenor,
And roul the Changes into a Cup of Clarret?
You shall not want what e'er I lay my Hands on,
As I am sure *Automedon* the Coachman,
Shall be distributed; bear up, I say, hang Sorrow,

Give

Give me that Bird abroad that lives at Pleasure:

Sam. the Butler's true, the Cook a reverend *Trojan*,
The Faulkner shall sell his Hawks, and swear they were
rotten,

There be some wandring Spoons, that may be met with,
I'll pawn a Coach Horse, peace, utter no Sentences.

The Harshness shall be us'd in our Wars also;

Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now,

Say but the Word) over some rotten Bridge,

Or by a Marl-Pit side, she may slip in daintily,

Let me alone for my self.

Wild. No, no, farewell *Toby*,

Farewel spiny *Nicholas*, no such thing,

There be ways i'th' World, if you see me

A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a Quart yet,

And pull a Bell, commend to the Household;

Nay, cry not *Toby*, 'twill make thy Head giddy.

Toby. Sweet Master *Wildbrain*.

Wild. No more, *Toby*, go, the Times may alter—

But where's the Coarse of my dead Cousin,

(If she be dead)-I hop'd 'thad but dissembled,

That sits heavy here: *Toby*, honest *Toby*,

Lend me thy Lanthorn, I forgot 'twas dark,

I had need look to my ways now.

Toby. Take a Lodging with me to Night in the Stable,

And ride away to Morrow with one of the Horses,

Next your Heart, pray do.

(*der*,

Wild. No, good Night good Neighbour *Toby*, I will wan-

I scorn to submit my self, e'er I have rambled,

But whither, or with what, that's more material;

No matter, and the worst come, it is but stealing,

And my Aunt wo'not see me hang'd for her own Credit,

And farewell in a Halter costs me nothing.

[*Exit.*

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. The Night, and all the Evil the Night covers,

The Goblins, Haggs, and the black Spawn of Darkness,

Cannot fright me; no Death, I dare thy Cruelty.

For I am weary both of Life and Light too;

Keep my Wits, Heav'n, they say Spirits appear

To

To melancholy Minds, and the Graves open,
I would fain see the fair *Maria's* Shadow,
But speak unto her Spirit e'er I dy'd,
But ask upon my Knees a Mercy from her;
I was a Villain, but her wretched Kinsman,
'That set his Plot, shall with his Heart Blood satisfie
Her injur'd Life and Honour. What Light's this?

Enter Wildbrain with a Lanthorn.

Wild. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The Tavern Doors are baracado'd too,
Where I might drink 'till Morn in Expectation;
I cannot meet the Watch neither; nothing in
The Likeness of a Constable, whom I might,
In my Distress, abuse, and so be carry'd,
For want of other Lodging, to the Counter.

Frank. 'Tis his Voice, Fate I thank thee.

Wild. Ha, who's that? and thou be'st a Man speak:

Frank Heartlove, then I bear my Destinies;
Thou art the Man of all the World I wish'd for;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a-doors, she has,
At this unchristian Hour, and I do walk
Methinks like *Guide Faux* with my dark Lanthorn,
Stealing to set the Town afire; i'th' Country
I should be ta'en for *William* o'the Wisp, or,
Robin Good-Fellow; and how dost *Frank*?

Frank. The worse for you.

Wild. Come, thou'rt a Fool; art going to thy Lodging?
I'll lye with thee to Night, and tell thee Stories,
How many Devils we ha met withal;
Our House is haunted, *Frank*, whole Legions,
I saw fifty for my Share.

Frank. Didst not fright 'em? (ciently.

Wild. How, fright 'em? No they frighted me suffi-

Frank. Thou hadst Wickedness enough to makethem
And be afraid o'thee, malicious Devil; (stare,
And draw thy Sword, for by *Maria's* Soul,
I will not let thee scape to do more Mischief.

Wild. Thou art mad, what dost mean?

Frank. To kill thee, nothing else will ease my Anger,
The Injury is fresh, I bleed withal,

Nor can that Word exprefs it, there's no Peace in't,
 Nor muſt it be forgiven, but in Death;
 Therefore call up thy Valour, if thou'ſt any,
 And ſummon up thy Spirits to defend thee;
 Thy Heart muſt ſuffer for thy damn'd Practices,
 Againſt thy noble Couſin, and my Innocence.

Wild. Hold, hear a Word; did I do any thing
 But for your good, that you might have her,
 That in that deſperate time I might redeem her,
 Although with ſhew of Loſs.

Frank. Out, ugly Villain,
 Fling on her the moſt hated Name of Whore
 To the Worlds Eye, and face it out in Courteſie,
 Bring him to ſee't, and make me drunk to attempt it.

Enter Maria.

Mar. I hear ſome Voices this way.

Frank. No more, if you can pray, do it as you fight.

Mar. What new Frights oppoſe me? I have heard

Wild. 'Tis my Fortune. (that Tongue.

You could not take me in a better time, Sir,
 I ha nothing to loſe but the Love I lent thee,
 My Life my Sword protect.

Mar. I know 'em both, but to prevent their Ruins,
 Muſt not diſcover——Stay Men moſt deſperate;
 The Miſchief you are forward to commit,
 Will keep me from my Grave, and tie my Spirit
 To endleſs Troubles elſe.

Wild. Ha, 'tis her Ghoul.

Frank. *Maria?*

Mar. Hear me both, each Wound you make
 Runs through my Soul, and is a new Death to me,
 Each threatning Danger will affright my Reſt;
 Look on me *Heartlove*, and my Kinsman view me;
 Was I not late, in my unhappy Marriage,
 Sufficient miſerable? Full of all Miſfortunes?
 But you muſt add, with you moſt impious Angers,
 Unto my ſleeping Duſt this Insolence?
 Would you teach Time to ſpeak eternally
 Of my Diſgraces; make Records to keep 'em,
 Keep them in Braſs? Fight then, and kill my Honour;
 Fight

Fight deadly both, and let your bloody Swords,
Through my reviv'd and reeking Infamy,
(That never shall be purg'd) find your own Ruins.
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessed Love to meet thy Spirit:
If thou kill'st him, thou art a Murtherer,
And Murther shall never inherit Heav'n:
My time is come, my conceal'd Grave expects me,
Farewel, and follow not, your Feet are bloody,
And will pollute my Peace. I hope they are melted,
This is my way sure. [Exit.

Frank. Stay, blessed Soul.

Wild. Would she had come sooner, and ha sav'd some

Frank. Dost bleed? — (Blood.

Wild. Yes, certainly, I can both see and feel it.

Frank. Now I well hope it is not dangerous;
Give me thy Hand, as Honour guides me,
I'll know thee again.

Wild. I thank thee heartily;
I know not where to get a Surgeon;
This Vision troubles me, sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it;
I bleed apace still, and my Heart grows heavy,
If I go far I faint, I'll knock at this House,
They may be charitable, would 'twere perfect Day:

Enter Mistress.

Mist. 'Tis not he: What would you, Sir?

Wild. I would crave a little Rest, Lady,
And for my Hurts some Surgery, I am a Gentleman
That Fortune of a Fight——

Mist. A handsome Gentleman,
Alas he bleeds, a very handsome Gentleman.

Wild. A sweet young Wench, beshrew my Heart a fair
Portune has made me some Recompence. (one;

Mist. Pray come in, the Air is hurtful for you,
Pray let me lead you, I'll have a Bed for you presently,
I'll be your Surgeon too, alas sweet Gentleman.

Wild. I feel no Hurts, the Morning comes too fast now.

Mist. Softly, I beseech you.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Lady and Toby.

Toby. He is not up yet, Madam, what meant you To come forth so early?

Lady. You Blockhead;
Your Eyes are sow'd up still, they cannot see
When it is Day: Oh my poor *Maria*!
Where be the Women?

Toby. They said they would follow us.

Lady. He shall not laugh thus at my Misery,
And kill my Child, and steal away her Body,
And keep her Portion too.

Toby. Let him be hang'd for't,
You have my Voice.

Lady. These Women not come yet?
A Son-in-law, I'll keep a Conjurer,
But I'll find out his Knavery.

Toby. Do, and I'll help him.
And if he were here, this Whip should conjure him,
Here's a *Capias*, and it catch hold on's Breech,
I'd make him soon believe the Devil were there.

Lady. An old Usurer.

Toby. He marry'd the Mony, that's all he look'd for;
For your Daughter, let her sink or swim.

Lady. I'll swim him;
This is his House, I wonder they stay thus,
That we might rail him out on's Wits.

Toby. They'll come,
Fear not, Madam, and bring Clappers with 'em,
Or some have lost their old wont; I have heard,
No Disparagement to your Ladyship, some o'ther Tongues
Like *Tom-a-Lincoln*, three Miles off.

Lady. Oh fie,
How tedious are they?

Toby. What and we lost no time,
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our Instruments 'till the Consort come
To make up the full Noise, I'll knock.

Just. Who's that rapt so saucily? (down,

Toby. 'Tis I, *Toby*, come down, or else we'll fetch you
Alas, this is but the Saints-Bell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will

Will ring you another Peal; come down, I say.

Just. Some new Fortifications, look to my Doors,
Put double Barrs, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrifie me:
Keep out her Tongue too, if you can.

Lady. I hear you,
And I will send my Tongue up to your Worship,
The Eccho of it shall flye o'er the Street;
My Daughter that thou killedst with Kindness, *Jew*,
That thou betray'dst to Death, thou double *Jew*,
And after stoll't her Body.

Toby. *Jew*'s too good for him.

Just. I desie you both;
Thy Daughter plaid the Villain, and betray'd me.
Betray'd my Honour.

Lady. Honour, Rascal,
And let that bear an Action, I'll try it with thee,
Honour?

Toby. Oh Reprobate!

Lady. Thou musty Justice,
Buy an honourable Halter and hang thy self.

Toby. A worshipful Rope's end is too good for him.

Lady. Get Honour that way, thou'lt die a Dog else.

Toby. Come and be whipt first.

Lady. Where is her Portion?

Enter Nurse and Women.

Just. Where I'll keep it safely.

Nurse. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it.

Just. More of the Kennel? Put more Bolts to the Doors
And arm your selves, Hell is broke loose upon us. (there,

Toby. I am glad y'are come, we'll blow the House

Lady. Oh Nurse, I have such Cause — (down.

Wom. Villain, Viper; although you had no Cause,
we are bound to help.

Nurse. Yes, and believe, we come not here to examine,
And if you please we'll fire the House.

Just. Call the Constable.

Toby. A charitable Motion, Fire is comfortable.

Lady. No, no, we'll only let him know our Minds,
We will commit no Outrage, he's a Lawyer.

Just. Give me my Musket.

Lady. Where's my Daughter's Body,
That I may bury it?

Wom. Speak, or we'll bury thee.

Nurse. Alive, we'll bury thee, speak old Iniquity.

Toby. Bury him alive by all Means for a Testimony.

Just. Their Voices make my House reel, oh for Officers,
I am in a Dream, thy Daughter's Spirit
Walks a Nights, and troubles all the Neighbours:
Go hire a Conjuror, I'll say no more.

Lady. The Law shall say more.

Wom. Nurse. We are Witnesses,
And if thou be'st not hang'd——

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Buy a Book of good Manners,
A short Book of good Manners.

Boy. Buy a Ballad, a Ballad of the Maid was got with

Toby. That might ha been my Case last Night, (Child.
I'll ha't, what e'er it cost me.

Boy. A Ballad of the Witches hang'd at *Ludlow*.

Toby. I will have that too;
There was an Aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em,
I would be glad to hear her Testament.

Lur. A new Book of Women.

Just. The Thunder's laid, how they stare at him.

Lur. A new Book of Fools, a strange Book,
Very strange Fools.

Just. I'll owe thee a good Turn, what-e'er thou art.

Lur. A Book of walking Spirits.

Just. That I like not.

Toby. Nor I, they walk'd me the Fools Morris.

Lur. A Book of wicked Women.

Just. That's well thought on.

Lur. Of rude, malicious Women, of proud Women,
Of scolding Women. We shall ne'er get in. |

Boy. A Ballad of wrong'd Maids.

Lady. I'll buy that.

Lur. A little, very little Book,
Of good and godly Women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a Nutshel.

Toby.

Toby. With a small Print that no Body can read it.

Nurse. Peace, Sirrah, or I'll tear your Books.

Just. Open the Door and let him in, I love him.

Lur. A Book of evil Magistrates.

Lady. Ay marry d'ye hear that, Justice?

Lur. And their eviller Wives,
That wear their Places in their Petticoats.

Just. D'ye hear that, Lady?

Boy. A Book new printed against playing,
Dancing, Masking, *May*-Poles; a zealous Brother's Book,
And full of Fables.

Lur. Another Book of Women, of mad Women,
Women that were born in *March*. [Exit.

Lady. Are you got in?

We would ha' pull'd your Knaves Hide else; this Fellow
Was sent to abuse us, but we shall have time
To talk more with this Justice. (again,

Just. Farewel, Madam, as you like this, come visit me
You and your treble Strings, new scold your Hearts out---

Wom. Shall he carry it thus away?

Nurse. Go to the Judge, and what you'll have us swear.

Lady. I thank ye heartily,
I'll keep that for the last, I will go home,
And leave him to his Conscience for a while,
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a Vengeance. [Exit.

Enter Servants.

1 *Ser.* What Book has he given thee?

2 *Ser.* A dainty Book, a Book of the great Navy,
Of fifteen hundred Ships of Cannon Proof,
Built upon Whales to keep their Keels from sinking;
And Dragons in 'em, that spit Fire ten Mile,
And Elephants that carry goodly Castles.

1 *Ser.* Dost thou believe it?

2 *Ser.* Shall we not believe Books in Print?

1 *Ser.* I have *John Taylor's* Book of Hempseed too,
Which for two Lines I hapned on by Chance,
I reverence.

2 *Ser.* I prithee what are they?

1 *Ser.* They are so put upon the Time, as if
He study'd to answer the late Histriomattix,

Talking of Change and Transformations,
 That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him,
 So many a Puritan's Ruff, though starch'd in Print,
 Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't,
 And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet:
 A Play in the Puritan's Ruff? I'll buy his Works for't.
 What hast there, a Ballad too?

2 *Ser.* This is a Piece of Poetry indeed;

[*He sings; Justice cries within.*

What Noise is that?

1 *Ser.* Some Cryi'th' Streets; prethee sing on. [*Sing again.*

2 *Ser.* Again, dost not hear? 'tis i'th' House certainly.

1 *Ser.* 'Tis a strange Noise? and has a tang o'th' Justice.

2 *Ser.* Let's see? [*Exit.*

Enter the Servants bringing in their Master bound and gagged.

1 *Ser.* Untie his Feet, pull out his Gag, he will choak
 What desperate Rogues were these. (*else;*

2 *Ser.* Give him fresh Air.

Just. I will never study Books more:

I am undone, these Villains have undone me.

Rifled my Desk, they have undone me learnedly:

A Fire take all their Books, I'll burn my Study:

Where were you Rascals when the Villains bound me,
 You could not hear?

1 *Ser.* He gave us Books, Sir, dainty Books to busie us;
 And we were reading, in that which was the Brew-house;
 A great way off, we were singing Ballads too,
 And could not hear.

Just. This was a precious Thief,
 A subtle Trick to keep my Servants safe.

2 *Ser.* What ha you lost, Sir?

Just. They ransack'd all before my Face, and threatned
 To kill me if I cough'd; they have a Chain,
 My Rings, my Box of casting Gold, my Purse too.
 They robb'd me miserably; but that which most grieves
 They took away some Writings; 'twas a Rogue (me,
 That knew me, and set on by the old Lady;
 I will indite her for't.

1 *Ser.*

1 Ser. Shall we pursue 'em?

Just. Run, run, cursed Rascals,
I am out of my Wits, let not a Creature in,
No not with Necessaries.

2 Ser. We shall be starv'd.

Just. I'll buy my Meat at Window as they pass by;
I won't trust my Scrivener, he has Books too:
And Bread I'll ha' flung up; I charge ye all
Burn all the Books i'th' House.

1 Ser. Your little Prayer Book?

Just. I'll never Pray again, I'll have my Doors
Made up, nothing but Walls, and thick ones too;
No Sound shall tempt me again, remember I
Have forswore Books.

2 Ser. If you should be call'd to take your Oath?

Just. I will forswear all Oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likeness of a Book:
And I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang,
Than read again; come in, and search all Places,
They may be about the House; were the Doors lock'd?

1 Ser. But the Keys in 'em, and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in, Sir.

Just. Never was a Man so miserably undone,
I would lose a Limb, to see their Rogueships totter. [*Exe.*

Enter Lady and Nurse.

Lady. Thy Brother's Daughter saitt, and born in *Wales*?

Nurse. I have long time desired to see her, and I hope
Your Ladiship will not be offended.

Lady. No, no.

Nurse. I should be happy, if she might be serviceable
To you, Madam.

Lady. Beshrew me, but at first, she took me much,
Is she not like *Maria*? setting aside
Her Language, very like her, and I love her
The better for't, I prithee call her hither,
She speaks feat *English*.

Nurse. Why *Guennith*, *Guennith*, *du bummab Guennith*.
She is course, Madam, after her Country guise,
And were she in fine Cloaths——

Lady. I'll have her handsome:

Enter

Enter Maria.

What part of *Wales* were you born in?

Mar. In *Abebundis*, Madam.

Nurse. She speaks that Name in *Welsh*, which we call

Lady. What can you do? (*Brecknock.*)

Mar. Her was too many tings in *Walls*, know not the fashion in *Londons*? her was Milk the Cows, make Seeze and Butters, and spin very well the *Welsh* freeze, her was Cooke to te Mountain Cots, and sing very fine prittish Tunes, was mage good Ales and Breds, and her know to Dance on *Sundays*, marge you now, Madams.

Lady. A pretty innocence, I do like her infinitely, *Nurse*. And if I live——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is Mr. *Heartlove*, Madam, come to see you.

Lady. Alas, poor Gentleman, prithee admit him.

Enter Frank Heartlove and Gentlemen.

Frank. Madam, I am come to take my last leave.

Lady. How, Sir?

Frank. Of all my home Affections, and my Friends: For the Interest you had once in *Maria*, I would acquaint you when I leave the Kingdom.

Lady. Would there were any thing in my poor power That might divert your Will, and make you happy; I am sure I have wrong'd her too, but let your pardon Assure me you are charitable; she's dead, Which makes us both sad: What do you look on? The likest Face——

Mar. Pless us awle, why does that Sentilman make such Unders and Mazements at her, I know her not.

Frank. Be not offended, Maid.

Lady. How the Wench blushes, she represents *Maria's* loss to him.

Mar. Will the Sentilman hurt her? pray you be her defences, was have mad Phisnomies, is her troubled with Lunaticks in her Prain Pans, bless us awle.

Frank. Where had you this Face?

Mar. Her Faces be our none, I warrant her.

Frank. I wonot hurt you, all the Lineaments

That

That built *Maria* up; all those springing Beauties
Dwell on this thing, change but her Tongue I know her:
Let me see your hand.

Mar. Du Guin. was never Thieves and Robberies; here
is no findge in her Hands warrant her.

Frank. Trust me, the self-same white,
And softness, prithee speak our *Englisb* Dialect.

Mar. Ha leggs? what does her speage hard urds to her,
to make poor *Guenneth* ridicles, was no mannerly Sentil-
man to abuse her.

Frank. By the love,
That everlasting love I bear *Maria*——

Mar. Maria, her Name was *Guennith*, and good Names,
was poor else, oman Maid, her have no fine kanags, to
madge her tricksie in her own Cuntries was held a fine
ense her can tells her, and honest ense too, marg you dat
now, her can keep her little Legs close enough, warrant her.

Lady. How prettily this anger shews.

1 *Gent.* She gabbles innocently.

Frank. Madam farewel, and all good Fortune dwell we'e,
With me my own Affections; farewel, Maid,
Fair gentle Maid.

2 *Gent.* She sighs.

Mar. Du cat a whee.

Frank. I cannot go, there's somewhat calls me back.

Mar. Poor *Frank*,

How gladly would I entertain thy Love,
And meet thy worthy Flame, but shame forbids me:
If please her Ladyship dwell here with *Guenneth*, and
learn to spin and card Ull, to mage Flannels, and Linsfeyes
Ulseis, fall tawgco'd urds to her Ladyships urships for her.

[*The Tears flow from him.*]

The Tears of true Affection, woe is me,
Oh cursed Love that glories in Maids miseries,
And true Mens broken Hearts. (not, forgive her.

Lady. Alas I pity him, the Wench is rude, and knows you

Mar. Wipe your nyes pray you, though was porn in
Walls 'mong craggy Rocks, and Mountains, yet heart is
soft, look you hur can weep too, when hur see Men mage
prinie Tears and Lamentations.

Frank.

Frank. How hard she holds me?
 Just as *Maria* did, weeps the same drops:
 Now as I have a living Soul, her sight too;
 What shall I think, is not your Name *Maria*?
 If it be not, delude me with so much Charity
 To say it is.

Mar. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in Love with
 some podies, your pale Seekes and hollow Nyes, and pant-
 ings upon her Posom, know very well, because look you, her
 think her honest Sentilman, you fall call her *Maria*.

Frank. Good Madam, think not ill I am thus saucy.

Lady. Oh no, Sir, be you not angry with the Wench.

Frank. I am most pleas'd.

1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him, he'll be mad outright else.

2 *Gent.* Observe a little more.

Frank. Would I could in your Language beg a Kifs.

Mar. If her have necessities of a Kifs, look you, dere
 is one in saricities.

Frank. Let me suffer death,
 If in my apprehension two twin'd Cherries
 Be more a kin, than her Lips to *Maria*'s:
 And if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
 She were the same. Good Madam, shall I have
 Your consent now?

Lady. To what?

Frank. To give this Virgin to me.

Lady. She's not mine, this is her Kinswoman,
 And has more power to dispose; alas, I pity him.
 Pray Gentlemen prevail with him to go;
 More that I wish his Comfort than his Absence.

Frank. You have been always kind to me, will you
 Deny me your fair Cousin?

Nurse. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own Consent.

Frank. She is no Friend that wishes my departure,
 I do not trouble you.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis not *Maria*.

Frank. Her Shadow is enough, I'll dwell with that,
 Pursue your own ways; shall we live together?

Mar. If her will come to Morrow and tauge to her, her
 will tell her more of her meanings, and then if her be me-
 lancholy,

lancholy, her will sing her a *Welch* Song too, to make her merries, but *Guennith* was very honest; her was never love but one Sentilman, and he was bear her great teal of good-ills too, was marry one day *St. Davy*, her give her five pair of white Gloves, if her will Dance at her Weddings.

Frank. All I am worth,
And all my hopes this strange Voice would forsake her,
For then she should be——Prithee stay a little,
Hark in thine Ear, dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life; I know you are *Maria*:
Speak but as I do, ten words to confirm me;
You have an *English* Soul, do not disguise it
From me with these strange Accents——She pinch'd hard
Again, and sigh'd.

Lady. What ails the Wench?

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Why, *Guennith*.

Frank. She's gone too.

2 Gent. Come leave this dream.

Frank. A Dream? I think so;

But 'twas a pleasing one: now I'll obey,

And forget all these wonders, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wild. **H**onest *Toby*?

(met w'ye.

Toby. Sweet Mr. *Wildbrain*,---I am glad I ha

Wild. Why, did my Aunt send for me?

Toby. Your Aunt's a Mortal, and thinks not on you,
For ought I can perceive.

Wild. Is my Cousin alive again?

Toby. Neither, and yet we do not hear
That she's buried.

Wild. What should make thee glad then?

Toby. What should make me glad? have I not cause,
To see your Princely Body well, and walk thus,
Look blithe and bonny, and your Wardrobe whole still?

Wild.

Wild. The case is clear, and I ha' found a Mine,
A perfect *Indie*, since my Aunt cashier'd me;
What think'st of this?

Toby. Oh delicate Bells.

Wild. Thou puttest me in mind,
We are to ring anon, I mean to send for thee;
Meet me at the old Parish Church.

Toby. Say no more.

Wild. When thy Lady is a-bed, we ha' conspir'd
A midnight Peal for joy.

Toby. If I fail, hang me i'th' Bell-ropes.

Wild. And how? and how does my Aunt?

Toby. She's up to th' Ears in Law;
I do so whirl her to the Counsellors Chambers,
And back again, and bounce her for more Mony,
And too again, I know not what they do with her;
But she's the merriest thing among these Law-drivers;
And in their Studies half a day together;
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears,
By all the Ability of her old Body,
She will so claw the Justice, she will sell
The Tiles of the House she vows, and Sack out o'th' Cellar,
(That she worships to Idolatry) be she'll hang him.

Wild. I would she could: but hark thee honest *Toby*,
If a Man have a Mistress, may we not,
Without my Aunt's leave, borrow now and then
A Coach to tumble in, towards the Exchange,
And so forth?

Toby. A Mistress?

Wild. She may be thine when we are married.

Toby. Command, I'll carry you both in Pomp;
And let my Lady go a-foot a Law-catching,
And exercise her Corns: Where is she, Master *John*?

Wild. 'Shat see her.

Toby. Shall we ring for her?

Wild. And drink her health?

Toby. Drink stifly for five hours.

Wild. We'll drink fifteen.

Toby. To Night? we will ha' twenty Torches then,
And through the Streets drive on triumphantly;
Trium-

Triumphantly we'll drive, by my Lady's Door,
As I am a Christian, Coachman, I will rattle you,
And Urine in her Porch, and she shall fear me :
If you say more, I shall run mad outright,
I will drink Sack, and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now.

[Exit.

Enter Lurcher.

Wild. Hold for thy buttons sake, the Knave's transported.

Lur. Jack Wildbrain? (with thee now?

Wild. Honest Tom, how thrives the felonious World

Lur. You look and talk as you were much exalted.

Wild. Thou'rt i'th' right, Tom. I'll tell thee first,
I ha' shook off my Aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her House had like to ha' spoil'd me;
I keep no hours now;

Nor need any false Key
To the old Woman's Cabinets; I ha' Mony
Upon my word, and pawn no Oaths to th' Butler.
No Matrimonial Protestations

For Sack-poffets to the Chambermaid.

I praise my Fate, there be more ways to th' Wood, Tom.

Lur. Prithee release my wonder.

Wild. I'll increase it, wipe thine Eyes,
Here is a Chain worth Mony, and some Man had it,
A foolish Diamond, and other Trifles——

Lur. The very same, Oh Gipsy! Infidel!
All that I sweat, and ventur'd my Neck for,
He has got already; who would trust a Strumpet?

Wild. This? this is nothing to what I possess
At home.

Lur. What home?

Wild. A House that shall be nameless;
The Mistress of it mine too, such a piece
For Flesh and Blood, added to that so loving——

Lur. Is she married?

Wild. I know not, nor I care not:
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious,
Thou wilt run mad; I'll tell thee more hereafter.

Lur. Nay, prithee a word more.

Wild. I took no pains to find out all this Paradise,

My

My Destiny threw me upon't i'th' dark, I found it,
Wanting a Lodging too.

Lur. No old Acquaintance?

Wild. Never, never saw her;

But these things happen not in every Age:

I cannot stay, if thou wilt meet anon

At my own Rendezvous, thou knowest the Tavern,

We'll Sup together, after that a Company

Of merry Lads have made a match to ring.

Lur. You keep your Exercise i'th' old Church?

Wild. No other,

There is no Musick to the Bells, we wou'd

Have Bonfires if we durst, and thou wou'd come

It shall cost thee nothing, *Tom*; hang pilfering,

And keep me Company, in time I may

Shew thee my Wench too.

Lur. I cannot promise; but you will be there?

Wild. We'll tofs the Bells, and make the Steeple
Roar, Boy; but come to Supper then.

Lur. My Hand, and expect me:

Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose.

Art come, Boy?

Enter Boy with Gown, Beard, and Constable's Staff.

Excellent Knave, how didst thou purchase these?

Boy. The Staff I stole last Night from a sleeping Con-
The rest I borrowed by my Acquaintance with (stable;
The Players Boys; you were best to lose no time, Sir.

Lur. So, so, help Boy, 'tis very well; do I not look
Like one that breaks the King's Peace with Authority?
You know your Charge, prepare things handsomly,
My diligent Boy, and leave me to my Office.

Boy. There wants nothing already; but I fly, Sir. [*Ex.*

Lur. Now Fortune prove no Slut, and I'll adore thee.
[*Knocks.*

Within Ser. Who's there?

Lur. A Friend wou'd speak with Master Justice.

Ser. Who are you?

Lur. I am the Constable.

Ser. My Master is not at leisure to hear business.

Lur.

Lur. How? Not at Leisure to do the King Service?
Take heed what you say, Sir; I know his Worship,
If he know my Business, would no Excuse.

Ser. You must go to another Justice, I'll assure
My Master is not well in Health.

Lur. I know not,
But if your Worshipful be not at Leisure
To do himself a Benefit, I am gone, Sir,
An infinite Benefit, and the State shall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too: I am an Officer,
And know my Place, but I do love the Justice;
I honour any Authority above me:
Beside, he is my Neighbour, and I worship him.

Ser. You have no Books, nor Ballads, Mr. Constable,
About you?

Lur. What should I do with Books? does it become
A Man of my Place to understand such Matters?
Pray call your Master, if he please to follow me,
I shall discover to him such a Plot,
Shall get him everlasting Fame, I'll be hang'd for't,
And he be not knighted instantly, and for Reward
Have some of the Malefactors Lands, I'll bring him too;
But I cannot delay time.

Just. within. Who's that?

Ser. A Constable, Sir, would speak about some Business,
He says will bring you Fame, and mighty Profit.

Lur. Please your Worship come down, I'll make you
The notabl'st Piece of Villany I have in hand, Sir, (happy;
And you shall find it out; I ha' made Choice
To bring your Worship to the first Knowledge, and
Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.

Just. What is it? Treason?

Lur. 'Tis little better, I can tell you I have lodg'd
A Crew of the most rank and desperate Villains:
They talk of Robberies, and Ways they did 'em,
And how they left Men bound in their Studies.

Just. With Books and Ballads?

Lur. That, Sir, that, and Murders,
And thousand Knaveries more; they're very rich Sir,

In Money, Jewels, Chains, and a hundred more Devices.

Just. Happy, happy Constable, I meet ye At the Back Door; get ready, Knaves.

Lur. Not a Man I beseech you, I have privately appointed Strength about me, They cannot start, your Men would breed Suspicion; All my Desire is, you would come alone, That you might have the Hope of the Enterprize, That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed, Sir.

Just. I come, I come.

Lur. 'Tis very well.

Just. Keep all my Doors fast, 'tis something late.

Lur. So, so, and please your Worship I direct you. [Exit.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Master stays, I doubt his Lime-Twigs catch If they do, all's provided; but I all (not, This while forget my own State; fair *Maria* Is certainly alive, I met her in Another Habit, with her Nurse, 'twas she; There is some Trick in't, but when this is over I'll find it out, this Project for the Usurer May have good Effect; however, 'twill be Sport To mortify him a little.

Enter Lurcher.

He's come without him:
Have you fail'd, Sir?

Lur. Prosper'd: My little Engineer, away, He is i'th' next Room, be not you seen, Sirrah. [Exit.

Boy. The Pit-fall's ready, never Justice Was catch'd in such a Noose: E'er he get out, He shall run through a scouring Purgatory, Shall purge him to the quick, 'tis Night already.

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lur. Come softly, yet Sir, softly, are you not weary?

Just. Thou'st brought me into a melancholy Place, I see no Creature.

Lur. This is, Sir, their Den Where they suppose themselves secure, I am faint With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,

And

And therefore never go without a Cordial;

Without this I should die:

[*Seems to drink.*]

How it refreshes me

Already! Will't please your Worship? I might have had

The Manners to ha' let you drink before me;

Now I am lusty.

Just. 'Twas a good Taste.

Lur. Taste? how d'ye find the Virtue, nay, Sir, spare
My Wife has the Receipt; does it not stir (not:

Your Worship's Body? When you come to examine,

'Twill make you speak like Thunder.

Just. Hoy he.

Lur. It works already.

Just. Is there never a Chair, I was wearier than I thought,
But who shall we have to take 'em, Mr. Constable?

Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the Watch-word,
We will have Men enough to surprize an Army.

Just. I begin to be sleepy; what, hast a Chair?

Enter another with a Chair.

Lur. They do not dream of us, 'tis early rising;
Care, Care, and early rising, Common-Wealths Men
Are ever subject to the Nods; sit down, Sir,

A short Nap is not much amiss; so, so, he's fast;

Fast as a Fish i'th' Net, he has winking Powder

Shall work upon him to our Wish, remove him,

Nay, we may cut him into Collops now

And he ne'er feel; have you prepar'd the Vault, Sirrah?

Boy. Yes, yes, Sir, every thing in's Place.

Lur. When you have plac'd him, you and I Boy
Must about another Project hard by, his Potion
Will bind him sure enough 'till we return,

This Villany weighs mainly, but we'll purge ye. [*Exe.*]

[*Bells ring.*]

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Now for mine Ears, mine Ears be constant to me;
They ring a Wager, and I must deal justly, ha Boys.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Dost hear 'em, hark, these be the Ringers?

Boy. Are you sure the same?

Lur. Or my Directions fail;

The Coast is clear:
How the Bells go? How daintily they tumble?
And methinks they seem to say, fine Fools I'll fit you.

Sex. Excellent again, good Boys ——— oh that was

Lur. Who's that? (nought.

Boy. Be you conceal'd by any means yet, hark,
They stop, I hope they'll to't again; close, Sir.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby and Ringers.

Wild. A palpable Knock.

Ring. 'Twas none.

Toby. Be judg'd by the Sexton then,
If I have Ears.

Sex. A Knock, a Knock, a gross one. (impiously;

Toby. Carman, your Gallon of Wine, you ring most
Art thou o'th' worshipful Company of the Knights
And handle a Bell with no more Dexterity? (o'th' West,
You think you are in *Thames-street*
Juggling the Carts; oh a clean Hand's a Jewel.

Boy. Good Speed to your good Exercise.

Toby. Y'are welcome.

Boy. I come, Sir, from a Gentleman, and Neighbour
One that loves your Musick well. (hard by,

Toby. He may have more on't.

Handle a Bell, as you were haling Timber?

Gross, gross, and base, absurd.

Ring. I'll mend it next Peal.

Boy. To intreat a Knowledge of you, whether it be
By the Ear you ring thus cunningly, or by the Eye;
For to be plain, he has laid ten Pounds upon't.

Wild. But which way has he laid?

Boy. That your Ear guides you,
And not your Eye.

Toby. Has won, has won, the Ear's our only Instrument.

Boy. But how shall we be sure on't?

Toby. Put all the Lights out, to what end serve our

Wild. A plain Case. (Eyes then?

Boy. You say true, 'tis a fine cunning thing to ring by
And can you ring i'th' dark so? (th' Ear sure?

Wild. All Night long, Boy.

Boy. 'Tis wonderful, let this be certain, Gentlemen,

And

And half his Wager he allows among ye;
Is't possible you should ring so? (dead drunk.

Toby. Possible? thou art a Child, I'll ring when I am
Out with the Lights, not winking of a Candle,
I know my Rope too, as I know my Nose,
And can bang it soundly i'th' dark, I warrant you.

Wild. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the
Wager. [Exeunt.

Boy. Let me hear to strengthen me,
And when y'have rung, I'll bring the Mony to you.

Lur. So, so, follow 'em;
They shall have a cool Reward, one hath Gold of mine,
Good store in's Pocket, [Ring.
But this will be reveng'd in a short Warning.

They are at it lustily; hey, how wantonly
They ring away their Cloaths, how it delights me!

Boy. Here, here, Sir.

Enter Boy with Cloaths.

Lur. Haft *Wildbrain's*?

Boy. His whole Case, Sir: I felt it out, and by the Guards
This should be the Coachman's, another Suit too.

Lur. Away Boy, quickly now to the Usurer,
His Hour to wake approaches.

Boy. That once finish'd,
You'll give me leave to play, Sir; here they come. [Exe.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wild. I am monstrous weary.

Toby. Fie, how I sweat? Reach me my Cloak to cover
I run to Oil like a Porpoise; 'twas a brave Peal. (me,

Sex. Let me light the Candle first, then I'll wait on you.

Wild. A very brave Peal. [Exit Sex.

Toby. Carman, you came in close now.

Wild. Sure 'tis past Midnight.

Ring. No stirring in the Streets I hear. (Nose;

Toby. Walk further, was that a Pillar? 'tis harder than my
Where's the Boy promis'd us five Pounds?

Wild. Room, I sweat still; come, come, my Cloak,
I shall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Where lies it?

Wild. Here, here, and all our Cloaths.

Sex. Where, where?

Ring. I'th' Corner.

Toby. Is thy Candle blind too? give me the Bottle,
I can drink like a Fish now, like an Elephant.

Sex. Here are the Corners, but here are no Cloaths;
Yes, here is a Cuff.

Wild. A Cuff? Give me the Candle,
Cuffs wo'not cover me——I smell the Knavery. (ton?

Toby. Is't come to a Cuff? My whole Suit turned to a But-

Wild. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere *Christ*.
Cold with my Fear, I'll never ring by the Ear more. (*mass*;

Toby. My new Cloaths vanish'd?

Wild. All my new Cloaths, *Toby*.

Ring. Here's none.

Toby. Not one of my Dragon's Wings left to adorn me,
Have I muted all my Feathers? (Candle;

Wild. Cheated by the Ear; a Plot to put out the
I could be mad; my Chain, my Rings, the Gold, the Gold.

Toby. The Cold, the Cold I cry, and I cry truly,
Not one Sleeve, nor a Cape of a Cloak to warm me.

Wild. What miserable Fools were we?

Toby. We had e'en best, Gentlemen,
Every Man chuse his Rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short Turn to a better Fortune.
To be Bawds to our Miseries, and put our own Lights out?

Wild. Prithee Sexton let's have a Fire at thy House,
A good Fire, we'll pay thee some way for't, I am Stone cold.

Sex. Alas, I pity you; come quickly, Gentlemen.

Wild. Sure I ha' been in a Dream, I had no Mistress,
Nor Gold, nor Cloaths, but am a ringing Rascal.

Toby. Fellows in Affliction, let's take Hands all;
Now are we fit for Tumblers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently his Sleep will leave him,
And Wonder sieze upon him,
Bid 'em within be ready.

Just. What Sounds this?

What horrid Din? What dismal Place is this?
I never saw before, and now behold it;

But by the half Light of a Lamp, that burns here:
My Spirits shake, tremble through my Body;
Help, help,

Enter two Furies, with black Tapers.

Mercy protect me, my Soul quakes,
What dreadful Apparitions! How I shudder!

1, 2 *Fur. Aigripe.*

Just. What are you? (mission)

1 *Fur.* We are Hell-hounds, Hell-hounds, that have Com-
From the Prince of Darkness,
To fetch thy black Soul to him.

Just. Am I not alive still?

1 *Fur.* Thou art, but we have brought thee Instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable Life. Stab,

2 *Fur.* Poison,

1 *Fur.* Hang thy self, this Choice is offer'd.

2 *Fur.* Thou canst not hope for Heav'n; thy base Soul is
Lost to all Hope of Mercy.

2 *Fur.* Quickly, quickly,
The Torments cool.

1 *Fur.* And all thy Friends expect thee.
Come with us to that Pit of endless Horror,
Or we will force thee.

Just. Oh, oh, oh.

1 *Fur.* Groans are too late, sooner the Ravisher,
Whose Soul is hurl'd into eternal Frost,
Stung with the Force of twenty thousand Winters,
To punish the Distempers of his Blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting Hell where he is.
Shall Murderers be there for ever dying,
Their Souls shot through with Adders, torn on Engines,
Dying as many Deaths for killing one,
Could any Imagination number them,
As there be Moments in Eternity:
And shall that Justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murder'd by thy Extortion, so many?

Just. Oh, oh.

2 *Fur.* Do Execution quickly, or we'll carry thee alive
into Hell.

Just. Gently, gentle Devils, do not force me
To kill my self, nor do not you do't for me;
Oh let me live, I'll make amends for all.

1 Fur. Tell us of thy Repentance? Perjur'd Villain,
Pinch off his Flesh, he must be whipt, salted and whipt.

Just. Oh Misery of Miseries! (him; ha!

Recorders, 1, 2. Tear his accursed Limbs, to Hell with
A Mischief on that Innocent Face, away. [Creep in.

Enter Boy like an Angel.

Boy. Malicious Furies, hence, choak not the Seeds
Of holy Penitence.

Just. This must be an Angel,
How at his Presence the Fiends crawl away?
Here is some light of Mercy.

Boy. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched Man;
What poor Defence hath all thy Wealth been to thee?
What says thy Conscience now?

Just. Be my good Angel, here I promise thee
To become honest, and renounce all Villany;
Enjoin me any Penance, I'll build Churches,
A whole City of Hospitals.

Boy. Take heed,
There is no dallying, nor are these impos'd.

Just. Name any thing within my Power, sweet Angel;
And if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every Day, burn me each Minute,
Whole Years together let me freeze to Ilices.

Boy. I'th' number of thy foul Oppressions,
Thou hast undone a faithful Gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his Land.

Just. Young Lurcher,
I do confess.

Boy. He lives most miserable,
And in Despair may hang or drown himself:
Prevent his Ruin, or his Blood will be
More Sin in thy Account; hast thou forgotten
He had a Sister?

Just. I do well remember it.

Boy. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn Vow,
Made

Made once to that unhappy Maid, that weeps
A thousand Tears a day for thy Unkindness,
Was not thy Faith contracted, and thy Heart?
And couldst thou marry another?

Just. But she is dead,
And I will make true satisfaction.

Boy. What do I instance these, that hast been false
To all the World.

Just. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise Repentance; do not frown, sweet Angel,
I will restore all Mortgages, forswear
Abominable Usury, live chaste;
For I have been wanton in my Shroud, my Age;
And if that poor innocent Maid, I so abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My days to come religiously.

Boy. I was commanded but a Messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those,
Whose Malice would have dragg'd thee quick to Hell:
If thou abuse this Mercy, and repent not,
Double Damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy Life be virtuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good Example;
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak Senses,
Drink of this Viol, and renew thy Spirits,
I ha' done my Office, think on't and be happy.

Lur. So, so, he gapes already, now he's fast;
Thou hast acted rarely, but this is not all;
First, help to convey him out o'th' Vault.

(Sir ?

Boy. You will dispense with me now, as you promis'd,

Lur. We will make shift without thee, thou'st done well,
By our Device this Bondage may scape Hell. [Exit.

Enter Lady, Nurse, and Maria.

Lady. Didst think, *Maria*, this poor Outside, and
Dissembling of thy Voice, could hide thee from
A Mother's searching Eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a Lover
That thought thee dead too; oh my dear *Maria*,
I hardly kept my Joys in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life, we shall find out

The

The mystery of thy Absence; conceal
 Thy Person still, for *Algripe* must not know thee;
 And exercise this pretty Dialect;
 If there be any course in Law to free thee,
 Thou shalt not be so miserable; be silent,
 Good Nurse.

Nurse. You should not need to fear me, Madam,
 I do not love the usuring *Jew* so well;
 Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

Lady. Be not dejected, *Mall*.

Mar. Your care may comfort me;
 But I despair of Happiness:

Heartlove, I dare not see him.

Nurse. We'll withdraw.

Lur. I shall but grieve to see his Passions too,
 Since there's no possibility to relieve him. [Exeunt.

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men
 Walk up and down to find their weariness;
 No sooner have we measured with much toil
 One crooked path with hope to gain our freedom,
 But it betrays us to a new Affliction;
 What a strange mockery will Man become
 Shortly to all the Creatures?

Oh *Maria*!

If thou be'st dead, why does thy Shadow fright me?
 Sure 'tis because I live; were I but certain
 To meet thee in one Grave, and that our Dust
 Might have the Privilege to mix in silence,
 How quickly should my Soul shake off this burthen!

Enter Boy.

Thus far my Wishes have success, I'll lose
 No time: Sir, are not you call'd Mr. *Heartlove*?
 Pardon my rudeness.

Frank. What does that concern
 Thee, Boy, 'tis a Name cannot advantage thee,
 And I am weary on't.

Boy. Had you conceal'd,
 Or I forgot it, Sir, so large were my

Directi-

Directions, that you could not speak this Language,
But I should know you by your Sorrow.

Frank. Thou

Wert well inform'd, it seems; well, what's your business?

Boy. I come to bring you comfort.

Frank. Is *Maria*

Alive again? that's somewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my Expectation rise, to
Past half a Blessing; since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one; thou'rt mistaken.

Boy. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:
In vain I should report *Maria* living:
The comfort that I bring you, must depend
Upon her Death.

Frank. Thou'rt a dissembling Boy,
Some one has sent thee to mock me; though my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green Years, unripe
For Malice; did I know what Person sent thee
To tempt my Sorrow thus, I should revenge it.

Boy. Indeed I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you, let me suffer
More Punishment than ever Boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false; I serve a Mistress
Would rather dye than play with your Misfortunes;
Then good Sir hear me out.

Frank. Who is your Mistress?

Boy. Before I name her, give me some Encouragement,
That you receive her Message: She is one
That is full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her Sorrow
In every Circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your Grievs
Might marry one anothers.

Frank. Thou art wild:

Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a Creature?
Her miserable Story can at best,
But swell my Volume, large enough already.

Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd Faith,
And Marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole *Maria's* Heart.

Frank.

Frank. How's that?

Boy. Just as *Maria* dealt with your Affection,
Did he that married her deal with my Mistress;
When careless both of Honour and Religion,
They cruelly gave away their Hearts to Strangers.

Frank. Part of this truth I know, but prithee Boy
Proceed to that thou cam'st for; thou didst promise
Something, thy Language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.

Boy. That I come to:
My Mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had, e'er this, wept her self dry as Marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twin to her own Sorrow, brought her comfort.

Frank. Could the condition of my Fate so equal,
Lessen her Sufferings?

Boy. I know not how
Companions in Grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easie by degrees:
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours,
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your Person thus increas'd,
And with it, Confidence, that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd; this gave her boldness
To employ me thus far.

Frank. A strange Message, Boy.

Boy. If you incline to meet my Mistress Love,
It may beget your comforts; besides that,
'Tis some revenge, that you above their scorn
And pride can laugh at them, whose Perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

Frank. Have you done, Boy?

Boy. Only this little more;
When you but see, and know my Mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness, she's fair,
Fair as *Maria* was.

Frank. I'll hear no more,

Go foolish Boy, and tell thy fonder Mistress
She has no second Faith to give away;
And mine was given to *Maria*, though her Death
Allow me freedom; see the Picture of her.

Enter Maria, and Nurse.

I would give ten thousand Empires for the Substance;
Yet for *Maria's* sake, whose divine Figure
That rude Frame carries, I will love this Counterfeit
Above all the World, and had thy Mistress had all
The Grace and Blossom of her Sex; now she
Is gone, that was, walking, a spring of Beauty,
I would not look upon her.

Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a Message, as becomes
A Servant, nor did she on whose Commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her Love
To your disquiet, she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.

Frank. Pretty Boy.

Boy. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray if I have, enjoin me any Penance for it:
I have perform'd one Duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another.

Frank. And I'll take thee

At thy word, Boy, thou hast a moving Language,
That pretty innocent Copy of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to speak,
Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.

Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gain, but since you have resolv'd
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you,
And my Prophetick Thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Frank. Thou wert sent to bless me.

Boy. Pray give us opportunity.

Frank. Be happy.

Nurse. He's gone.

Boy. With your fair leave, Mistress.

[*Exit.*

Mar.

Mar. Have you business with her, pray you?

Boy. I have a message from a Gentleman,
Please you vouchsafe your Ear more private.

Nurse. You shall have my absence, Niece. [Exit.

Mar. Was the Gentleman afraid to declare his matters openly, here was no Bodies was not very honest, if her like not her Errands the better, was wist to keep her breaths, to cool her Porridges, can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings and tawgings.

Boy. You may, if please you, find another Language,
And with less pains be understood.

Mar. What is her meaning?

Boy. Come, pray speak your own *English*.

Mar. Have Boys lost her lts and Memories? bless us aule.

Boy. I must be plain then, come, I know you are *Maria*, this thin vail cannot obscure you:
I'll tell the World you live, I have not lost ye,
Since first with Grief and Shame to be surpriz'd,
A violent Trance took away shew of Life;
I could discover by what Accident
You were convey'd away by Midnight, in
Your Coffin, could declare the Place and Minute
When you reviv'd, what you have done since, as perfectly--

Mar. Alas, I am betray'd to new Misfortunes.

Boy. You are not; for my knowledge, I'll be dumb
For ever, rather than be such a Traitor;
Indeed I pity you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of Peace; call home your modest Blood,
Pale hath too long usurp'd upon your Face;
Think upon Love again, and the possession
Of full blown joys, now ready to salute you.

Mar. These words undo me more than my own Griefs.

Boy. I see how Fear would play the Tyrant with you,
But I'll remove Suspicion; have you in
Your Heart, an Entertainment for his Love
To whom your Virgin Faith made the first Promise?

Mar. If thou mean'st *Heartlove*, thou dost wound me still,
I have no Life without his Memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long:
Thou seest I walk in darkness like a Thief,

That

That fears to see the World in his own shape,
My very Shadow frights me, 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look Day in the Face.
Away, I know thee not.

Boy. You shall hereafter know, and thank me, Lady,
I'll bring you a discharge at my next Visit,
Of all your fears; be content, fair *Maria*,
'Tis worth your wonder.

Mar. Impossible.

Boy. Be wise and silent,
Dress your self, you shall be what you wish.

Mar. Do this, and be
My better Angel.

Boy. All your cares on me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. I Must applaud thy Diligence.

Boy. It had been nothing
To have left him in the Porch; I call'd his Servants,
With wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was some Spice sure of the falling Sickness,
And that 'twas Charity to bring him home;
They rub'd and chaf'd him, ply'd him with Strong-water,
Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him;
I wish'd 'em then get him to Bed, they did so,
And almost smother'd him with Rugs and Pillows;
And 'cause they should have no Cause to suspect me,
I watch'd them 'till he wak'd.

Lur. 'Twas excellent.

Boy. When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home; his Eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his Servants,
And told 'em he had seen strange Visions,
That should convert him from his Heathen courses;
They

They wondred, and were silent; there he preach'd
 How sweet the Air of a contented Conscience
 Smelt in his Nose now, ask'd 'em all forgiveness
 For their hard Pasture since they liv'd with him;
 Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold Surloin,
 Pierce the Strong Beer, and let the Neighbours joy in't:
 The conceal'd Muskadine should now lie open
 To every Mouth; that he would give to th' Poor,
 And mend their Wages; that his Doors should be
 Open to every miserable Suitor.

Lur. What said his Servants then?

Boy. They durst not speak,
 But blest themselves, and the strange means that had
 Made him a Christian: In this over-joy
 I took my leave, and bad 'em say their Prayers,
 And humour him, lest he turn'd *Jew* again.

Lur. Enough, enough. Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my Ringers; stand close, my Lady's Coachman.

Toby. Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat.

Would I were at rack and manger among my Horses;
 We have divided the Sexton's
 Housho'd-stuff among us, one has the Rug, and he's
 Turn'd *Irish*, and another has a Blanket, and he must beg in't,
 The Sheets serve another for a Frock, and with the Bed-
 cord

He may pass for a Porter, nothing but the Mat would fall
 To my share, which with the help of a Tune, and a
 Hassock

Out o'th' Church, may disguise me 'till I get home;
 A pox o' Bell-ringing by the Ear, if any Man take me
 At it again, let him pull mine to the Pillory: I could wish
 I had lost mine Ears, so I had my Cloaths again:
 The Weather wo't allow this fashion,
 I do look for an Ague besides.

Lur. How the Rascal shakes?

Toby. Here are company:

Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat,
 A Hassock for your Feet, or a Piss clean and sweet;

Buy

Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat:
Ringing I renounce thee, I'll never come to Church more.

Lur. You with a Mat.

Toby. I am call'd. (I in?

If any one should offer to buy my Mat, what a Case were
Oh that I were in my Oat-tub with a Horse-Loaf,
Something to hearten me:

I dare not hear 'em;

Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat.

Lur. He's deaf.

Toby. I am glad I am: Buy a Mat for a Bed.

Lur. How the Rascal sweats? What a Pickle he's in?
Every Street he goes through will be a new Torment.

Toby. If ever I meet at Midnight more a jangling:
I am cold, and yet I drop; buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat.

Lur. He has punishment enough. [*Exit Toby.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this? my tother Youth? he is turn'd Bear.

Wild. I am half afraid of my self: This poor shift
I got o'th' Sexton, to convey me handsomely
To some Harbour, the Wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for some Watchman o'th' Parish;
I ha' ne'er a Penny left me, that's one Comfort;
And Ringing has begot a monstrous Stomach,
And that's another Mischief: I were best go home,
For every thing will scorn me in this Habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young Bell Ringers;
If I get in a Doors, not the Pow'r o'th' Country,
Nor all my Aunt's Curses, shall disembody me.

Lur. Bid her come hither presently,——hum, 'tis he.

[*Exit Servant.*

Wild. I am betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me,
Three of these Rogues will jeer a Horse to Death.

Lur. 'Tis Mr. *Wildbrain* sure, and yet methinks
His Fashion's strangely altered; Sirrah, Watchman,
You Rugamuffin, turn you louzy Bear's Skin:
You with the Bed-rid Bill.

Wild. H'as found me out, There's no avoiding him; I had rather now Be arraign'd at *Newgate* for a Robbery, Than answer to his Articles: Your Will, Sir, I am in haste.

Lur. Nay, then I will make bold wi' ye, A Watchman, and a sham'd to shew his Countenance, His Face of Authority? I have seen that *Physiognomy*; Were you never in Prison for pilfering?

Wild. How the Rogue worries me.

Lur. Why may not this Be the Villain robb'd my House last Night, And walks disguis'd in this malignant Rug, Arm'd with a Tun of Iron? I will have you Before a Magistrate.

Wild. What will become of me?

Lur. What art thou? speak.

Wild. I am the wandring Jew, and please your Worship.

Lur. By your leave *Rabbi*, I will shew you then A Synagogue, yclept *Bridewel*, where you, Under Correction, may rest your self. You have brought a Bill to guard you, there be Dogs To firk such rugg'd Curs, Whips without Bells (Whips Indeed.

Wild. Bells.

Lur. How he sweats?

Wild. I must be known, as good at first; now jeer on, But do not anger me too impudently, The *Rabbi* will be mov'd then.

Lur. How? *Jack Wildbrain*?

What time o'th' Moon, Man, ha? What strange Bells Hast in thy Brains?

Wild. No more Bells, No more Bells, they ring backwards.

Lur. Why where's the Wench, the Blessing that befell The unexpected Happiness? Where's that, *Jack*? (there) Where are thy golden Days?

Wild. It was his Trick, as sure as I am lousy, But how to be reveng'd

Lur. Fie, fie, *Jack*,
Marry a Watchman's Widow in thy young Days,
With a Revenue of old Iron and a Rug?
Is this the Paragon, the dainty Piece,
The delicate divine Rogue?

Wild. 'Tis enough, I am undone,
Mark'd for a Misery, and so leave prating;
Give me my Bill.

Lur. You need not ask your Tailor's,
Unless you had better Linings; it may be,
To avoid Suspicion, you are going thus
Disguis'd to your fair Mistress.

Wild. Mock no further,
Or as I live, I'll lay my Bill o'thy Pate,
I'll take a Watchman's Fury into my Fingers,
To ha' no Judgment to distinguish Persons,
And knock thee down.

Lur. Come, I ha' done, and now
Will speak some Comfort to thee, I will lead thee
New to my Mistress hitherto conceal'd;
She shall take Pity on thee too, she loves
A handsome Man; thy Misery invites me
To do thee good, I'll not be jealous, *Jack*;
Her Beauty shall commend it self; but do not,
When I have brought you into Grace, supplant me.

Wild. Art thou in earnest? by this cold Iron——

Lur. No Oaths, I am not costive; here she comes.

Enter Mistress.

Sweet-heart, I have brought a Gentleman,
A Friend of mine, to be acquainted with you,
He's other than he seems; why d'ye stare thus?

Mist. O Sir, forgive me, I have done ye wrong.

Lur. What's the Matter? didst ever see her afore,
Jack?

Wild. Prithee do what thou wot wi'me, if thou hast
A Mind, hang me up quickly.

Lur. Never despair, I'll give thee my share rather,

Take her, I hope she loves thee at first Sight,
 She has Petticoats will patch thee up a Suit;
 I resign all, only I'll keep these Trifles,
 I took some Pains for 'em, I take it, *Jack*;
 What think you, Pink of Beauty? Come, let me
 Counsel you both to marry, she has a Trade,
 If you have Audacity to hook in Gamesters:
 Let's ha' a Wedding, you will be wondrous rich;
 For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
 'Twill be a rare Match.

Mist. As you are a Man, forgive me, I'll redeem all.

Lur. You wo'not to this Geer of Marriage then?

Wild. No, no, I thank you *Tom*, I can watch for
 A Groat a Night, and be every Gentleman's Fellow.

[*Exit Mistress.*]

Lur. Rise and be good, keep home, and attend your
 Business.

Wild. Thou hast done't to purpose, give me thy Hand
Tom;

Shall we be Friends? Thou see'st what State I am in,
 I'll undertake this Penance to my Aunt,
 Just as I am, and openly I'll go;
 Where, if I be receiv'd again for currant,
 And Fortune smile once more—— (sic *Jack.*

Lur. Nay, nay, I'm satisfy'd, so farewell, honest low-

Wild. I cannot help it, some Men meet with strange
 Destinies.

If things go right thou may'st be hang'd, and I
 May live to see't, and purchase thy Apparel;
 So farewell *Tom*. Commend me to thy Polcat. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Lady, Nurse and Servant.*]

Lady. Now that I have my Counsel ready, and my
 The Judges all inform'd of the Abuses; (Cause ripe;
 Now that he should be gone.

Nurse. No Man knows whither,
 And yet they talk he went forth with a Constable
 That told him of strange Business, that would bring him
 Mony and Lands, and Heav'n knows what; but they
 Have

Have search'd, and cannot find out such an Officer:
And as a Secret, Madam, they told your Man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a Spy,
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the Devil
I'th' likeness of a Constable, that has tempted him
By this time to strange things; there have been Men
As rich as he, have met convenient Rivers,
And so forth; many Trees have born strange Fruits:
D'ye think he has not hang'd himself?

Lady. If he be hang'd, who has his Goods?

Nurse. They are forfeited, they say.

Lady. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Only to cozen me of my Girl's Portion.

Nurse. Very likely.

Lady. Or did not the Constable carry him to some Prison?

Nurse. They thought on that too, and search'd every
where.

Lady. He may be close for Treason, perhaps executed.

Nurse. Nay, they did look among the Quarters too,
And mustered all the Bridge-House for his Night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the Gentleman again.

Lady. What Gentleman?

Ser. He that lov'd my young Mistress.

Lady. Alas, 'tis *Heartlove*, 'twill but feed his Melancholy
To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the World she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his Passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed Tongue and Habit.

Nurse. Please you entertain him awhile, Madam,
'll cast about for something with your Daughter.

Lady. Do what thou wo't; pray Mr. *Heartlove* enter.

[Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally.]

Enter Frank Heartlove.

Frank. Madam, I come to ask your gentle Pardon.

Lady. Pardon, for what? you ne'er offended me.

Frank. Yes, if ye be the Mother of *Maria*.

Lady. I was her Mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her in that very minute
Her Soul fled from her; we lost both our Names
Of Mother and of Daughter.

Frank. Alas, Madam,
If your Relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a Title nearer,
Since Love unites more than the tie of Blood;
No matter for the empty Voice of Mother;
Your Nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love *Maria*, and not see her Ashes
And Memory polluted.

Lady. You amaze me; by whom?

Frank. By me, I am the vile Profaner.

Lady. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, Sir?
You ever honour'd her.

Frank. I did live,
But since she died, I ha' been a Villain to her.

Lady. I do beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.

Frank. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her Marble, ought to be reveng'd;
A wickedness, that if I should be silent,
You as a Witness must accuse me for't.

Lady. Was I a Witness?

Frank. Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria once; or grant, you did but think so,
By what I ha' profess'd, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my Tears upon her Grave,
Yes, and proof sufficient.

Lady. To what?

Frank. That I, forgetful of my Fame and Vows
To fair *Maria*, e'er the Worm could pierce
Her tender Shroud, had chang'd her for another;

Did

Did you not blush to see me turn a Rebel?
So soon to court a Shadow, a strange thing,
Without a Name? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her Death with the less sorrow,
That she had scap'd a Punishment more killing,
Oh how I shame to think on't.

Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an Argument of Love
To your *Maria*, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

Frank. No more, you are too charitable, but
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange Maid, whose innocent
Like your *Maria's* won so late upon me: (Face
My Passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and Woman-kind, without
Love in a thought; 'tis thus, I came to tell you,
If after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent Grave
You have dispos'd your Daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of all her Dust, and never leave,
'Till with a loud Confession of my Shame,
I wake her Ghost, and that pronounce my Pardon:
Will you deny this favour? then farewell,
I'll never see you more: Ha!

*Enter Nurse, Maria in her own Apparel; after some
shew of wonder, Heartlove goes towards her.*

Lady. Be not deluded, Sir, upon my Life
This is the Soul whom you but thought *Maria*
In my Daughter's Habit; what did you mean, Nurse?
I knew she would but cozen you, is she not like now?
One Dew unto another is not nearer.

Nurse. She thinks she is a Gentlewoman;
And that Imagination has so taken her,
She scorns to speak; how handsomly she carries it,
As if she were a well-bred thing, her Body?
And I warrant you, what looks?

Lady. Pray be not foolish.

Frank. I disturb no Body, speak but half a word
And I am satisfied; but what needs that?
I'll swear 'tis she.

Lady. But do not, I beseech you;
For trust me, Sir, you know not what I know.

Frank. Peace then,
And let me pray; she holds up her hands with me.

Lady. This will betray all.

Frank. Love ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou Sovereign of all Hearts,
Of all our Sorrows the sweet ease. [*She weeps now.*]
Does she still cozen me?

Nurse. You will see anon;
'Twas her desire, expect the issue, Madam.

Frank. My Soul's so big, I cannot pray; 'tis she,
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, and Boy.

Nurse. Here's Mr. *Algripe*, and other Strangers, Madam.

Alg. Here, good Lady,
Upon my Knees I ask thy Worship's Pardon;
Here's the whole Sum I had with thy fair Daughter;
Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty:
I had a Wife before, and could not marry;
My Penance shall be, on that Man that honour'd her
To confer some Land.

Lady. This is incredible.

Alg. 'Tis truth.

Lur. Do you know me, Sir?

Alg. Ha, the Gentleman I deceiv'd.

Lur. My Name is *Lurcher*.

Alg. 'Shat have thy Mortgage.

Lur. I ha' that already, no matter for the Deed
If you release it.

Alg. I'll do't before thy witness;
But where's thy Sister? if she live I am happy, though
I con-

I conceal our Contract, which was
Stolen from me with the Evidence of this Land.

The Boy goes to Maria, and gives her a Paper; she wonders, and smiles upon Heartlove; he amaz'd, approaches her: afterward she shews it her Mother, and then gives it to Heartlove.

Nurse. Your Daughter smiles.

Lur. I hope she lives, but where, I cannot tell, Sir.

Boy. Even here, and please you, Sir.

Alg. How?

Boy. Nay, 'tis she;

To work thy fair way, I preserv'd you, Brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd ye
Thus like a Boy; I serv'd you faithfully,
And cast your Plots to preserve your Credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses;
So far as you would hearken to my Counsel;
That all the World may know how much you owe me.

Alg. Welcome entirely, welcome my dear *Alathe*,
And when I lose thee again, Blessing forsake me:
Nay, let me kiss thee in these Cloaths.

Lur. And I too, (the Thief?)
And bless the time I had so wise a Sister: Wert thou the lit-
Boy. I stole the Contract, I must confess,
And kept it to my self, it most concern'd me.

Frank. Contracted? this destroys his After-Marriage.

Mar. Dare you give this Hand
To this young Gentleman? my Heart goes with it.

Alg. *Maria* alive! how my Heart's exalted! 'tis my duty;
Take her, *Frank Heartlove*, take her; and all Joys
With her; besides some Lands to advance her Jointure.

Lady. What I have is your own, and blessings crown ye.

Frank. Give me room,
And fresh Air to consider, Gentlemen,
My hopes are too high.

Mar. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be *Welsb* again.

Alg.

Alg. A Day of wonder.

Lur. Lady, your Love, I ha' kept my word; there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you:
And fearing you were dead, I stole your Coffin,
That you might never more usurp my Office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmless Tales.

[*Shout within.*]

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. Hollow your Throats apieces, I am at home;
If you can roar me out again——

Lady. What thing is this?

Lur. A continent of Fleas: room for the Pageant;
Make room afore there; your Kinsman, Madam.

Lady. My Kinsman? let me wonder!

Wild. Do, and I'll wonder too to see this Company
At peace one with another; 'tis not worth
Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
You're merry Aunt, I see, and all your Company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forswear Midnight, Taverns and Temptations;
Give good Example to your Grooms, the Maids
Shall go to Bed, and take their rest this Year;
None shall appear with Blisters in their Bellies.

Lur. And when you will fool again, you may go Ring.

Wild. Madam, have mercy.

Lady. Your Submission, Sir,
I gladly take; we will
Enquire the reason of this Habit after wards;
Now you are foundly sham'd, well, we restore you.
Where's Toby?
Where's the Coachman?

Nurse. He's a-bed, Madam,
And has an Ague, he says.

Lur. I'll be his Physician.

Lady. We must afoot then.

Lur. E'er the Priest ha' done,

Toby

Toby shall wait upon you with his Coach,
And make your *Flanders* Mares dance back again we'ye,
I warrant you, Madam, you are mortified,
Your Suit shall be granted too.

Wild. Make, make room afore thee.

Lady. Home forward with glad Hearts, home, Child.

Mar. I wait you.

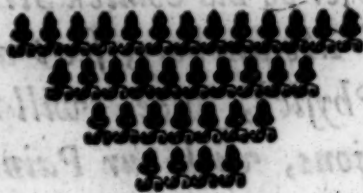
Frank. On joyfully, the Cure of all our Grief,
Is owing to this pretty little Thief. [Exeunt omnes.





The Tamer tamed vol. 6.

THE
Woman's Prize:
OR, THE
TAMER TAM'D.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

PROLOGUE.

Ladies, to you, in whose Defence and Right,
Fletcher's brave Muse prepar'd her self
to fight

A Battel without Blood, 'twas well fought too,
(The Victory's yours, though got with much ado.)

We do present this Comedy, in which

A Rivulet of pure Wit flows, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all Parts that may
Add Grace and Ornament to a merry Play.

Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
In Promises from this our Female War,

We do intreat the angry Men would not
Expect the Mazes of a subtle Plot,

Set Speeches, high Expressions, and what's worse,
In a trae Comedy, politick Discourse.

The end we aim at, is to make you Sport;
Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.

Hear, and observe his Comick Strain, and when
T'are sick of Melancholy, see't again.

'Tis no dear Physick, since 'twill quit the Cost:
Or his Intentions, with our Pains, are lost.

SECRET

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MOroso, *an old rich doating Citizen, Suitor to Livia.*

Sophocles, }
Tranio, } *Two Gentlemen, Friends to Petruchio.*

Petruchio, *An Italian Gentleman, Husband to Maria.*

Rowland, *A young Gentlewoman, in Love with Livia.*

Petronius, *Father to Maria and Livia.*

Jaques, }
Pedro, } *Two witty Servants to Petruchio.*

Doctor.

Apothecary.

Watchmen.

Porters.

W O M E N.

Maria, *a chaste witty Lady,* }
Livia, *Mistress to Rowland,* } *The two Masculine Daughters of Petronius.*

Biancha, *Their Cousin, and Commander in chief.*

City Wives, }
Country Wives, } *To the Relief of the Ladies, of which two were drunk.*
Maids.

S C E N E L O N D O N.

T H E
W O M A N ' S P R I Z E ;

O R,
The Tamer Tam'd.

A C T I. S C E N E I

*Enter Morofo, Sophocles, and Tranio, with
Rosemary, as from a Wedding.*

M O R O S O.



OD give 'em Joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, say I too.

(Wench,
The Pudding's now i'th' Proof, alas poor
Through what a Mine of Patience must
thou work,

E'er thou know'st good Hour more?

Tra. 'Tis too true: Certain,
Methinks her Father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I protest
pity the poor Gentlewoman.

Mor. Methinks now,
He's not so terrible as People think him.

Soph. This old Thief flatters, out of meer Devotion,
To please the Father for his second Daughter.

Tra. But shall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when I have *Rome*.
and yet the Father's for him.

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F

Mor.

Mor. I'll assure ye,
I hold him a good Man.

Soph. Yes, sure a wealthy,
But whether a good Woman's Man is doubtful.

Tra. Would 'twere no worse.

Mor. What though his other Wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily Hue and Cries upon him,
(For sure she was a Rebel) turn'd his Temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she; Does't follow
He must retain that long since buried Tempest,
To this soft Maid?

Soph. I fear it.

Tra. So do I too:

And so far, that if God had made me Woman,
And his Wife that must be——

Mor. What would you do, Sir?

Tra. I would learn to eat Coals with an angry Cat,
And spit fire at him: I would, to prevent him,
Do all the ramping, roaring Tricks, a Whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral Wisdom.
To be a Wife, and his.

Soph. So I should think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first Wife
(I tell ye on my Knowledge, and a Truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Colestaves, any thing;
Hiding his Breeches, out of fear her Ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first Marriage,
He is no more the still *Petruchio*,
Than I am *Babylon*.

Soph. He's a good Fellow,
And on my word I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender Soul——

Tra. His very frown, if she but say her Prayers
Louder than Men talk Treason, makes him Tinder;
The motion of a Dial, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a Water-work;
She must do nothing of her self, not eat,

Drink,

Drink, say Sir, how do ye? make her ready, unready,
Unless he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her,
Ten Pound to twenty Shillings, within these three Weeks.

Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques with a Pot of Wine.

Mor. He loves her most extreamly,
And so long 'twill be Honey-moon. Now *Jaques*,
You are a busie Man I am sure.

Jaq. Yes, certain,
This old sport must have Eggs.

Soph. Not yet this ten Days.

Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadel.

Tra. That's right, Sir.

Mor. This Fellow broods his Master; speed ye, *Jaques*.

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

Jaq. Your Worships
Shall have it rich and neat, and o' my Conscience
As welcome as our *Lady-day*: Oh my old Sir,
When shall we see your Worship run at Ring?
That hour, a standing were worth Mony.

Mor. So, Sir.

Jaq. Upon my little Honesty, your Mistress;
If I have any Speculation, must think
This single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but even poor sport.

Mor. You're merry.

Jaq. Would I were wise too, so God blefs your Wor-
(Ship.

Tra. The Fellow tells you true.

[Exit Jaq.]

Soph. When is the day, Man?
Come, come, you'll steal a Marriage.

Mor. Nay, believe me:
But when her Father pleases, I am ready;
And all my Friends shall know it.

Tra. Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.

Mor. There's reason in't.

Soph. Call'd Rowland——

Mor. Will ye walk?
They'll think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.

Tra. You have wip'd him now.

Soph. So will he never the Wench, I hope.

Tra. I wish it.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E II.

Enter Rowland and Livia.

Row. Now *Livia*, if you'll go away to Night,
If your Affections be not made of Words.

Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly *Rowland*,
Is there none near us? My Affections ever
Have been your Servants, with what Superstition
I have ever Sainted you——

Row. Why then take this way.

Liv. 'Twill be a childish, and a less prosperous Course,
Than his that knows not Care; why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our Fortunes?

Row. Then you flatter.

Liv. Alas, you know I cannot.

Row. What hope's left else
But flying, to enjoy ye?

Liv. None so far,
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other Expectation,
My Father's bent against us; what but Ruin,
Can such a by-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my Eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A Course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. And then *Moroso* h'as ye.

Liv. No such matter;
For hold this certain, Begging, Stealing, Whoring,
Selling (which is a Sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or musty *English Croacus*;
Switches, or Stones for th' Tooth-ach, sooner finds me,
Than that drawn Fox, *Moroso*.

Row. But his Mony,
If Wealth may win you——

Liv. If a Hog may be
High-Priest among the *Jews*? His Mony, *Rowland*?

Oh

Oh Love forgive me, what Faith hast thou?
Why, can his Mony kiss me?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Behind,

Laid out upon a Petticoat ; or graspe me
While I cry, Oh good thank you? O' my Troth
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear: Or lie with me,
As you may do? Alas, what fools you Men are?
His mouldy Mony? Half a dozen Riders,
That cannot fit, but stamp fast to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no Man shall make use of me;
My Beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye.

Liv. Go thy ways,
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of Passion:
I faith I will not fail thee.

Row. I had rather——

Liv. Prethee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods——

Row. But——

Liv. What but?

Row. I would tell you.

Liv. I know all you can tell me, all's but this,
You wou'd have me, and lie with me; is't not so?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Why you shall, will that content you? Go.

Row. I am very loath to go.

Enter Biancha and Maria.

Liv. Now o' my Conscience
Thou art an honest Fellow, here's my Sister;
Go, prethee go; this Kiss, and credit me,
E'er I am three Nightsolder, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do.
Farewel.

Row. Farewel.

[Exit Rowland.]

Liv. Alas poor Fool, how it looks?
It would ev'n hang it self, should I but cross it.
For pure Love to the matter I must hatch it.

Bia. Nay, never look for merry hour, *Maria*,

If now you make it not; let not your Blushes,
 Your Modesty, and tenderness of Spirit,
 Make you continual Anvile to his Anger:
 Believe me, since his first Wife set him going,
 Nothing can bind his Rage: Take your own Council,
 You shall not say that I perswaded you.
 But if you suffer him —

Mar. Stay, shall I do it?

Bia. Have you a Stomach to't?

Mar. I never shew'd it.

Bia. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger in you.
 But do not say I urg'd you.

Mar. I am perfect,
 Like *Curtius*, to redeem my Country, I have
 Leap'd into this gulph of Marriage, and I'll do it.
 Farewel all poorer Thoughts, but Spight and Anger,
 Till I have wrought a Miracle. Now Cousin,
 I am no more the gentle, tame *Maria*;
 Mistake me not, I have a new Soul in me
 Made of a North-wind, nothing but Tempest;
 And like a Tempest shall it make all Ruin,
 Till I have run my Will out.

Bia. This is brave now,
 If you continue it, but your own Will lead you.

Mar. Adieu all Tenderness, I dare continue;
 Maids that are made of Fears, and modest Blushes,
 View me, and love Example.

Bia. Here is your Sister.

Mar. Here is the brave old Man's Love.

Bia. That loves the young Man. (Heart is't?)

Mar. Ay, and hold thee there Wench: What a grief of
 When *Paphos* Revels should rowze up old Night,
 To sweat against a Cork, to lie and tell
 The Clock o'th' Lungs, to rise sport stary'd?

Liv. Dear, Sister,
 Where have you been, you talk thus?

Mar. Why at Church, Wench;
 Where I am ty'd to talk thus: I am a Wife now.

Liv. It seems so, and a modest.

Mar. You are an Ass;

When

When thou art married once, thy Modesty
Will never buy thee Pins.

Liv. 'Bless me.

Mar. From what?

Bia. From such a tame Fool as our Cousin *Livia*?

Liv. You are not mad.

Mar. Yes Wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance; mark me, *Livia*;
Or indeed fit for our Sex: 'Tis Bed time.
Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I mean
Thine Offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant Bridegroom.

Liv. Whither will this Woman?

Bia. You may perceive her end.

Liv. Or rather fear it.

Mar. Dare you be Partner in't?

Liv. Leave it *Maria*,

I fear I have mark'd too much, for goodness leave it;
Divest you with obedient Hands, to Bed.

Mar. To Bed? No *Livia*, there are Comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a Fellow
Must yet, before I know that heat (ne'er start Wench)
Be made a Man, for yet he is a Monster;
Here must his Head be, *Livia*.

Liv. Never hope it.

'Tis as easie with a Sive to scoop the Ocean, as
To tame *Petruchio*.

Mar. Stay: *Lucina* hear me,
Never unlock the Treasure of my Womb
For humane Fruit, to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret Hand make brief
A Mother's Labour to me, if I do
Give way unto my married Husband's Will,
Or be a Wife in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him easie as a Child,
And tame as Fear, he shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this Austerity,
Though it would pull another Jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another Man,
And when I kiss him, till I have my Will,

May I be barren of Delights, and know
Only what Pleasures are in Dreams, and Gueffes.

Liv. A strange *Exordium*.

Bia. All the feveral Wrongs
Done by Imperious Husbands to their Wives
These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee:
Thou haft a brave Cause.

Mar. And I'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my Life out ever after.

Liv. In what part of the World got ſhe this Spirit?
Yet pray *Maria*, look before you truly,
Beside the Obedience of a Wife,
Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own, it ſhews
So diſtant from your ſweetneſs.

Mar. 'Tis, I ſwear.

Liv. Weigh but the Perſon, and the hopes you have,
To work this deſperate Cure.

Mar. A weaker Subject
Would ſhame the end I aim at, Diſobedience.
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own noble Will, that childiſh Woman
That lives a Priſoner to her Husband's Pleaſure,
Has loſt her making, and becomes a Beaſt,
Created for his Uſe, not Fellowship.

Liv. His firſt Wife ſaid as much.

Mar. She was a Fool,
And took a ſcurvy Courſe; let her be nam'd
'Mongſt thoſe that wiſh for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new Dance for him.

Liv. Are you of this Faith?

Bia. Yes truly, and will die in't.

Liv. Why then let's all wear Breeches.

Mar. Now thou com'ſt near the nature of a Woman,
Hang theſe tame hearted Eyaffes, that no ſooner
See the Lure out, and hear their Husband's hollow,
But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that Woman, that hath Wing, and knows it,
Spirit and Plume) will make an hundred checks,
To ſhew her freedom, ſail in ev'ry Air,

And

And look out ev'ry Pleasure, not regarding
Lure, nor Quarry, till her pitch command
What she desires, making her foundred Keeper
Be glad to fling out Trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.

Liv. You are learned, Sister;
Yet I say still take heed.

Mar. A witty saying,
I'll tell thee *Livia*, had this Fellow tired
As many Wives as Horses under him,
With spurring of their Patience, had he got
A Patent, with an Office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by Parliament, had he all the Malice
And subtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse than both.

Liv. Hey, hey Boys, this is excellent.

Mar. Or could he
Cast his Wives new again, like Bells, to make 'em
Sound to his Will, or had the fearful Name
Of the first breaker of wild Women; yet,
Yet would I undertake this Man, thus single,
And, spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him
Into a Babe again, that aged Women,
Wanting both Teeth and Spleen, may master him.

Bia. Thou wilt be Chronicl'd.

Mar. That's all I aim at.

Liv. I must confess, I do with all my Heart
Hate an imperious Husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.

Bia. To make him Cuckold?

Mar. If he deserve it.

Liv. Then I'll leave ye, Ladies.

Bia. Thou hast not so much noble Anger in thee.

Mar. Go sleep, go sleep; what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv'd Souls, as thou hast, *Livia*.

Liv. Good night, the Bridegroom will be with you

Mar. That's more than you know. (presently.)

Liv. If ye work upon him,
As you have promised, ye may give Example,

Which

Which no doubt will be followed.

Mar. So.

Bia. Good Night, we'll trouble you no further.

Mar. If you intend no good, pray do no harm.

Liv. None, but pray for you.

[*Exit Livia.*]

Bia. Cheer Wench.

Mar. Now *Biancha*,

Those wits we have, let's wind 'em to the height.

My rest is up Wench, and I pull for that

Will make me ever famous. They that lay

Foundations, are half-builders, all Men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Master, forsooth, (to him.

Mar. Oh how does thy Master? Prethee commend me

Jaq. How's this? My Master stays, forsooth.

Mar. Why let him stay, who hinders him, forsooth?

Jaq. The Revel's ended now,
To visit you.

Mar. I am not sick.

Jaq. I mean to see his Chamber, forsooth.

Jaq. Am I his Groom? Where lay he last Night, for-

Jaq. In the low matted Parlour. (sooth?

Mar. There lies his way by the long Gallery.

Jaq. I mean your Chamber: You're very merry, Mistress.

Mar. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, *Jaques*:

But if you'll know where I lie, follow me;

And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

Bia. Do, gentle *Jaques*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jaq. Ha, is the Wind in that Door?

By'r Lady we shall have foul weather then:

I do not like the shuffling of these Women, (ther:

They are mad Beasts, when they knock their Heads toge-

I have observ'd them all this Day, their Whispers,

One in anothers Ear, their signs and pinches,

And breaking often into violent Laughters:

As if the end they purpos'd were their own.

Call you this Weddings? Sure this is a Knavery,

A very Trick, and dainty Knavery,

Marvellous finely carried, that's the Comfort:

What would these Women do in ways of Honour,

That

That are such Masters this way? Well, my Sir
Has been as good at finding out these Toys,
As any living, if he lose it now,
At his own Peril be it. I must follow.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Servants with Lights, Petruchio, Petronius,
Moroso, Tranio, and Sophocles.*

Petru. You that are married, Gentlemen; have at ye
For a round Wager now.

Soph. Of this Night's Stage?

Petru. Yes.

(Shillings.)

Soph. I am your first Man, a pair of Gloves of twenty

Petru. Done; who takes me up next? I am for all bets.

Mor. Well lusty *Lawrence*, were but my Night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on Spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too:
I would, Gallants.

(Boy, ha?)

Pet. Well said, good Will; but where's the Staff
Old father Time, your Hour-glass is empty.

Tra. A good tough train would break thee to all pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy Prayers.

Petro. See how these Boys despise us. Will you to Bed,
This pride will have a fall.

(Son?)

Petru. Upon your Daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Eggs, and butter'd Parsnips.

Petro. Will you to bed, Son, and leave talking?
To-morrow Morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like *St. George* at *Kingston*,
Running a Foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry Tail belabours him
For being lazie.

Tra. His Courage quench'd, and so far quench'd——

Petru. 'Tis very well, Sir.

What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful Dwarf;
Here is no place for living Man.

Petru. Well my Masters, if I do sink under my business,
as I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first that has mis-
carried;

carried; So that's my Comfort, what may be done with-
out impeach or waste, I can and will do.

Enter Jaques.

How now, is my fair Bride a-bed?

Jaq. No truly, Sir.

Petro. Not a-bed yet? Body o' me; we'll up and
rifle her; here's a coil with a Maiden-head, 'tis not in-
tail'd, is it?

Petru. If it be, I'll try all the Law i'th' Land, but I'll
cut it off; let's up, let's up, come.

Jaq. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaq. Unless you'll drop through the Chimney like a
Daw, or force a breach i'th' Windows; you may untile
the House, 'tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou mean?

Jaq. A Moral, Sir, the Ballad will express it;
The Wind and the Rain, has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there. The truth is, all the Doors
Are baracadoed; not a Cathole, but holds a murd'rer in't.
She's victuall'd for this Month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.

Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunk; ye may go up, ye may
Gentlemen, but take heed to your Heads; I say no more.

Soph. I'll try that.

[*Exit Soph.*

Petro. How dost thou say? the Door fast lock'd, Fellow?

Jaq. Yes truly, Sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;
and two as desperate Tongues planted behind it, as e'er
yet batter'd; they stand upon their Honours, and will
not give up without strange Composition, I'll assure
you; marching away with their Pieces cockt, and Bul-
lets in their Mouths, will not satisfy them.

Petru. How's this? How's this? they are——
Is there another with her?

Jaq. Yes, marry is there, and an Enginier.

Mor. Who's that, for Heav'n's sake?

Jaq. Colonel *Biancha*, she commands the works; *Spinola's*
but a Ditcher to her, there's a Half-moon; I am but

a poor Man, but if you'll give me leave, I'll venture a Year's Wages, draw all your force before it, and mount your ablest Piece of Battery, you shall not enter it these three Nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that, good *Faques*.

Soph. Beat back again, she's fortified for ever.

Faq. Am I drunk now, Sir?

Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd. I have escap'd a pretty scowring.

Petru. What, are they mad? have we another *Bedlam*? They do not talk, I hope?

Soph. Oh terribly, extreemly fearful, the Noise at *London bridge* is nothing near her.

Petru. How got she Tongue?

Soph. As you got Tail, she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a Doors, and on my Wedding-night? Nay, and I suffer this, I may go graze; Come Gentlemen, I'll Batter; are these Virtues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was; I went up, came to th' Door, knock'd, no Body answer'd; knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have broke in-by force; when suddenly a Water-work flew from the Window with such Violence, that had I not duck'd quickly like a Fryer, *cetera quis nescit*? The Chamber's nothing but a meer *Ostend*, in every Window Pewter Cannons mounted, you'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, Sir.

Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.

Soph. And all the lower Works lin'd sure with small shot, long Tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve score Blank hit to the Heart; now and ye dare go up.

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Mor. The Window opens, beat a Parley first; I am so much amaz'd, my very Hair stands.

Petro. Why how now Daughter; what, intrench'd?

Mar. A little guarded for my safety, Sir.

Petru. For your safety, Sweet-heart? Why who offends I come not to use Violence.

Mar. I think you cannot, Sir, I am better fortified.

Petru. I know your end,

You

You would fain reprieve your Maiden-head
A Night, or two.

Mar. Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.

Soph. That's a shrewd saying; from this present Hour
I never will believe a silent Woman.

When they break out they are Bonfires. (Madam.

Petro. Till you list, lie with him? Why who are you;

Bia. That trim Gentleman's Wife, Sir.

Petru. Cry you mercy, do you command too?

Mar. Yes, marry does she, and in chief.

Bia. I do command, and you shall go without;
(I mean your Wife, for this Night.)

Mar. And for the next too Wench, and so as't follows.

Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt'a?

Mar. Yes indeed dear Father,
And till he Seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know for ever.

Soph. Indeed these are Bug-words.

Tra. You hear, Sir, she can talk, God be thanked.

Petru. I would I heard it not, Sir. (man,

Soph. I find that all the Pity bestow'd upon this Wo-
Makes but an Anagram of an ill Wife,
For she was never virtuous.

Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this jesting.

Mar. Hope still, Sir.

Petro. You will come down, I am sure.

Mar. I am sure I will not.

Petro. I'll fetch you then.

Bia. The power of the whole County cannot, Sir;
Unless we please to yield, which yet I think
We shall not; charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.

Mor. Bless me from a Chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?

Petru. Prethee *Maria*, tell me what's the Reason,
And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry, your Consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that Menle

A Man should have, to keep a Woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a Saint yet;
My Person, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with Phyfick,
But well enough to please an honest Woman,
That keeps her House, and loves her Husband.

Mar. 'Tis so.

Pet. My Means and my Conditions are no Shani-ers
Of him that owes 'em, all the World knows that,
And my Friends no reliers on my Fortunes.

Mar. All this I believe, and none of all these Parcels
I dare accept against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these Womens Fears,
That were I yet unmarried, free to chuse
Through all the Tribes of Man, I'll take *Petruchio*
In's shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,
Before the best Man living, or the ablest (ones.
That e'er leap'd out of *Lancashire*, and they are right

Petro. Why do you play the Fool then, and stand
Out of the Window, like a broken Miller! (prating

Petru. If you will have me Credit you, *Maria*,
Come down, and let your Love confirm it.

Mar. Stay there, Sir, that Bargain's yet to make.

Bia. Play sure Wench, the Pack's in thine own Hand.

Soph. Let me die lowlie, if these two Wenches
Be not brewing Knavery to stock a Kingdom.

Petru. Why this is a Riddle;
I love you, and I love you not.

Mar. It is so;
And till your own Experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.

Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.

Mar. I am glad on't, and I will talk.

Petru. Prethce Peace,
Let me not think thou art Mad. I tell thee, Woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still *Petruchio*.

Mar. And I am worse, a Woman that can fear
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his Fame,

Nor

Nor any thing that tends to our Allegiance;
There's a short Method for you, now you know me.

Petru. If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.

Bia. No, you shall carry it, Sir.

Petru. Peace, gentle Low-bel.

Petru. Use no more Words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by the Duty of a Child.

Petru. Prethee come *Maria*, I forgive all.

Mar. Stay there; That Duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)
Is now another Man's, you gave't away
I th' Church, if you remember, to my Husband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your Person,
Which thus I pay; your Blessings, and I am gone
To Bed for this Night.

Petru. This is monstrous:
That Blessing that *St. Dunstan* gave the Devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee——
Pull thee down by th' Nose.

Bia. Saints should not rave, Sir;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.

Petru. Then by that Duty you owe to me, *Maria*,
Open the Door, and be obedient; I am quiet yet.

Mar. I do confess that Duty, make your best on't.

Petru. Why give me leave, I will.

Bia. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff Jade to trot, you know the Moral.

Mar. Yet as I take it, Sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.

Petru. You will not Article?
All I owe, presently, let me but up, I'll pay.

Mar. Y'are too hot, and such prove Jades at length;
You do confess a Duty, or Respect to me from you again,
That's very near, or full the same with mine?

Petru. Yes.

Mar. Then by that Duty, or Respect, or what
You please to have it, go to Bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.

Petru.

Petru. Well, what remedy?

Petro. A fine smart Cudgel. Oh that I were near thee.

Bia. If you had Teeth now, what a case were we in?

Mor. These are the most authentick Rebels, next

Tyrone, I ever read of.

Mar. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my Will observ'd, I may,

With intercession of some Friends, be brought

May be to kiss you; and so quarterly

To pay a little Rent by Composition.

You understand me?

Soph. Thou Boy, thou.

Petru. Well there are more Maids than *Maudlin*, that's
my comfort.

Mar. Yes, and more Men than *Michael*. (Meat, Lady.

Petru. I must not to Bed with this Stomach, and no

Mar. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholesome,
Else live at Livery, for I'll none with you. (carry.

Bia. You had best back one of the Dairy Maids, they'll
But take heed to your Girths, you'll get a bruise else.

Petru. Now if thou would'st come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a Marriage-bed,

Study such Kisses as would melt a Man,

And turn thy self into a thousand Figures,

To add new flames unto me, I would stand

Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising

Thee, and thy best alluring: All the Beauty

That's laid upon your Bodies, mark me well,

For without doubt your Minds are miserable,

You have no Masques for them; all this rare Beauty,

Lay but the Painter and the Silk-worm by,

The Doctor with his Diets, and the Tailor,

And you appear like flea'd Cats, not so handsome.

Mar. And we appear like her that sent us hither,

That only excellent and beauteous Nature;

Truly our selves for Men to wonder at,

But too divine to handle; we are Gold,

In our own Natures pure, but when we suffer

The Husbands stamp upon us, then allays,

And base ones of you Men, are mingled with us,

And make us blush like Copper.

Petru. Then, and never

Till then, are Women to be spoken of,

For till that time you have no Souls, I take it:

Good Night: Come Gentlemen; I'll fast for this Night,

But by this Hand, well; I shall come up yet?

Mar. No.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jury,

Thou shalt neither have Meat, Fire, nor Candle,

Nor any thing that's easie; do you rebel so soon?

Yet take mercy.

Bia. Put up your Pipes, to Bed Sir, I'll assure you

A Month's Siege will not shake us.

Mor. Well said, Colonel.

Mar. To Bed, to Bed *Petruchio*; good Night Gentlemen.

You'll make my Father sick with sitting up:

Here you shall find us any time these ten Days,

Unless we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. I'll hang first.

Mar. And I'll quarter if I do not,

I'll make you know, and fear a Wife, *Petruchio*,

There my cause lies.

You have been famous for a Woman-tamer,

And bear the fear'd-name of a brave Wife-breaker:

A Woman now shall take those Honours off, (me,

And tame you; nay, never look so big, she shall, believe

And I am she; what think ye? good Night to all,

Ye shall find Centinels.

Bia. If ye dare sally.

[*Exeunt above.*

Petro. The Devil's in 'em, ev'n the very Devil, the
down-right Devil.

Petru. I'll Devil 'em, by these ten Bones I will: I'll bring
it to the old Proverb, no sport no pic,——taken down
i' th' top of all my speed? This is fine dancing: Gentlemen,
stick to me. You see our Freehold's touch'd, and by this
light, we will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em out,
or make 'em recreant.

Petro. I'll see all Passages stop't, but those about 'em:
If the good Women of the Town dare succour 'em,
We shall have Wars indeed.

Soph.

Soph. I'll stand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My Regiment shall lie before.

Jaq. I think so, 'tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his Tackle,

We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their Pardons:

Hear what I say on their bare Knees——

Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and spoken of,

And on my wedding Night am I thus jaded? [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Rowland and Pedro at several Doors.

Row. Now, *Pedro*?

Ped. Very busie, Master *Rowland*.

Row. What haste, Man?

Ped. I beseech you pardon me,

I am not mine own Man.

Row. Thou art not mad?

Ped. No, but believe me, as hasty ——

Row. The cause, good *Pedro*?

Ped. There be a thousand, Sir; you are not Married?

Row. Not yet.

Ped. Keep your self quiet then.

Row. Why?

Ped. You'll find a Fiddle

That never will be tun'd else: from all Women—— [*Exit.*

Row. What ails the Fellow tro? *Jaques*?

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Your Friend, Sir,

But full of Business.

Row. Nothing but Business?

Prethee the reason, is there any dying?

Jaq. I would there were, Sir.

Row. But thy Business?

Jaq. I'll tell you in a word, I am sent to lay
An Imposition upon Souse and Puddings,
Pasties, and penny Custards, that the Women
May not relieve yon Rebels: Fare ye well, Sir.

Row. How does my Mistress?

Jaq. Like a resty Jade.

She's spoil'd for riding.

[*Exit Jaques.*
Row.

Row. What a Devil ail they?

Enter Sophocles.

Custards, and penny Pasties, Fools and Fiddles,
What's this to th' purpose? Oh well met.

Soph. Now, *Rowland*.

I cannot stay to talk long.

Row. What's the matter?

Here's stirring, but to what end? Whither go you?

Soph. To view the Works.

Row. What Works?

Soph. The Womens Trenches.

Row. Trenches? Are such to see?

Soph. I do not jest, Sir.

Row. I cannot understand you.

Soph. Do not you hear

In what a state of Quarrel the new Bride
Stands with her Husband?

Row. Let him stand with her, and there's an end.

Soph. It should be, but by'r Lady

She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,
And now is fortify'd, such a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied Men braver: I am sent
To view their Preparation.

Row. This is News

Stranger, than Arms in the Air; you saw not
My gentle Mistress?

Soph. Yes, and meditating

Upon some secret Business, when she had found it
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd
To shun *Moroso*.

Row. This may be for me.

Soph. Will you along?

Row. No.

Soph. Farewel.

[*Exit Sophocles.*]

Row. Farewel, Sir.

What should her musing mean, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? Stay ye, may not
Enter Livia at one Door, and Moroso at another bearing
That bob-tail jade *Moroso*, with his Gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him

Quickly

Quickly to Dust, excite this? Here she comes,
And yonder walks the Stallion to discover:

Yet I'll salute her: Save you, beauteous Mistress.

Liv. The Fox is kennell'd for me: Save you, Sir.

Row. Why do you look so strange?

Liv. I use to look, Sir,
Without examination.

Mor. Twenty Spur-Royals for that Word,

Row. Belike then

The Object discontents you?

Liv. Yes it does.

Row. Is't come to this? You know me, do you not?

Liv. Yes, as I may know many, by Repentance.

Row. Why do you break your Faith?

Liv. I'll tell you that too,
You are under Age, and no band holds upon you.

Mor. Excellent Wench.

Liv. Shew out your Understanding,
And get more Hair to cover your bare Knuckle;
(For Boys were made for nothing, but dry Kisses)
And if you can, more Manners.

Mor. Better still.

Liv. And then if I want *Spanish* Gloves, or Stockings,
A ten pound Wastecoat, or a Nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

Row. Farewel, and when I credit Women more,
May I to *Smithfield*, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be so) that breaks my Neck.

Liv. Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you;
Farewel, and be a Man, and I'll provide you,
Because I see you're desperate, some staid Chamber-maid,
That may relieve your Youth with wholesome Doctrine.

Mor. She's mine from all the World: Ha, Wench?

Liv. Ha, Chicken?---[*Gives him a Box o' th' Ear, and Ex.*

Mor. How's this? I do not love these Favours: Save you.

Row. The Devil take thee---[*Wrings him by th' Nose.*

Mr. Oh!

Row. There's a Love-token for you, thank me now.

Mor. I'll think on some of ye, and if I live
My Nose alone shall not be plaid withal.

[*Exit.*
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Petronius, and Moroso.**Petro.* A Box o' th' Ear, do you say?*Mor.* Yes sure, a sound one,
Beside my Nose blown to my Hand; if *Cupid*
Shoot Arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,
H'as sued his Livery, and is no more a Boy.*Petro.* You gave her some ill Language?*Mor.* Not a word,*Petro.* Or might be you were fumbling?*Mor.* Would I had, Sir,
I had been a-forehand then; but to be baffl'd,
And have no feeling of the Cause——*Petro.* Be patient,
I have a Medicine clap'd to her Back will cure her.*Mor.* No sure it must be afore, Sir.*Petro.* O' my Conscience,
When I got these two Wenches (who till now
Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with Bastard,
Whose Nature is to form things like it self
Heady, and Monstrous; did she slight him too?*Mor.* That's all my comfort; a meer Hobby-horse
She made child *Rowland*; s'foot she would not know him,
Nor give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her Thoughts, which I held more than wonder,
I having seen her within's three Days kiss him,
With such an Appetite as though she would eat him.*Petro.* There is some trick in this; how did he take it?*Mor.* Ready to cry, he ran away.*Petro.* I fear her,
And yet I tell you, ever to my Anger,
She is as tame as Innocency; it may be
This Blow was but a Favour.*Mor.* I'll be sworn 'twas well tied on then.*Petro.* Go too, pray forget it,

I have bespoke a Priest, and within's two Hours
I'll have ye married, will that please you?

Mor. Yes.

Petro. I'll see it done my self, and give the Lady
Such a sound exhortation for this Knavery
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this Month on't.

Mor. Nay good Sir be not violent.

Petro. Neither—— *Mor.* It may be
Out of her earnest Love there grew a longing
(As you know Women have such Toys) in kindness,
To give me a Box o' th' Ear, or so.

Petro. It may be.

Mor. I reckon for the best still, this Night then
I shall enjoy her.

Petro. You shall handfel her.

Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't
Shall make her groan this Twelve-month.

Petro. Where's your Jointure?

Mor. I have a Jointure for her.

Petro. Have your Council perus'd it yet? (ter,

Mor. No Council but the Night, and your sweet Daugh-
Shall e'er peruse that Jointure.

Petro. Very well, Sir.

Mor. I'll no Demurrers on't, nor no Rejoinders.
The other's ready seal'd.

Petro. Come then let's comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That lose their Baubles, crying ripe.

Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern Woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold Defiance?

Petro. Still, and still she shall be,
Till she be starv'd out; you shall see such Justice,
That Women shall be glad after this Tempest,
To tie their Husband's Shoes, and walk their Horses.

Mor. That were a merry World; do you hear the Ru-
They say the Women are in Infurrection, (mour?
And mean to make a——

Petro. They'll sooner
Draw upon Walls as we do: Let 'em, let 'em,

We'll ship 'em out in Cuck-stools, there they'll Sail
 As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
 The happy Islands of Obedience.
 We stay too long, come.

Mor. Now *St. George* be with us.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Livia alone.

Liv. Now if can but get in handsomely,
 Father I shall deceive you, and this Night,
 For all your private plotting, I'll no Wedlock;
 I have shifted sail, and find my Sister's safety
 A sure Retirement; pray to Heav'n that *Rowland*
 Do not believe too far, what I said to him,
 For yon old Foxcase forc'd me, that's my fear.
 Stay, let me see, this Quarter fierce *Petruchio*
 Keeps with his Mirmidons, I must be sudden,
 If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
 But Marshal-Law, to this place have I scap'd him;
 Above there.

Enter Maria and Biancha above.

Mar. Cheval'a.

Liv. A Friend.

Bia. Who are you?

Liv. Look out and know.

Mar. Alas poor Wench, who sent thee?
 What weak Fool made thy Tongue his Orator?
 I know you come to Parly.

Liv. You're deceiv'd,
 Urg'd by the Goodness of your Cause, I come
 To do as you do.

Mar. You're too weak, too foolish,
 To cheat us with your smoothness; do not we know
 Thou hast been kept up tame?

Liv. Believe me.

Mar. No, prethee good *Livia*
 Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.

Bia. Good Cousin,
 Put up your Pipes; we are not for your Palate;
 Alas, we know who sent you.

Liv.

Liv. O' my Word——

Bia. Stay there ; you must not think your Word,
Or by your Maidenhead, or such *Sunday* Oaths,
Sworn after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To lose our hand-fast ; did their Wisdoms think,
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertain our gentle Sister *Simon*,
And give her Credit, while the wooden *Jade*
Petruchio stole upon us ? no good Sister,
Go home, and tell the merry *Greeks* that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did *Aeneas*,
Will on my back, spite of the *Myrmidons*,
Carry this Warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*
We'll root our selves, and to our endless Glory
Live, and despise base Men.

Liv. I'll second ye.

Bia. How long have you been thus ?

Liv. That's all one, Cousin,
I stand for freedom now.

Bia. Take heed of lying ;
For by this Light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his Infliction
That kill'd the Prince of *Orange*, will be sport
To what we purpose.

Liv. Let me feel the heaviest. (Maiden-head

Mor. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland*, for by your
I fear 'twill be too late to swear, you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to your self.

Liv. I Swear.

Bia. Stay yet,
Swear as you hate *Moroso*, that's the surest,
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a Poor dry'd *Jack*, full of more aches
Than *Autumn* has ; more Knavery, and Usury,
And Foolery, and Brokery, than Dogs-ditch ;
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty Bag with a grey Beard,

And

And that Beard such a Bob-tail, that it looks
 Worse than a Mare's Tail eaten off with Fillies;
 As you acknowledge that young handsome Wench,
 That lies by such a *Bilboa* blade that bends,
 With ev'ry Pass he makes, to th' hilts, miserable,
 A dry Nurse to his Coughs, a Fewterer
 To such a nasty Fellow, a robb'd thing
 Of all Delights Youth looks for; and to end,
 One cast away on course Beef, born to brush
 That everlasting Caffock that has worn
 As many Servants out, as the North-east Passage
 Has consum'd Sailors; if you swear this, and truly,
 Without the Reservation of a Gown,
 Or any meritorious Petticoat,
 'Tis like we shall believe you.

Liv. I do swear it.

Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholesome Motion
 (Deal truly Sister) from your own Opinion,
 Or some Suggestion of the Foe?

Liv. Ne'er fear me,
 For by that little Faith I have in Husbands,
 And the great Zeal I bear your cause, I come
 Full of that Liberty you stand for, Sister.

Mar. If we believe, and you prove recreant, *Livia*,
 Think what a maim you give the noble Cause
 We now stand up for: Think what Women shall,
 An hundred Years hence, speak thee, when Examples
 Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose Relations,
 Spoke as we do 'em Wench, shall make new Customs.

Bia. If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
 And to the serious Women of the City
 Confess your self; bring not a Sin so hainous
 To load thy Soul to this Place; mark me, *Livia*,
 If thou be'st double, and betray'st our Honours,
 And we fail in our purpose: get thee where
 There is no Women living, nor no hope
 There ever shall be.

Mar. If a Mother's Daughter,
 That ever heard the Name of stubborn Husband
 Find thee, and know thy Sin.

Bia.

Bia. Nay, if old Age,
One that has worn away the Name of Woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No Teeth, nor Eyes, nor Legs, but wooden ones,
Come but i'th' Wind-ward of thee, for sure she'll smell
thee;

Thou'lt be so rank, she'll ride thee like a Night-Mare,
And say her Prayers backward to undo thee; (riest,
She'll curse thy Meat and Drink, and when thou mar-
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy Pleasures.

Mar. Children of five Year old, like little Fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all Women,
Will (like so many Furies) shake their Keys,
And to'ss their flaming Distaffs o'er their Heads,
Crying Revenge; take heed, 'tis hideous;
Oh 'tis a fearful Office, if thou hadst (ther,
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st hi-
A false Imagination, get thee gone,
And as my learned Cousin said, repent,
This place is sought by soundness.

Liv. So I seek it,
Or let me be a most despis'd Example.

Mar. I do believe thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?

Liv. No, here's Cakes, and cold Meat,
And Tripe of Proof; behold, here's Wine and Beer,
Be sudden, I shall be surpriz'd else. (way;

Mar. Meet at the low Parlour Door, there lies a close
What fond Obedience you have living in you,
Or Duty to a Man, before you enter
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Off'rings.

Bia. Be wary as you come,

Liv. I warrant ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter three Maids.

1 *Maid.* How goes your business, Girls?

2 *Maid.* A foot, and fair.

3 *Maid.* If Fortune favour us; away to your strength,
The

The Country Forces are arriv'd, be gone,
We are discover'd else.

1 *Maid.* Arm, and be Valiant.

2 *Maid.* Think of our Cause.

3 *Maid.* Our Justice.

1 *Maid.* 'Tis sufficient.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Rowland and Tranio at several Doors.

Tra. Now Rowland?

Row. How do you?

Tra. How dost thou, Man?

Thou look'st ill.

Row. Yes, pray can you tell me, *Tranio*,
Who knew the Devil first?

Tra. A Woman.

Row. So. Were they not well acquainted?

Tra. May be so,

For they had certain Dialogues together.

Row. He sold her Fruit, I take it?

Tra. Yes, and Cheese

That choak'd all Mankind after.

Row. Canst thou tell me

Whether that Woman ever had a Faith,
After she had eaten?

Tra. That's a School-question.

Row. No,

'Tis no Question, for believe me *Tranio*,
That cold Fruit after eating bred naught in her
But windy Promises, and Cholic Vows
That broke out both ways.

Thou hast heard I am sure

Of *Esculapius*, a far famed Surgeon,

One that could set together quarter'd Traitors,
And make 'em honest Men.

Tra. How dost thou, *Rowland*?

Row. Let him but take (if he dare do a Cure
Shall get him Fame indeed) a faithless Woman,
There will be Credit for him, that will speak him,
A broken Woman, *Tranio*, a base Woman,

And

And if he can cure such a rack of Honour,
Let him come here, and practise.

Tra. Now for Honour's sake,
Why what ail'st thou, *Rowland*?

Row. I am ridden, *Tranio*,
And spur-gall'd to the Life of Patience,
(Heav'n keep my Wits together) by a thing
Our worst Thoughts are too noble for, a Woman.

Tra. Your Mistress has a little frown'd, it may be?

Row. She was my Mistress.

Tra. Is she not?

Row. No, *Tranio*.

She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a Woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good Horse shall be my Mistress,
A good Sword, or a Book; and if you see her,
Tell her I beseech you, even for Love sake——

Tra. I will, *Rowland*.

Row. She may sooner
Count the good I have thought her,
Our old Love and our Friendship,
Shed one true Tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married, and a Maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her;
And now I have met a Messenger, farewell, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Tra. Alas poor *Rowland*, I will do it for thee;
This is that Dog *Moroso*, but I hope
To see him cold i'th' Mouth first, e'er he enjoy her; (him,
I'll watch this young Man, desperate Thoughts may seize
And if my Purse or Council can, I'll ease him. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso and Sophocles.

Petru. For look you Gentlemen, say that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a Pardon,
Which you, and all Men else know, she deserves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the World leave laughing?

Petro. I think not.

Petru. No by——they cannot;
For pray consider, have you ever read,

Or

Or heard of, or can any Man imagine.
 So stiff a *Tom-boy*, of so set a Malice,
 And such a brazen Resolution,
 As this young Crab-tree? and then answer me,
 And mark but this too Friends, without a cause,
 Not a foul Word come cross her, not a fear
 She justly can take hold on, and do you think
 I must sleep out my Anger, and endure it,
 Sow Pillows to her ease, and lull her Mischief?
 Give me a Spindle first; no, no my Masters,
 Were she as fair as *Nell-a-Greece*, and Housewife,
 As good as the wise Sailor's Wife, and young still,
 Never above fifteen, and these Tricks to it,
 She should ride the wild Mare once a Week, she should,
 Believe my Friends she should; I would tabor her,
 Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
 Flew out with Fire i'th' Tails.

Soph. Methinks you err now,
 For to me seems, a little sufferance
 Were a far surer Cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
 Where I see Promises of Peace and Amendment.

Mor. Give her a few Conditions.

Petru. I'll be hanged first.

Petro. Give her a Crab-tree Cudgel.

Petru. So I will;
 And after it a Flock-bed for her Bones.
 And hard Eggs, till they brace her like a Drum,
 She shall be pamper'd with——
 She shall not know a stool in ten Months, Gentlemen.

Soph. This must not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Arm, arm, out with your Weapons,
 For all the Women in the Kingdom's on ye;

Enter Pedro.

They swarm like Wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
 But stopping of their Hive, and smothering of 'em.

Ped. Stand to your Guard, Sir, all the Devils extant
 Are broke upon us like a Cloud of Thunder;
 There are more Women marching hitherward,

In

In rescue of my Mistress, than e'er turn'd Tail
At *Sturbridge* Fair, and I believe, as fiery.

Jaq. The Forlorn-hope's led by a Tanner's Wife,
I know her by her Hide, a desperate Woman;
She flead her Husband in her Youth, and made (ther,
Raynes of his Hide to ride the Parish. Take 'em all toge-
They are a Genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus by the boisterous Breath of Husbands;
They serve sure, and are swift to catch Occasion
(I mean their Foes or Husbands) by the Forelocks,
And there they hang like Favours; cry they can,
But more for noble Spight, than Fear; and crying
Like the old Giants that were Foes to Heav'n,
They heave ye Stool on Stool, and fling main Pot-lids
Like massie Rocks, dart Ladles, tossing Irons,
And Tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
At those Emperious Godheads that would tame 'em.
There's ne'er a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Chuse where you will,) but dare attempt the raising,
Against the Sovereign Peace of Puritans,
A *May*-pole and a Morris, maugre mainly
Their Zeal, and Dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring Ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o'th' Parish. (tience.

Soph. Lo you fierce *Petruchio*, this comes of your Impa-
Ped. There's one brought in the Bears against the Ca-
Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em. (nons

Jaq. Another to her everlasting fame, erected
Two Ale-houses of ease; the Quarter-Sessions
Running against her roundly; in which Business
Two of the Disanullers lost their Night-caps;
A third stood excommunicate by the Cudgel;
The Constable, to her eternal Glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she Victor.

Ped. Then are they victualed with Pies and Puddings,
(The trappings of good Stomachs) noble Ale
The true Defender, Sausages, and smoak'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for Pikes; and Pork,
(Better the Jews ne'er hated;) here and there

A Bottle of *Metbeglin*, a stout *Britain* (for.
That will stand to 'em; what else they want, they War
Petru. Come to Council. (dom

Soph. Now you must grant Conditions, or the King-
Will have no other talk but this.

Petro. Away then, and let's advise the best.

Soph. Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th' Head,
With half a Washing-beetle; pray be wise, Sir. (not.

Petru. Come, something I'll do, but what it is, I know

Soph. To Council then, and let's avoid their Follies.
Guard all the Doors, or we shall not have a Cloak left.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Morofo, Sophocles,
and Tranio.*

Petro. I am indifferent, though I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that, Sir.

Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair Conditions?
'Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my Head into a Halter
When I first woo'd her: If I offer Peace,
She'll urge her own Conditions, that's the Devil.]

Soph. Why, say she do?

Petru. Say, I am made an Ass, then;
I know her aim; may I, with Reputation
(Answer me this) with safety of mine Honour,
After the mighty manage of my first Wife,
Which was indeed a Fury to this Filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don *Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his Hide, suffer this *Cicely*,
E'er she have warm'd my Sheets, e'er grappell'd with me,
This Pinck, this painted Foist, this Cockle-boat,
To hang her Fights out, and defie me, Friends,
A well known Man of War? If this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done?

Petro.

Petro. I do not think you may.

Tra. You'll make it worse, Sir.

Soph. Pray hear me, good *Petruchio*; but e'en now
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly,
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
E'er you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my Life this trick is put into her.

Petro. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You'll find it so.

Soph. Then if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on, and in this you'll deal with Temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the World.

Tra. And loose.

[*Musick above.*]

Mor. No Honour on my Life, Sir.

Petru. I will do it.

Petro. It seems they are very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why Heav'n hold it.

Mor. Now *Jaques*?

Jaq. They are i' th' flaunt, Sir.

Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.

Jaq. They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firk it
In wondrous ways, the two grand *Capitano's*,
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Dance with their Coats tuck'd up to their bare Breeches;
And bid the Kingdom kiss 'em, that's the Burden;
They have got *Metbeglin*, and audacious Ale;
And talk like Tyrants.

Petro. How knowest thou?

Jaq. I peep'd in
At a loose Lansket.

S O N G.

A Health for all this Day,
To the Woman that bears the sway,
And wears the Breeches;
Let it come, let it come.

*Let this Health be a Seal,
For the good of the Common-weal,*

The Woman shall wear the Breeches:

*Let's drink then and laugh it,
And merrily merrily quaff it,
And tipple, and tipple a round:*

Here's to thy Fool,

And to my Fool.

Come, to all Fools,

Though it cost us, Wench, many a Pound.

Tra. Hark.

Petro. A Song, pray silence.

Mor. They look out.

[All the Women above, Citizens and Country Women.

Petru. Good Ev'n, Ladies.

Mar. Good you, good Ev'n, Sir.

Petru. How have you slept to Night?

Mar. Exceeding well, Sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Mar. No, believe me,

I never thought upon you.

Coun. Is that he?

Bia. Yes.

Coun. Sir?

Soph. She has drank hard, mark her Hood.

Coun. You are——

Soph. Learnedly Drunk, I'll hang else; let her utter.

Coun. And I must tell you, viva voce Friend,

A very foolish Fellow.

Tra. There's an Ale Figure.

Petru. I thank you, Susan Brotes.

Cit. Forward, Sister.

Coun. You have espoused here a hearty Woman,

A comely, and courageous.

Petru. Well, I have so.

*Coun. And to the comfort of distressed Damsels,
Women out-worn in Wedlock, and such Vessels,
This Woman has defied you.*

Petru. It should seem so.

Coun. And why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Coun.

Coun. For thirteen Causes.

Petru. Pray by your patience, Mistress.

Cit. Forward, Sister.

Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?

Cit. Who shall let her?

Petro. Do you hear, velvet Hood, we come not now
To hear your Doctrine

Coun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide it self into seven Branches.

Petru. Hark you, good *Maria*,
Have you got a Catechiser here?

Tra. Good Zeal.

Soph. Good three-pil'd Predication, will you peace;
And hear the Cause we come for?

Coun. Yes Bob-tails,
We know the Cause you come for, here's the Cause,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your Opinions with a Thought
Of base Repentance in her.

Cit. Give me Sack,
By this, and next strong Ale.

Coun. Swear forward, Sister.

Cit. By all that's Cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our Bones, Fames, Tongues, our Triumphs, and all
That ever yet was Chronicl'd of Woman;
But this brave Wench, this excellent Despiser,
This bane of dull Obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal Will, and march off with conditions
Noble, and worth her self.

Coun. She shall, *Tom Tilers*,
And brave ones too, my Hood shall make a Hearse-cloth,
And I'll lie under it like *Jone o' Gaunt*,
E'er I go less, my Distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal Trophy of my Conquests;
And loud Fame at my Head with two main Bottles,
Shall fill to all the World the glorious fall
Of old *Don Gillian*.

Cit. Yet a little further;
We have taken Arms in rescue of this Lady,
Most just and Noble: If ye beat us off

Without conditions, and we recant,
 Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
 Of all our ancient Chambring, next that
 The Symbols of our Secrefie, silk Stockings,
 Hue of our Heels; our Petticoats of Arms
 Tear off our Bodies, and our Bodkins break
 Over our coward Heads.

Coun. And ever after,
 To make the tainture most notorious,
 At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets,
 Let Laces hang, and we return again
 Into our former Titles, Dairy-maids.

Petru. No more Wars; puissant Ladies, shew conditions
 And freely I accept 'em.

Mar. Call in *Livia*;
 She's in the Treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How, *Livia*?

Mar. Hear you that, Sir?
 There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.

Petro. Yes, there she is; 't had been no right Rebel-
 Had she held off; what think you, Man? (lion,

Mor. Nay nothing.
 I have enough o' th' prospect; o' my Conscience,
 The World's End and the Goodness of a Woman
 Will come together.

Petro. Are you there, sweet Lady?

Liv. Cry you mercy Sir, I saw you not, your Blessing.

Petro. Yes, when I bless a Jade, that stumbles with me.
 How are the Articles?

Liv. This is for you, Sir;
 And I shall think upon't.

Mor. You have us'd me finely?

Liv. There's no other use of thee now extant,
 But to be hung up, Cassock, Cap, and all,
 For some strange Monster at Apothecaries.

Petro. I hear you, Whore.

Liv. It must be his then, Sir,
 For need will then compel me.

Cit. Blessing on thee.

Petro.

Petro. There's no talking to 'em;
How are they, Sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and Cloathes, [*Reads.*
When, and in what way she will; continual Monies,
Company, and all the House at her dispose;
No Tongue to say, Why is this? Or whether will it?
New Coaches, and some Buildings, she appoints here;
Hangings, and Hunting-horses; and for Plate
And Jewels for her private Use, I take it,
Two thousand Pound in present; then for Musick,
And Women to read *French*.

Petro. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a Clause put in,
That *Livia* shall by no Man be importun'd,
This whole Month yet, to marry.

Petro. This is monstrous.

Petru. This shall be done, I'll humour her awhile:
If nothing but Repentance and Undoing
Can win her Love, I'll make a shift for one.

Soph. When ye are once a-bed, all these Conditions
Lie under your own Seal.

Mar. Do you like 'em?

Petru. Yes.

And by that Faith I gave you 'fore the Priest
I'll ratifie 'em.

Coun. Stay, what Pledges?

Mar. No, I'll take that Oath;
But have a care you keep it.

Cit. 'Tis not now
As when *Andrea* liv'd.

Coun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a Letter of these Articles
We have set down, the self-same Persecution.

Mar. Mistrust him not.

Petru. By all my Honesty——

Mar. Enough, I yield.

Petro. What's this Inserted here?

(here

Soph. That the two valiant Women that commanded
shall have a Supper made 'em, and a large one,
and liberal Entertainment without grudging,

And Pay for all their Soldiers.

Petru. That shall be too;

And if a Tun of Wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice: I ordain ye all
Pay-masters, Gentlemen.

Tra. Then we shall have sport, Boys.

Mar. We'll meet you in the Parlour.

Petru. Ne'er look sad, Sir, for I will do it,

Soph. There's no danger in't.

Petru. For *Livia's* Article you shall observe it,
I have ty'd my self.

Petro. I will.

Petru. Along then; now

Either I break, or this stiff Plant must bow. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. **C**OME, you shall take my Counsel.
Row. I shall hang first.

I'll no more Love, that's certain, 'tis a bane,
(Next that they poison Rats with) the most mortal;
No, I thank Heav'n, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write Sense; I can walk ye
A long hour in my Chamber like a Man,
And think of some thing that may better me;
Some serious point of Learning, or my State;
No more ay-meets, and Mistresses, *Tranio*,
Come near my Brain. I'll tell thee, had the Devil
But any Essence in him of a Man,
And could be brought to love, and love a Woman,
'Twould make his Head ake worser than his Horns do;
And firke him with a Fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee, there is nothing
(It may be thy case *Tranio*, therefore hear me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the mass of Follies
Crept into th' World with Man) so desperate,

So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy,

Tra. Whither wilt thou, *Rowland*?

Row. As 'tis to be in Love.

Tra. And why, for Virtue sake?

Row. And why, for Virtue's sake? Dost thou not con-

Tra. No by my Troth. (ceive me?)

Row. Pray then and heartily,

For fear thou fall into't: I'll tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first begin'st to worship the gilt Calf:

Imprimis, thou hast lost thy Gentry,
And like a Prentice, flung away thy Freedom,
Forthwith thou art a Slave.

Tra. That's a new Doctrine.

Row. Next, thou art no more Man.

Tra. What then?

Row. A Frippery;

Nothing but braided Hair, and penny Ribbond,
Glove, Garter, Ring, Rose, or at best a Swabber,
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy Language.

Tra. Why?

Row. Oh *Tranio*,

Those things in Love, ne'er talk as we do.

Tra. No?

Row. No, without doubt, they sigh, and shake the Head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

Tra. No Tongue?

Row. Yes *Tranio*, but no Truth in't, nor no Reason,
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
Ye shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em
(Which you must be a Fool first, or you cannot)
Such gibb'rish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And oh dear Heav'ns, in which such Constellations
Reign at the Births of Lovers, this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beseech ye,
Your poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him.

Tra. A——on't, this is nothing.

Row. Thou hast hit it:

Then talks she ten times worse, and wries, and wriggles,
As though she had the Itch (and so it may be.)

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange Discoverer.

Row. Of mine own Follies, *Tranio.*

Tra. Wilt thou, *Rowland,*

Certain ne'er love again?

Row. I think so, certain,

And if I be not dead drunk I shall keep it.

Tra. Tell me but this, what dost thou think of Women?

Row. Why, as I think of Fiddles, they delight me,
Till their Strings break.

Tra. What Strings?

Row. Their Modesties,

Faiths, Vows, and Maidenheads, for they are like Kits,
They have but four Strings to 'em.

Tra. What wilt thou

Give me for ten Pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same Woman still?

Row. Give me the Mony;

A hundred, and my Bond for't.

Tra. But pray hear me,

I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?

Row. Do, do, give me the Mony.

Tra. There.

Row. Work *Tranio.*

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.

Row. Yes, straight.

This is the first good I'er got by Woman.

Tra. You would think it strange now, if another Beauty
As good as hers, say better.

Row. Well.

Tra. Conceive me,

This is no point o' th' Wager.

Row. That's all one,

Tra. Love you as much, or more, than now she hates you.

Row. 'Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: Ten Pound
- I never love that Woman. (more,

Tra. There it is;

And so an hundred, if you lose.

Row. 'Tis done;

Have

Have you another to put in?

Tra. No, no, Sir.

Row. I am very sorry; now will I erect
A new Game, and go hate for th' Bell; I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.

Tra. I must have leave.

To tell you, and tell Truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.

Row. Ten Pound more,
I never believe you.

Tra. No, Sir, I am flinted.

Row. Well, take your best way then.

Tra. Let's walk, I am glad
Your sullen Feaver's off.

Row. Shalt see me, *Tranio*,
A monstrous merry Man now: let's to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad Wenches, and their Works.

Tra. I will.

Row. And do thy worst.

Tra. Something I'll do,

Row. Do *Tranio*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Ped. A pair of Stocks bestride 'em, are they gone?

Jaq. Yes, they are gone; and all the Pans i'th' Town
Beating before 'em. What strange Admonitions
They gave my Master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em?

Ped. O' my Conscience
H'as found his full Match now.

Jaq. That I believe too.

Ped. How did she entertain him?

Jaq. She look'd on him,

Ped. But scurvily.

Jaq. With no great Affection
That I saw; and I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a Treaty, and some Copies
Sav, but her Cheek.

Ped. *Jaques*, What wouldst thou give

For

For such a Wife, now?

Jaq. Full as many Prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the Meditation of fat Veal,
Or Birds of prey, cram'd Capons, against Players,
And to as good a Tune too, but against her;
'That Heav'n would bless me from her; mark it *Pedro*,
If this House be not turn'd within this Fortnight
With the Foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My Comfort is yet, that those *Amorites*,
That came to back her cause, those Heathen Whores,
Had their Hoods hallowed with Sack.

Ped. How Devilish drunk they were?

Jaq. And how they tumbled, *Pedro*: Didst thou mark
The Country *Cavaliero*?

Ped. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the Bragget?

Jaq. Ay, that sunk her.

Ped. That Drink was well put to her; What a Sommer
When the Chair fell, she fetch'd, with her Heels upward? (falt

Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip she discover'd?

Ped. Didst mark her, when her Hood fell in the Posset?

Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a *Dutch-Hoy*; the Tum-
When she had got her Ballast. (brel,

Ped. That I saw too.

Jaq. How fain she would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how she fimper'd it ———

Ped. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.

Jaq. I'th' heat of Summer there had been some hope

Ped. Hang her. (on't.

Jaq. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her Stomach being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my Life has giv'n him twenty Stools since;
Believe my Calculation, these old Women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new Wheels, they'll roar you all the Town o'er
Till they be greas'd.

Ped. The City *Cinque-a-pace*
Dame Tost and Butter, had the Bob too?

Jaq. Yes.

But

But she was fullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon. My Master——
I do not like his look, I fear h^e's fasted
For all this Preparation; let's steal by him. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, and Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this Night?

Petru. Not touch her.

Soph. Where was your Courage?

Petru. Where was her Obedience?

Never poor Man was sham'd so; never Rascal
That keeps a stud of Whores was us'd so basely.

Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;
Do you love her?

Petru. I would I did not, upon that Condition
I past thee half my Land.

Soph. It may be then,
Her Modesty requir'd a little Violence?
Some Women love to struggle.

Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did,
But to no end; I washt an *Ethiope*.
She swore my Force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her Body Prisoner,
But for her Mind or Appetite——

Soph. 'Tis strange;
This Woman is the first I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted Occasion,
And standing on so fair Terms.

Petru. I shall quit her.

Soph. Us'd you no more Art?

Petru. Yes, I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently
Without more Disputation on the matter;
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatcht me
Out of the Pains I was, for I was nettld,
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,

I would to her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunt-up.

Soph. Then she started?

Petru. No more than I do now; marry she answered
If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd *Jaques*, a poor Butler,
One that might well content a single Woman.

Soph. And he should tilt her.

Petru. To that sense; and last
She bad me yet these six Nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good Night,
And so good Morrow, and a Kiss or two
To close my Stomach, for her Vow had seal'd it,
And she would keep it constant.

Soph. Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you woo'd her?

Petru. Nothing, *Sophocles*,
More keenly eager, I was oft afraid
She had been light, and easie, she would showre
Her Kisses so upon me.

Soph. Then I fear
Another Spoke's i'th' Wheel.

Petru. Now thou hast found me,
There gnawes my Devil, *Sophocles*. O Patience,
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleaing her,
Boiling, or making Verjnice, drying her.

Soph. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her then, and see the Heir
Of spight and prodigality, she has studied
Away to begger's both, and by this Hand

[*Maria at the Door, and Servant and Woman.*

She shall be, if I live, a Doxy.

Soph. Fye, Sir.

Mar. I do not like that dressing, 'tis too poor,
Let me have six gold Laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt ev'ry Lace a rich Embroidry,
Line the Gown through with Plush perfum'd, and puffle
All the Sleeves down with Pearl.

Petru. What think you, *Sophocles*,

In what point stands my State now?

Mar. For those Hangings.

Let 'em be carried where I gave Appointment,
They are too base for my use, and bespeak
New Pieces of the Civil Wars of *France*,
Let 'em be large and lively, and all Silk work,
The Borders Gold.

Soph. I marry, Sir, this cuts it.

Mar. That fourteen yards of Satten give my Woman,
I do not like the Colour, 'tis too civil;
There's too much Silk i'th' Lace too; tell the *Dutchman*,
That brought the Mares, he must with all speed send me
Another suit of Horses, and by all means
Ten cast of Hawks for the River, I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound, and flying,
For the next Winter I am for the Country,
And mean to take my Pleasure; where's the Horseman?

Petru. She means to ride a great Horse.

Soph. With a Side-saddle? (month.

Petru. Yes, and she'll run a-tilt within this Twelve-

Mar. To morrow I'll begin to learn, but pray, Sir,
Have a great care he be an easie doer,
'Twill spoil a Scholar else.

Soph. An easie doer,

Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes, I shall meet her Morals
E'er it be long, I fear not.

Mar. O good Morrow.

Soph. Good Morrow, Lady, how is't now?

Mar. Faith sickly,
This House stands in an ill Air.

Petru. Yet more Charges?

Mar. Subject to Rots, and Rheums; out on't, 'tis nothing
But a til'd Fog.

Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?

Mar. I like the Seat, but 'tis too little; *Sophocles*,
Let me have thy Opinion, thou hast Judgment.

Petru. 'Tis very well.

Mar. What if I pluck it down,
And build a Square upon it, with two Courts

Still

Still rising from the entrance?

Petru. And i'th' midst

A College for young Scolds.

Mar. And to the Southward

Take in a Garden of some twenty Acres,

And cast it of the *Italian* Fashion, hanging: (Lady,

Petru. And you could cast your self so too; pray
Will not this cost much Money?

Mar. Some five thousand,
Say six; I'll have it Battel'd too.

Petru. And gilt; *Maria*,
This is a fearful Course you take, pray think on't,
You are a Woman now, a Wife, and his
That must in honesty, and justice look for
Some due Obedience from you.

Mar. That bare Word
Shall cost you many a Pound more, build upon't;
Tell me of due Obedience? What's a Husband?
What are we married for, to carry Sumpters?
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own Intentions, as you yours?

Petru. Pray hear me,

Mar. Take two small drops of Water, equal weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in Duty?

Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not Service from you, nor Obedience
In way of Duty, but of Love, and Credit;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our Name may be.

Mar. That's in my making.

Petru. 'Tis true it is so.

Mar. Yes, it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never Man without our molding,
Without our Stamp upon him, and our Justice,
Left any thing three Ages after him
Good, and his own.

Soph. Good Lady understand him.

Mar. I do too much, sweet *Sophocles*, he's one

Of a most spightful self Condition,
Never at Peace with any thing but Age,
That has no Teeth left to return his Anger;
A Bravery dwells in his Blood yet, of abusing
His first good Wife; he's sooner Fire than Powder,
And sooner Mischief.

Petru. If I be so sudden,
Do not you fear me?

Mar. No, nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawful, I defie you.

Petru. Do's this become you now?

Mar. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious Woman,
Were I but half so wilful, as thou spightful,
I should now drag thee to thy Duty.

Mar. Drag me?

Petru. But I am Friends again; take all your Pleasure.

Mar. Now you perceive him, *Sophocles.*

Petru. I love thee
Above thy Vanity, thou faithless Creature.

Mar. Would I had been so happy when I married,
But to have met an honest Man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A handsome hurtless Man, a loving Man,
Though never a Penny with him; and those Eyes,
That Face, and that true Heart; wear this for my sake,
And when thou think'st upon me, pity me;
I am cast away. [Exit Mar.

Soph. Why how now Man?

Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your Advices.

Soph. The Man's jealous.

Petru. I shall find a time, e'er it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish Questions.

Soph. I shall answer
As well as I am able, when you call me;
If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture it's——

Farewel, Sir.

[Exit Soph.

Petru. Pray farewel. Is there no keeping

A Wife to one Man's use? no wintering
 These Cattel without straying? 'Tis hard dealing,
 Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, strange dealing;
 Now in the Name of Madness, what Star reign'd,
 What Dog-star, Bull, or Bear-star, when I married
 This second Wife, this Whirlwind, that takes all
 Within her Compass? was I not well warn'd,
 (I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
 And beaten to Repentance, in the Days
 Of my first doating? had I not Wife enough
 To turn my Love to? did I want Vexation,
 Or any special care to kill my Heart?
 Had I not ev'ry Morning a rare Breakfast,
 Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill Language,
 Louder than *Tom o' Lincoln*; and at Dinner,
 A Diet of the same Dish? was there Evening
 That e'er past over us, without Thou Knave,
 Or Thou Whore, for Digestion? had I ever
 A pull at this same poor sport Men run mad for,
 But like a Cur I was fain to shew my Teeth first,
 And almost worry her? and did Heav'n forgive me,
 And take this Serpent from me? and am I
 Keeping tame Devils now again? my Heart akes;
 Something I must do speedily; I'll die,
 If I can handsomely, for that's the way
 To make a Rascal of her; I am sick,
 And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Livia, Biancha, Tranio, and Rowland.

Liv. Then I must be content, Sir, with my Fortune.

Row. And I with mine.

Liv. I did not think, a Look,
 Or a poor Word or two, could have displanted
 Such a fix'd Constancy, and for your end too. (gewgaws,

Row. Come, come, I know your Courses; there's your
 Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,
 The Mony's spent in entertaining you
 At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.

Liv.

Liv. There's your Chain too.

But if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the Hair still;
I would yet remember you.

Bia. Give him his Love, Wench;
The young Man has Imployment for't.

Tra. Fie Rowland.

Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred Pound
With this poor Plot; yet, let me ne'er see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me.

Bia. Young Man, let me talk with you.

Row. Well, young Woman.

Bia. This was your Mistress once.

Row. Yes.

Bia. Are ye honest?

I see you are young, and handsome.

Row. I am honest.

(Judgement

Bia. Why that's well said, and there's no doubt your
Is good enough, and strong enough, to tell you

Who are your Foes, and Friends: Why did you leave her?

Row. She made a Puppy of me.

Bia. Be that granted:

She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.

Row. A witty Woman.

Bia. Had you lov'd me——

Row. I would I had.

Bia. And dearly;

And I had lov'd you so; you may love worse, Sir,

But that is not material.

Row. I shall lose.

Bia. Some time or other for variety

I should have call'd you Fool, or Boy, or bid you

Play with the Pages, but have lov'd you still,

Out of all Question, and extreamly too;

You are a Man made to be loved.

Row. This Woman

Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.

Bia. I'll tell you one thing, if I were to chuse

A Husband to mine own Mind, I should think

One of your Mother's making would content me,

For o' my Conscience she makes good ones.

Row. Lady,

I'll leave you to your Commendations:

I am in again, the Devil take their Tongues.

Bia. You shall not go.

Row. I will; yet thus far *Livia*,

Your Sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred Pound.

Liv. Good Sir, but thus much——

Tra. Turn, if thou beest a Man.

Liv. But one Kiss of you;

One parting Kiss, and I am gone too.

Row. Come,

I shall kiss fifty Pound away at this clap:

We'll have one more, and then farewell.

Liv. Farewel.

(with thee.

Bia. Well, go thy ways, thou bearest a kind Heart.

Tra. H'as made a stand.

Bia. A noble, brave young Fellow,
Worthy a Wench indeed.

Row. I will, I will not.

[Exit Rowland

Tra. He's gone, but shot again; play you but your part
And I will keep my Promise, forty Angels
In fair Gold, Lady, wipe your Eyes: He's yours
If I have any wit.

Liv. I'll pay the forfeit.

Bia. Come then, let's see your Sister, how she fares now
After her skirmish, and be sure, *Moroso*
Be kept in good Hand; then all's perfect, *Livia*.

[Exeunt

S C E N E V.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*, what becomes of us?
Oh my sweet Master.

Jaq. Run for a Physician,
And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro*.
He will die, didle, didle die, if they come not quickly,
And bring all People that are skilful

In Lungs and Livers, raise the Neighbours,
And all the *Aquavite*-bottles extant;
And, O the Parson, *Pedro*; O the Parson,
A little of his comfort, never so little;
Twenty to one you find him at the *Busb*,
There's the best Ale.

Ped. I fly.

[*Exit Pedro.*]

Enter Maria and Servants.

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' Chamber,
And take the Hangings down, and see the Linnen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half Hour.
What, are the Carts come yet? Some honest Body
Help down the Chests of Plate, and some the Wardrobe,
Alas, we are undone else.

Jaq. Pray forsooth;
And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?

Mar. No, but is drawing on; out with the Armour.

Jaq. Then I'll go see him.

Mar. Thou art undone then Fellow, no Man that has
Been near him come near me.

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

Soph. Why how now Lady, what means this?

Petro. Now Daughter, how does my Son?

Mar. Save all you can, for Heav'n's sake.

Enter Livia, Biancha, and Tranio.

Liv. Be of good comfort, Sister.

Mar. O my Casket.

Petro. How do's thy Husband, Woman?

Mar. Get you gone, if you mean to save your Lives, the

Petro. Stand further off, I prethee. (Sickness.

Mar. Isi'th' House, Sir,

My Husband has it now;

Alas he is infected, and raves extreemly:

Give me some Counsel, Friends.

Bia. Why lock the doors up,

And send him in a Woman to attend him.

Mar. I have bespoke two Women, and the City

Hath sent a Watch by this time: Meat nor Money

He shall not want, nor Prayers.

Petro. How long is't
Since it first took him?

Mar. But within this three Hours.

Enter Watch.

I am frighted from my Wits: ——— O here's the Watch;
Pray do your Office, lock the Doors up Friends,
And Patience be his Angel.

Tra. This comes unlook'd for.

Mar. I'll to the Lodge; some that are kind and love me
I know will visit me. [*Petruchio within*]

Petru. Do you hear, my Masters: Ho, you that lock

Petro. 'Tis his Voice.

(the Doors up)

Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.

Petru. Will ye starve me here; am I a Traitor, or
Or am I grown infectious? (Heretic)

Petro. Pray Sir, pray.

Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman Puppy.

Mar. Pray have Patience.

You shall want nothing, Sir.

Petru. I want a Cudgel,
And thee, thou Wickedness.

Petro. He speaks well enough.

Mar. H'ad ever a strong Heart, Sir.

Petru. Will ye hear me?

First be pleas'd

To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry Man's several Voice; you that spoke first,
I know my Father-in-law; the other *Tranio*,
And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray mark me,
Is my damn'd Wife *Maria*:

If any Man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine Arm, let any Man look on't.

Enter Doctor and Potbecary.

Doct. Save ye, Gentlemen.

Petro. O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your Opinion,
What think you of his Pulse?

Doct. It beats with busiest,
And shews a general Inflammation.
Which is the Symptome of a pestilent Feaver,

Take twenty Ounces from him.

Petru. Take a Fool;

Take an Ounce from mine Arm, and Doctor *Deux-ace*,
I'll make a Close-stool of your velvet Costard.

—Gentlemen, do ye make a *May-game* on me?

Tell ye once again, I am as sound,

As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,

As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,

For as I am a Man, I'll beat the Walls down,

And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.

[*Exit Doctor and Apothecary.*]

Petru. Nay, we'll go with you Doctor.

Mar. 'Tis the safest;

Law the Tokens, Sir.

Petru. Then there is but one way.

Petru. Will it please you open?

Tra. His Fit grows stronger still.

Mar. Let's save our selves, Sir,

Let's past all worldly Cure.

Petru. Friends, do your Office.

And what he wants, if Mony, Love, or Labour,

Or any way may win it, let him have it.

Arewel, and pray my honest Friends—— [Exeunt.]

Petru. Why Rascals,

Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly Wife, *Jaques*;

None hear me? Who's at the Door there?

1 Watch. Think, I pray, Sir,

Whither you are going, and prepare your self.

2 Watch. These idle Thoughts disturb you, the good
Gentlewoman

Our Wife has taken care you shall want nothing.

Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me,

Or shall I charge a Fowling-piece, and make

My own way, two of ye I cannot miss,

I miss three; ye come here to assault me.

I am as excellent well, I thank Heav'n for't,

And have as good a Stomach at this Instant——

2 Watch. That's an ill sign.

1 Watch. He draws on; he's a dead Man.

Petru. And sleep as soundly; Will ye look upon me?

1 Watch.

1 Watch. Do you want Pen and Ink? While you have
Settle your State. (Sense, Sir,

Petru. Sirs, I am well, as you are;
Or any Rascal living.

2 Watch. Would you were, Sir.

Petru. Look to your selves, and if you love your Lives,
Open the Door, and fly me, for I shoot else;
—I'll shoot, and presently, Chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.

1 Watch. Let's quit him,
It may be it is a trick, he's dangerous.

2 Watch. The Devil take the hindmost, I cry.

[*Exit Watch running.*

Enter Petruchio with a Piece.

Petru. Have among ye,
The Door shall open too, I'll have a fair shoot;
Are ye all gone? Tricks in my old Days, Crackers
Put now upon me? And, by Lady *Green-Sleeves*?
Am I grown so tame after all my Triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd,
As much as they deserve, against these Women,
I would now rip up, from the Primitive Cuckold,
All their Arch-villanies, and all their Doubles,
Which are more than a hunted Hare e'er thought on:
When a Man has the fairest, and the sweetest
Of all their Sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? And I'll speak modestly,
He has a Quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his Estate to nothing, never cur'd,
Nor never dying; He's as a Ship to venture
His Fame, and Credit in, which if he Man not
With more continual Labour than a Gally
To make her Tith, either she grows a Tumbrel,
Not worth the Cloth she wears; or springs more Leake
Than all the Fame of his Posterity
Can ever stop again. I could rail twenty Days;
Out on 'em, Hedge-hogs,
He that shall touch 'em, has a thousand Thorns
Runs through his Fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below Repentance,

Any base dunghil Slavery; be a Hang-man,
 E'er I would be a Husband: O the thousand,
 Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
 Some fall with two much stringing of the Fiddles,
 And those are Fools; some, that they are not suffer'd,
 And those are Maudlin-lovers: Some, like Scorpions,
 They poison with their Tails, and those are Martyrs;
 Some die with doing good, those Benefactors,
 And leave 'em Land to leap away; some few,
 For those are rarest, they are said to kill
 With kindness, and fair usage; but what they are
 My Catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
 They are buried in old Walls, with their Heels upward.
 I could rail twenty Days together now.
 I'll seek 'em out, and if I have not reason,
 And very sensible, why this was done,
 I'll go a birding yet, and some shall smart for't. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Moroso and Petronius.

Mor. **T**HAT I do love her, is without all question,
 And most extreamly, dearly, most exactly;
 And that I would e'en now, this present *Monday*,
 Before all others, Maids, Wives, Women, Widows,
 Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
 As certain too; but to be made a Whim-wham,
 A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th' first House,
 For all my kindness to her.

Petro. How you take it?

Thou get a Wench, thou get a dozen Night-caps?
 Would'st have her come, and lick thee like a Calf,
 And blow thy Nose, and buss thee?

Mor. Not so neither.

Petro. What would'st thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she would do;
 Put on a clean Smock, and to Church, and Marry,

And then to Bed a God's Name, this is fair play,
 And keep the King's Peace; let her leave her Bobs,
 I have had too many of them, and her Quillets,
 She is as nimble that way as an Eel;
 But in the way she ought to me especially,
 A Sow of Lead is swifter.

Petro. Quoad your Grievs down.

Mor. Give fair Quarter, I am old and crasie,
 And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
 Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch me;
 But understand me I would have it so,
 I buy not more Repentance in the Bargain
 Than the Ware's worth I have; if you allow me
 Worthy your Son-in-Law, and your allowance,
 Do it a way of Credit; let me show so,
 And not be troubled in my Visitations,
 With Blows, and Bitterness, and down-right Railings,
 As if we were to couple like two Cats,
 With clawing, and loud clamour:

Petro. Thou fond Man,
 Hast thou forgot the Ballad, crabbed Age,
 Can *May* and *January* match together,
 And nev'r a Storm between 'em? Say she abuse thee,
 Put case she do.

Mor. Well.

Petro. Nay, believe she do's.

Mor. I do believe she do's.

Petro. And dev'lishly:
 Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter,
 I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abus'd;
 I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
 I am to love her for't.

Petro. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay, more than this; I find too, and find certain,
 What Gold I have, Pearl, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,
 Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticoats, (thers,
 Wastcotes, Embroydered-stockings, Scarfs, Cals, Fea-
 Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, and Ri-
 I am to give her for't. (bands,

Petro.

Petro. 'Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it Du-
Is't requisite another bore my Nostrils?
Riddle me that.

Petro. Go get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two Days, for she is so;
The Boy's beside the Saddle; get warm Broths,
And feed a pace; think not of worldly Business, (ful,
It cools the Blood; leave off your Tricks, they are hate-
And meer fore-runners of the ancient Measures;
Contrive your Beard o'th' top cut like *Verdugoes*;
It shows you would be wise, and burn your Night-cap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young Wench nothing but cold Repentance;
You may eat Onions, so you'll not be lavish.

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petro. They purge the Blood, and quicken,
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your Mouth,
And where there wants a Tooth, stick in a Clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again, say't?

Petro. You shall, Sir;
And you shall have your hope.

Mor. Why there's a Match then.

Enter Biancha and Tranio.

Bia. You shall not find me wanting, get you gone.
Here's the old Man, he'll think you are plotting else
Something against his new Son. [Exit Tranio.

Mor. Fare ye well, Sir. [Exit Moroso.

Bia. And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Ob what sport should we have then, then Boys then,
Ob what sport should we have then?

Petro. This is the Spirit, that inspires 'em all.

Bia. Give you good Ev'n.

Petro. A word with you. Sweet Lady.

Bia. I am very hasty, Sir.

Petro. So you were ever.

Bia. Well, what's your Will?

Petro. Was not your skilful Hand

In this last Stratagem? Were not your Mischiefs
Eking the matter on?

Bia. In's shutting up?

Is that it?

Petro. Yes.

Bia. I'll tell you.

Petro. Do.

Bia. And truly.

Good old Man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much.

Petro. I am sorry for your heaviness.

Belike you can repent then?

Bia. There you are wide too.

Not that the thing was done, conceive me rightly,
Do's any way molest me.

Petro. What then, Lady?

Bia. But that I was not in't, there's my Sorrow, there;
Now you understand me, for I'll tell you,
It was so found a Piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a Heighth, and Excellence, and Art,
I have not known a Braver; for conceive me,
When the gross Fool her Husband would be Sick——

Petro. Pray stay.

Bia. Nay, good, your Patience; and no Sense for't,
Then stept your Daughter in.

Petro. By your Appointment.

Bia. I would it had, on that Condition
I had but one half Smock, I like it so well;
And like an excellent cunning Woman, cur'd me
One Madness with another, which was rare,
And to our weak Beliefs, a wonder.

Petro. Hang ye,
For surely, if your Husband look not to ye,
I know what will.

Bia. I humbly thank your Worship,
And so I take my leave.

Petro. You have a Hand I hear too.

Bia. I have two, Sir.

Petro. In my young Daughter's Business.

Bia.

Bia. You will find there
A fitter Hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.

Petro. I shall watch ye.

Bia. Do.

Petro. And I shall have Justice.

Bia. Where?

Petro. That's all one ;
I shall be with you at a turn hence forward.

Bia. Get you a Posset too; and so good Ev'n, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Jaques and Pedro.

Jaq. And as I told your Worship, all the Hangings,
Brass, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very Looking-glasses.

Ped. And that that hung for our Defence, the Armor,
And the March Beer was going too; Oh *Jaques*,
What a sad sight was that?

Jaq. Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadel,
Better nev'r Tongue tript over, those two Cannons,
To batter Brawn withal at *Christmas*, Sir,
Ev'n those two lovely Twyns, the Enemy
Had almost cut off clean.

Petru. Go trim the House up,
And put the things in order as they were.

[*Ex. Ped. and Jaq.*

I shall find time for all this; could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my Business;
Were she a Whore directly, or a Scold,
An Unthrif, or a Woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rein her;
But while she shews all these, and all their Losses,
A kind of Linsy-woolsey, mingled Mischief
Not to be guest at, and whether true, or borrowed,

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither. What a hap had I,
And what a tidy Fortune, when my Fate
Flung me upon this Bear-whelp? Here she comes,
Now, if she have a Colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my Conscience

I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain, I married for; her Wit: I'll mark her.

Mar. Not let his Wife come near him in his Sickneſs?
Not come to comfort him? ſhe that all Laws
Of Heav'n, and Nations, have ordain'd his Second,
Is ſhe refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without Faith,
Clapt in upon him? has a little Pet,
That all young Wives muſt follow neceſſary,
Having their Maiden-heads——

Petru. This is an Axiom
I never heard before.

Mar. Or ſay Rebellion,
If we durſt be ſo foul, which two fair words
Alas win us from, in an hour, an inſtant,
We are ſo eaſie, make him ſo forgetful
Both of Reason, Honesty, and Credit,
As to deny his Wife a Viſitation?
His Wife, that, though ſhe was a little fooliſh,
Lov'd him, Oh Heav'n forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had ſhe not married him.

Petru. Though I know this falſer than the Devil,
I cannot chuſe but love it.

Mar. What do I know
But thoſe that came to keep him, might have kill'd him,
In what a caſe had I been then? I dare not
Believe him ſuch a baſe, debosh'd Companion,
That one Refuſal of a tender Maid,
Would make him ſaign this Sickneſs out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of Fourſcore
To play at *Billiards*; one that mew'd content
And all her Teeth together; not come near him?

Petru. This Woman would have made a moſt rare
She can prevaricate on any thing; (Jeſuite,
There was not to be thought a way to ſave her
In all Imagination, beſide this.

Mar. His unkind dealing, which was worſt of all,
In ſending, who knows whither, all the Plate,
And all the Houſhold-ſtuff, had I not croſt it,
By a great Providence, and my Friends Aſſiſtance,
Which

Which he will thank me one Day for; alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
In any use, better, and willinger.

The Law commands me to do it, Love commands me,
And my own Duty charges me.

Petru. Heav'n blefs me.

And now I have said my Prayers, I'll go to her;
Are you a Wife for any Man?

Mar. For you, Sir,

If I were worse, I were better; That you are well,
At least, that you appear so, I thank Heav'n,
Long may it hold; and that you are here, I am glad too;
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the Name of Husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled,
Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you,
With breach of Honesty, Care, Kindness, Manners.

Petru. Holla, you kick too fast.

Mar. Was I a Stranger?

Or had I vow'd Perdition to your Person?

Am I not married to you, tell me that?

Petru. I would I could not tell you.

Mar. Is my Presence,

The Stock I come of, which is Worshipful,
If I should say Right Worshipful, I ly'd not,
My Grandfire was a Knight.

Petru. O' the Shire?

Mar. A Soldier,

Which none of all thy Family e'er heard of,
But one Conductor of thy Name, a Grasier
That ran away with Pay; or am I grown,
Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Only to try your Temper, such a Dog-leech
I could not be admitted to your Presence?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me.

Mar. And two Death's Heads,

Two Harry Groats, that had their Faces worn,
Almost their Names away too.

Petru. Now hear me.

For I will stay no longer.

Mar.

Mar. This you shall :

How ever you shall think to flatter me,
For this Offence, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so,
What ever you shall do by Intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your Friends, or Families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your Knowledge,
But ever to forbear it : Now your will, Sir.

Petru. Thou art the subtlest Woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and mark me ;
Were I but any way addicted to the Devil,
I should now think I had met a Play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to Murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou most poor, paltry spiteful Whore : Do you cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.

Mar. Your Pleasure.

Petru. Was it not Sin enough, thou Fruirerer,
Full of the fall thou eat'st ; thou Devil's Broker,
Thou Seminary of all Sedition,
Thou Sword of Veng'ance, with a thred hung o'er us,
Was it not Sin enough, and Wickedness
In full abundance ? Was it not Vexation
At all points, *Cap a Pe* ? Nay, I shall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten Rascal to abuse
The Name of Heav'n, the tye of Marriage,
The honour of thy Friends, the Expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with Rebellion,
Childish and base Rebellion, but continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your Milchief,
And against him, setting the hope of Heav'n by,
And the dear Reservation of his Honour,
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee :
Well, go thy ways.

Mar. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first ;
What Punishment may'st thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primrose,
That two Hours after, art a Weed, and wither'd,

For

For this last flourish on me? am I one
Selected out of all the Husbands living,
To be so ridden by a Tit of ten Pence,
Am I so blind and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no Man must come near me,
I must be shut up, and my Substance bezel'd,
And an old Woman watch me.

Mar. Well, Sir, well,
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my Plot,
I must undo my self forsooth; do'st hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Do'st thou not well deserve it, o' thy Conscience,
Do'st thou not cry, come beat me?

Mar. I defie you.
And my last loving Tears farewell; the first stroke,
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
Try me, and you shall find it so, for ever,
Never to be recall'd; I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me; I do turn
Utterly from you, and what Man I meet first,
That has but Spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any Shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have said
About your foolish Sickness, e'er you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear, is certain,
And challenge any Man, that dares deny it;
And in all Companies approve my Actions,
And so farewell for this time.

[*Ex. Mar.*

Petru. Grief go with thee,
If there be any Witchcrafts, Herbs, or Potions,
Saying my Prayers backward, Fiends, or Fayries,
Than can again unlove me, I am made.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Biancha, and Tranio.

Tra. Mistress, you must do it.

Bia. Are the Writings ready I told you of?

Tra. Yes, they are ready, but to what use I know not.

Bia. Y'are an Ass, you must have all things constru'd.

Tra.

Tra. Yes, and pierc'd too,
Or I find little Pleasure.

Bia. Now you are knavish,
Go too, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
Your Twenty Pounds lies bleeding else; she is married
Within these twelve Hours, if we cross it not,
And see the Papers of one fize.

Tra. I have ye.

Bia. And for disposing of 'em.

Tra. If I fail you

Now I have found the way, use Marshal Law,
And cut my Head off with a Hand-Saw.

Bia. Well, Sir.

Petronius and *Moroso* I'll see sent for :
About your Business; go.

Tra. I am gone.

[*Ex. Tra.*

Enter Livia.

Bia. Ho, *Livia*.

Liv. Who's that?

Bia. A Friend of yours, Lord how you look now,
As if you had lost a Carrack.

Liv. O *Biancha*.

I am the most undone, unhappy Woman.

Bia. Be quiet Wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for't,
No more of these minc'd Passions, they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing, but a little Wind,
An Apple will do more; thou fear'st *Moroso*.

Liv. Even as I fear the Gallows.

Bia. Keep thee there still.
And you love *Rowland*? say.

Liv. If I say not,
I am sure I lie.

Bia. What wouldst thou give that Woman,
In spite of all his Anger, and thy Fear,
And all thy Father's Policy, that could
Clap ye within these two Nights quietly
Into a Bed together?

Liv. How?

Bia. Why fairly,

At half Sword, Man and Wife; now the red Blood comes,
Ay marry now the Matter's chang'd.

Liv. Biancha,

Methinks you should not mock me.

Bia. Mock a Pudding.

I speak good honest *English*, and good meaning.

Liv. I should not be ungrateful to that Woman.

Bia I know thou would'st not; follow but my Counsel,
And if thou hast him not, despite of Fortune,
Let me ne'er know a good Night more; you must
Be very sick o' th' Instant.

Liv. Well, what follows?

*Bia. And in that sickness send for all your Friends,
Your Father, and your Feaver, old Moroso,
And Rowland shall be there too.*

Liv. What of these?

*Bia. Do you not twitter yet? Of this shall follow
That which shall make thy Heart leap, and thy Lips.
Venture as many Kisses, as the Merchants
Do Dollars to the *East-Indies*; you shall know all,
But first walk in, and practise, pray be sick.*

Liv. I do believe you, and I am sick.

Bia. Do,

Go Bed then, come, I'll send away your Servants
Hoff for your Fool, and Father; and good Fortune,
As we mean honestly, now strike an up-shot. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

*Tra. Nay, on my Conscience, I have lost my Mony,
But that's all one: I'll never more perswade you,
See you are resolute, and I commend you.*

Row. But did she send for me?

Tra. You dare believe me.

*Row. I cannot tell, you have your ways for profit
How'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em.*

*Tra. No, on my word, Sir,
Deal directly with you.*

V O L. VI.

K

Enter

Enter Servant.

Row. How now Fellow,
Whither post you so fast?

Ser. O Sir, my Master,
Pray did you see my Master?

Row. Why your Master?

Ser. Sir, his Jewel.

Row. With the gilded Button?

Ser. My pretty Mistress *Livia*.

Row. What of her?

Ser. Is fallen sick o'th' sudden.

Row. How, o'th' fullens?

Ser. O' th' sudden Sir, I say, very sick. (ples.

Row. It seems she hath got the Tooth-ach with raw Ap- (Tra

Ser. It seems you have got the Head-ach, fare you well, (pou l
(Sir.
You did not see my Master?

Row. Who told you so?

Tra. No, no, he did not see him.

Row. Farewel Blue-bottle.

[Exit Servant.]

What should her sickness be?

Tra. For you, it may be.

Row. Yes, when my Brains are out, I may believe it,
Never before, I am sure: Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of Honesty.

Tra. It will so.

Row. It may be not too; you would fain be fing'ring
This old Sin-offring of two hundred, *Tranio*,
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deer toth' Toile, yet I may leap it,
And what's the Woodman then?

Tra. A loser by you.

Speak, Will you go or not? To me 'tis equal.

Row. Come, what goes less?

Tra. Nay, not a Penny *Rowland*.

Row. Shall I have liberty of Conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten Kisses?
Hang me if I affect her, yet it may be,
This whoreson Manners will require a strugling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r Lady thirty.

Petru.

bove a v

his Life

o all th

I go to

egging'

o there

Peop

Tra. By'r Lady I'll require my Wager then,
or if you kiss so often, and no Kindness,
have lost my Speculation, I'll allow you——

Row. Speak like a Gamester now.

Tra. It may be two.

Row. Under a dozen, *Tranio*, there's no setting,
you shall have forty Shillings, wink at small Faults.
I take twenty, come, by all that's honest
do it but to vex her.

Tra. I'll no By-blows.

If you can love her, do, if you can, hate her,
or any else that loves you——

Row. Prethee *Tranio*.

Tra. Why farewell twenty Pound, 'twill not undo me;
you have my Resolution.

Row. And your Mony,

Which since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my Shins
or untagg'd Points and Compters: I'll go with you,
but if thou gettest a Penny by the Bargain,
parting Kifs is lawful?

Tra. I allow it.

Row. Knock out my Brains with Apples; yet a Bargain.

Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win, and wear it.

Row. Thou art the strangest Fellow.

Tra. That's all one.

Row. Along then, twenty Pound more if thou dar'st,
give her not a good word.

Tra. Not a Penny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro,

Petru. Prethee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her
above a word or two; e'er I endure [Exit *Pedro.*]

this Life, and with a Woman, and a vow'd one

to all the Mischiefs she can lay upon me,

I go to Plough, and eat Leek Porridge;

eggings a Pleasure to't, not to be number'd:

there be other Countries *Jaques* for me, and other
People, yea, and other Women.

If I have need, here's Mony, there's your Ware,
Which is fair dealing, and the Sun, they say,
Shines as warm there, as here; and till I have lost
Either my self, or her, I care not whether
Nor which first.

Jaq. Will your Worship hear me?

Petru. And utterly outworn the Memory
Of such a Curse as this, none of my Nation
Shall ever know me more.

Jaq. Out alas, Sir,
What a strange way do you run?

Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this Rascal.

Jaq. Methinks now,
If your good Worship could but have the patience.

Petru. The Patience, why the Patience?

Jaq. Why I'll tell you,
Could you but have the Patience.

Petru. Well, the Patience.

Jaq. To laugh at all she do's, or when she rails,
To have a Drum beaten o' th' top o' th' House,
To give the Neighbours warning of her Larme,
As I do when my Wife rebels.

Petru. Thy Wife?

Thy Wife's a Pigeon to her, a meer slumber,
The dead of Night's not stiller.

Jaq. Nor an Iron Mill.

Petru. But thy Wife is certain.

Jaq. That's false Doctrine,
You never read of a certain Woman.

Petru. Thou know'st her way.

Jaq. I should do, I am sure.

I have ridden it Night and Day, this twenty year.

Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningness, the Rain-bow,
When she hangs bent in Heav'n, sheds not her colours
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful Woman

Enter Pedro.

Weaves in her dyes of Wickedness: What says she?

Ped. Nay, not a word Sir, but she pointed to me,

As though she meant to follow; pray Sir bear it
Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your Worship,
The best Men have their crosses, we are all mortal.

Petru. What ails the Fellow?

Ped. And no doubt she may, Sir.

Petru. What may she, or what do's she, or what is she?
Speak and be hang'd.

Ped. She's mad, Sir.

Petru. Heav'n continue it.

Ped. Amen, if't be his Pleasure.

Petru. How mad is she?

Ped. As mad as heart can wish, Sir; she has dress'd her self
(Saving your Worship's Reverence) just i'th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i'th' Suburbs
For single Mony, and as dirtily:
If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her Compass with her Fingers,
And points to what she would have.

Petru. What new way's this?

Ped. There came in Master *Sophocles*,

Petru. And what

Did Master *Sophocles* when he came in?

Get my Trunks ready, Sirrah, I'll be gone straight.

Ped. He's here to tell you.

She's horn mad, *Jaques*.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call ye this a Woman?

Petru. Yes Sir, she is a Woman.

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had made Experience.

Soph. Yes, I did so,

And almost with my Life.

Petru. You rid too fast, Sir.

Soph. Pray be not mistaken; by this Hand
Your Wife's as chaste and honest as a Virgin,
For any thing I know; 'tis true she gave me
A Ring.

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv'd still,
Believe me, I never kist her since, and now

Coming in Visitation, like a Friend,
 I think she is mad, Sir, suddenly she started,
 And snatch'd the Ring away, and drew her Knife out,
 To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?

Soph. As I am here, Sir.

Petru. I believe you honest,
 And pray continue so.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now Damsel,

What will your Beauty do, if I forsake you?
 Do you deal by Signs, and Tokens? As I guess then,
 You'll walk abroad, this Summer, and catch Captains,
 Or hire a piece of holy Ground i'th' Suburbs,
 And keep a Nest of Nuns?

Soph. Oh do not stir her!

You see in what a Case she is?

Petru. She is dogged,
 And in a beastly case, I am sure: I'll make her,
 If she have any Tongue, yet tattle. *Sophocles,*
 Prethee observe this Woman seriously,
 And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
 (For thou hast Understanding) in what case
 My Sense was, when I chose this thing.

Soph. I'll tell you,
 I have seen a sweeter——

Petru. An hundred times cry Oysters.
 There's a poor Begger-wench about *Black-Friers*
 Runs on her Breech, may be an Empress to her.

Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

Petru. Nev'r a whit, Sir:
 I'll tell thee Woman, for now I have day to see thee,
 And all my Wits about me, and I speak
 Not out of Passion neither (leave your mumping)
 I know you're well enough: Now would I give
 A million but to vex her: When I chose thee
 To make a Bedfellow, I took more trouble,
 Than twenty Terms can come to, such a Cause,
 Of such a Title, and so everlasting,

Tha

That *Adam's* Genealogie may be ended
 E'er any Law find thee: I took a Leprosie,
 Nay worse, the Plague, nay worse yet, a Possession
 And had the Devil with thee, if not more:
 And yet worse, was a Beast, and like a Beast
 Had my reward, a Jade to fling my Fortunes;
 For who that had but reason to distinguish
 The Light from Darkness, Wine from Water, Hunger
 From full Satiety, and Fox from Fern-bush,
 That would have married thee?

Soph. She is not so ill.

Petru. She's worse than I dare think of; she's so lewd,
 No Court is strong enough to bear her Cause,
 She hath neither Manners, Honesty, Behaviour,
 Wife-hood, nor Woman-hood, nor any Mortal
 Can force me think she had a Mother: No,
 I do believe her stedfastly, and know her
 To be a Woman-wolfe by Transmigration,
 Her first Form was a Ferret's under-ground,
 She kills the memories of Men. Not yet?

Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this?

Petru. I care not,

Be what she will, the Pleasure I take in her;
 Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
 Like this Point, I untie, and thus I loose it;
 The Husband I am to her, thus I sever;
 My Vanity farewell; yet, for you have been
 So near me, as to bear the name of Wife,
 My unquench'd Charity shall tell you thus much,
 (Though you deserve it well) you shall not beg,
 What I ordain'd your Jointure, honestly
 You shall have settled on you, and half my House;
 The other half shall be imploy'd in Prayers,
 That meritorious charge I'll be at also)
 Yet to confirm you *Christian*; your Apparel,
 And what belongs to build up such a Folly,
 Keep I beseech you, it infects our Uses,
 And now I am for Travel.

Mar. Now I love you,
 And now I see you are a Man, I'll talk to you,

And I forget your bitterness.

Soph. How now, Man?

Petru. Oh *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous,
Make but this Woman all thy wonders.

Mar. Sure, Sir,
You have hit upon a double Course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous.

Petru. She'll ship me.

Mar. A way of understanding I long wish'd for,
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, Sir:
Methinks you look a new Man to me now,
A Man of excellence, and now I see
Some great design set in you: You may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you,
Nay, hang about your Neck, and like a Dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you; but I love you,
And all the World shall know it, beyond Woman;
And more prefer the honour of your Country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uses you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your Knowledge, Conversation,
The full ability and strength of Judgement,
Than any private Love, or wanton Kisses.
Go worthy Man, and bring home Understanding. (men-)

Soph. This were an excellent Woman to breed School-

Mar. For if the Merchant through unknown Seas
To get his Wealth, then dear Sir, what must you (plough
To gather Wisdom? Go, and go alone,
Only your noble Mind for your Companion;
And if a Woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther
The more Experience finds you; and go sparing,
One Meal a Week will serve you, and one Sute,
Through all your Travels; for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

Petru. Dost hear her?

Soph. Yes.

Petru.

Petru. What would this Womando, if she were suffer'd,
Upon a new Religion?

Soph. Make us Pagans.

I wonder that she writes not.

Mar. Then when Time,
And fulness of Occasion, have new made you,
And squar'd you from a Sot into a Signior,
Or nearer, from a Jade into a Courser;
Come home an aged Man, as did *Ulysses*,
And I your glad *Penelope*.

Petru. That must have
As many Lovers as I Languages.
And what she does with one i th' Day, i th' Night
Undo it with another.

Mar. Much that way, Sir;
For in your absence it must be my Honour,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have Temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offered me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The Faith and Loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why by my —— I would travel,
Did not you mean so?

Petru. Alas no, nothing less Man;
I did it but to try, Sir, she's the Devil,
And now I find it, for she drives me; I must go:
Are my Trunks down there, and my Horses ready?

Mar. Sir, for your House, and if you please to trust
With that you leave behind. (me

Petru. Bring down the Mony.

Mar. As I am able, and to my poor Fortunes,
I'll govern as a Widow; I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your Profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the *Indies*, or *Catayna*,
Those are the Climes must make you.

Petru. How's the Wind?

She'll wish me out o'th' World anon.

Mar. For France

'Tis

'Tis very fair; get you aboard to Night, Sir,
And lose no time, you know the Tide stays no Man,
I have cold Meats ready for you.

Petru. Fare thee well, (ance,
Thou hast fool'd me out o'th' Kingdom with a Venge-
And thou canst fool me in again.

Mar. Not I, Sir,
I love you better, take your Time, and Pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hanged too,
Were I but half as willing.

Mor. Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the Lands End, *Sophocles*,
And other of my Friends, I hope.

Mor. Nev'r doubt, Sir,
You cannot want Companions for your good;
I am sure you'll kiss me e'er I go; I have Business,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going.
For if thou tarriest but another Dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy Chamber.

Mar. Fare you well, Sir,
And bear your self, I do beseech you, once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly, and worthily, 'tis for my Credit,
And for those flying Fames here of your Follies,
Your gambols, and ill breeding of your Youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
Nothing should make me leave you else, I'll deal
So like a Wife that loves your Reputation,
And the most large Addition of your Credit,
That those shall die; if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o'th' Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the Devil,
That was your first good Master, showre his Blessing
Upon ye all: Into whose Custody —

Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo*. [Exit Maria.
Petru.

Petru. I will go; yet I will not; once more *Sophocles*
I'll put her to the Test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then; let's seek my Father out,
And all my Friends, to see me fair aboard;
Then Women, if there be a Storm at Sea, (broken
Worse than your Tongues can make, and Waves more
Than your dissembling Faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but Tempests, till they crack my Keel.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius, and Biancha with four Papers.

Bia. NOW whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the World discern, Sir.

Petro. If this Motion,
(I mean this fair Repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good Perswasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent,

Bia. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you;
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free Contrition
Again you might be purchas'd; loving Woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this Point; yet all my Counsel,
And Comfort in this case, could not so heal her,
But that Grief got his share too, and she sick'ned.

Petro. I am sorry she's so ill, yet glad her sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

Bia. Here comes *Moroso*.

Petro. Oh, you are very welcome,
Now you shall know your Happiness,

Mor. I am glad on't.
What makes this Lady here?

Bia.

Bia. A dish for you, Sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.

Petro. True *Moroso*,
Go get you in, and see your Mistress.

Bia. She is sick, Sir,
But you may kiss her whole.

Mor. How!

Bia. Comfort her.

Mor. Why am I sent for, Sir?

Petro. Will you in, and see?

Bia. May be she needs Confession.

Mor. By *St. Mary*,
She shall have Absolution then, and Penance,
But not above her Carriage.

Petro. Get you in, Fool.

[Exit *Mor.*

Bia. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland and Tranio.

Petro. Now *Tranio*;
Good Ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.

Row. Thank you.

Petro. I have a certain Daughter.

Row. Would you had, Sir.

Petro. No doubt you know her well.

Row. Nor never shall, Sir.

She is a Woman, and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain Path
After a deep fall'n Snow.

Petro. Well, that's by th' by still.
This Daughter that I tell you of, is fall'n
A little crop sick, with the dangerous Surfeit
She took of your Affection.

Row. Mine, Sir?

Petro. Yes, Sir.

Or rather, as it seems, repenting.
And there she lies within, debating on't.

Row. Well, Sir.

Petro. I think 'twere well you would see her.

Row. If you please, Sir;

I am not squeamish of my Visitation.

Petro. But this I'll tell you, she is alter'd much,
You'll

You'll find her now another *Livia*.

Row. I have enough o'th' old, Sir.

Petro. No more Fool,

To look gay Babies in your Eyes, young *Rowland*,
And hang about your pretty Neck.

Row. I am glad on't,

And thank my Fates I have scap'd such Execution.

Petro. And buss you till your blush again.

Row. That's hard, Sir ;

She must kiss shamefully e'er I blush at it,
I never was so Boyish ; well, what follows?

Petro. She's mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her :
Only she would take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wandring Vow or two,
You lent in Pawn ; and two or three slight Oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.

Row. She shall have 'em

With all my Heart, Sir ; and if you like it better,
A free Release in writing.

Petro. That's the matter,

And you from her shall have another, *Rowland*,
And then turn tail to tail, and Peace be with you.

Row. So be it ; your twenty Pound sweats, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Twill not undo me, *Rowland*, do your worst.

Row. Come, shall we see her, Sir?

Bia. What e'er she says

You must bear manly, *Rowland*, for her Sickneſs
Has made her somewhat pettiſh.

Row. Let her talk

Till her Tongue ake, I care not ; by this Hand
Thou haſt a handsome Face Wench, and a Body
Daintily mounted ; now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I piſt it.

Livia discovered a-bed, and Moroſo by her.

Bia. Pray draw 'em ſoftly, the leaſt hurry, Sir,
Puts her to much impatience.

Petro. How iſ't, Daughter?

Liv. Oh very ſick, very ſick, yet ſomewhat
Better I hope ; a little lightſomer,

Beauſe

Because this good Man has forgiven me;
Pray set me higher; oh my Head.

Bia. Well done Wench.

Liv. Father, and all good People that shall hear me,
I have abus'd this Man perniciously; was never old
Man humbled so;

I have scorn'd him, and call'd him nasty Names,
I have spit at him,
Flung Candles ends in's Beard, and call'd him Harrow,
That must be drawn to all he does; contemn'd him,
For methought then, he was a beastly Fellow,
(Oh my side) a very beastly Fellow;
And gave it out, his Cassock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his Predecessor by a Sculler,
The Man yet living; I gave him purging Comfits
At a great Christning once,
That spoil'd his Camblet Breeches; and one Night
I strew'd the Stairs with Pease, as he pass'd down;
And the good Gentleman, woe worth me for't,
Ev'n with this reverend Head, this Head of Wisdom,
Told two and twenty Stairs, good and true;
Mist not a step, and as we say, *verbatim*
Fell to the Bottom, broke his casting Bottle,
Lost a fair Toad-stone, of some eighteen Shillings;
Jumbled his Joints together, had two Stools,
And was translated. All this Villany
Did I; I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.

Mor. And I unask'd, forgive it.

Liv. Where's *Biancha*?

Bia. Here Cousin.

Liv. Give me Drink.

Bia. There.

Liv. Who's that?

Mor. *Rowland*.

Liv. Oh my Dissembler, you and I must part.
Come nearer, Sir.

Row. I am sorry for your Sickness.

Liv. Be sorry for your self, Sir, you have wrong'd me;
But I forgive you; are the Papers ready?

Bia. I have 'em here; will't please you view 'em?

Petro.

Petro. Yes.

(willing

Liv. Shew 'em the young Man too, I know he's
To shift his Sails too; 'tis for his more Advancement;
Alas, we might have begger'd one another;
We are young both, and a World of Children
Might have been left behind to curse our Follies;
We had been undone, *Biancha*, had we married,
Undone for ever; I confess I lov'd him,
I care not who shall know it, most intirely;
And once, upon my Conscience, he lov'd me;
But farewell that, we must be wiser, Cousin,
Love must not leave us to the World; have you done?

Ros. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

Liv. Pray stay then;

Give me the Papers, and let me peruse 'em,
And so much time, as may afford a Tear
At our last parting.

Bia. Pray retire, and leave her,
I'll call ye presently.

Petro. Come Gentlemen, the showre must fall.

Ros. Would I had never seen her.

[Exeunt.

Bia. Thou hast done bravely, Wench.

Liv. Pray Heav'n it prove so.

Bia. There are the other Papers; when they come
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As Drapers do their Wares.

Liv. Didst mark *Moroso*,

In what an Agony he was, and how he cry'd most
When I abus'd him most?

Bia. That was but Reason.

Liv. Oh what a stinking Thief is this?

Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed; *Thames-streer*, to him,
Is a meer Pomander.

Bia. Let him be hang'd.

Liv. Amen.

Bia. And lie you still;
And once more to your Business.

Liv. Call 'em in.

Now

Now if there be a Power that pities Lovers,
Help now, and hear my Prayers.

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio and Moroso.

Petro. Is she ready?

Bia. She has done her Lamentations; pray go to her.

Liv. *Rowland*, come near me, and before you seal,
Give me your Hand; take it again; now kiss me.
This is the last Acquaintance we must have;
I wish you ever happy; there's the Paper.

Row. Pray stay a little.

Petro. Let me never live more,
But I do begin to pity this young Fellow;
How heartily he weeps!

Bia. There's Pen and Ink, Sir.

Liv. Ev'n here I pray you. 'Tis a little *Emblem*
How near you have been to me.

Row. There.

Bia. Your Hands too,
As Witnesses.

Petro. By any means,
To th' Book, Son.

Mor. With all my Heart.

Bia. You must deliver it.

Row. There *Livia*, and a better Love light on thee,
I can no more.

Bia. To this you must be Witness too.

Petro. We will.

Bia. Do you deliver it now.

Liv. Pray set me up;
There *Rowland*, all thy old Love back; and may
A new to come, exceed mine, and be happy.
I must no more.

Row. Farewel.

Liv. A long farewell.

[Exit Row.]

Bia. Leave her by any means, till this wild Passion
Be off her Head; draw all the Curtains close,
A Day hence you may see here, 'twill be better,
She is now for little Company.

Petro. Pray tend her.

I must to Horse straight, you must needs along too, To

To see my Son aboard; were but his Wife
As fit for Pity, as this Wench, I were happy.
Bia. Time must do that too; fare ye well; to Morrow
You shall receive a Wife to quit your Sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, and Porters, with Chest and Hampers.

Jaq. Bring 'em away, Sirs.

Ped. Must the great Trunks go too?

Jaq. Yes, and the Hampers; nay, be speedy Masters:
He'll be at Sea before us else.

Ped. Oh *Jaques*,
What a most blessed turn hast thou?

Jaq. I hope so.

Ped. To have the Sea between thee and this Woman,
Nothing can drown her Tongue but a Storm.

Jaq. By your leave,
We'll get us up to *Paris* with all speed;
For on my Soul, as far as *Amiens*
She'll carry Blank, away to *Lyon-key*
And Ship 'em presently, we'll follow ye.

Ped. Now could I wish her in that Trunk.

Jaq. God shield Man,
I had rather have a Bear in't.

Ped. Yes, I'll tell ye;
For in the Passage, if a Tempest take ye,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas'd the Fates, I would have the Master,
Out of a powerful Providence, to cry,
Lighten the Ship of all Hands, or we perish;
Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means
Over-board presently.

Jaq. O' that Condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us; but believe me, *Pedro*,
She would spoil the fishing on this Coast for ever.
For none would keep her Company but Dog-fish,
As currish as her self; or Porpisces,
Made to all fatal Uses: The two Fish-streets,

Were she but once arriv'd amongst the Whitings,
 Would sing a woful *misereri*, *Pedro*,
 And mourn in Poor *John*, till her Memory
 Were cast o' shore again, with a strong Sea-breach;
 She would make God *Neptune*, and his Fire-fork,
 And all his Demi-gods and Goddesſes,
 As weary of the *Flemmiſh* Channel, *Pedro*,
 As ever Boy was of the School; 'tis certain,
 If she but meet him fair, and were well angered,
 She would break his God-head.

Ped. Oh her Tongue, her Tongue.

Jaq. Rather her many Tongues.

Ped. Or rather ſtrange Tongues.

Jaq. Her lying Tongue.

Ped. Her liſping Tongue.

Jaq. Her long Tongue.

Ped. Her lawleſs Tongue.

Jaq. Her loud Tongue.

Ped. And her liquorith —

Jaq. Many other Tongues, and many ſtranger Tongues
 Than ever *Babel* had to tell his ruins,
 Were Women rais'd withal; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your Stuff again, the Journey's ended.

Jaq. What does your Worſhip mean?

Soph. Your Maſter, oh *Petruchio*, oh poor Fellows.

Ped. Oh *Jaques*, *Jaques*.

Soph. Oh your Maſter's dead,
 His Body coming back, his Wife, his Devil,
 The Grief of — her

Jaq. Has kill'd him?

Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him.

Ped. Is there no Law to hang her?

Soph. Get ye in,

And let her know her Miſery; I dare not,
 For fear Impatience ſeize me, ſee her more,
 I muſt away again; bid her for Wiſe-hood,
 For Honesty, if ſhe have any in her,
 Even to avoid the ſhame that follows her,
 Cry if ſhe can; your Weeping cannot mend it.

The Body will be here within this Hour, so tell her;
And all his Friends to curse her. Farewel Fellows.

[*Exit Soph.*]

Ped. Oh *Jaques*, *Jaques*.

Jaq. Oh my worthy Master.

Ped. Oh my most beastly Mistress, hang her.

Jaq. Spilt her.

Ped. Drown her directly.

Jaq. Starve her.

Ped. Stink upon her.

Jaq. Stone her to Death; may all she eat be Eggs,
Till she run kicking mad for Men.

Ped. And he,

That Man, that gives her Remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto*, lose his Fadding (her,

Jaq. Let's go discharge our selves, and he that serves
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,

A Sedgely curse light on him; which is, *Pedro*,

The Fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with
a Sythe at's Back. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

Row. What a dull Ass was I to let her go thus?

Upon my Life she loves me still; well Paper,

Thou only Monument of what I have had,

Thou all the Love now left me, and now lost,

Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave

Of what I must leave ever; Farewel *Livia*.

Oh bitter Words, I'll read ye once again,

And then for ever study to forget ye.

How's this? let me look better on't: A Contract?

— A Contract, seal'd and ratified,

Her Father's Hand set to it, and *Moroso's*:

Do not dream sure, let me read again,

The same still, 'tis a Contract.

Tra. 'Tis so, *Rowland*;

And by the Virtue of the same, you pay me

A hundred Pound to Morrow.

L 2

Row.

Row. Art sure, *Tranio*,
We are both alive now?

Tra. Wonder not, ye have lost.

Row. If this be true, I grant it.

Tra. 'Tis most certain,

There's a Ring for you too, you know it.

Row. Yes.

Tra. When shall I have my Mony?

Row. Stay ye, stay ye,
When shall I marry her?

Tra. To Night.

Row. Take heed now

You do not trifle me; if you do,
You'll find more Payment, than your Mony comes to:
Come swear; I know I am a Man, and find
I may deceive my self; swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I *Rowland*?

Tra. Yes.

Row. Am I awake?

Tra. Ye are.

Row. Am I in Health?

Tra. As far as I conceive.

Row. Was I with *Livia*?

Tra. You were, and had this Contract.

Row. And shall I enjoy her?

Tra. Yes, if ye dare.

Row. Swear to all these.

Tra. I will.

Row. As thou art Honest, as thou hast a Conscience,
As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these
To be no Vision, but a Truth, and serious.

Tra. Then by my Honesty, and Faith, and Conscience
All this is certain.

Row. Let's remove our places.
Swear it again.

Tra. By——'tis true.

Row. I have lost then, and Heav'n knows I am glad on't
Let's go, and tell me all; and tell me how,
For yet I am a Pagan in it.

Tra. I have a Priest too,
And all shall come as even as two Testers,

[Exeunt]
SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petru-
chio born in a Coffin.*

Petro. Set down the Body, and one call her out.

Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.

You are welcome to the last cast of your Fortunes;
There lies your Husband; there, your loving Husband,
There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him
E'er he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
Now ye have cause begin, and after Death
Do something yet to th' World, to think ye honest.
So many Tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are (so a good Mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move Compassion.

Mar. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.

Soph. I see there's some good Nature yet left in her.

Mar. But what's the cause? Mistake me not, not this
As he is dead, I weep for; Heav'n defend it, (Man,
I never was so Childish: But his Life,
His poor unmanly, wretched, foolish Life,
Is that my full Eyes pity, there's my Mourning.

Petro. Dost thou not shame?

Mar. I do, and even to Water,
To think what this Man was, to think how simple,
How far below a Man, how far from Reason,
From common Understanding, and all Gentry,
While he was living here he walk'd amongst us.
He had a happy turn he died; I'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his Person;
The memory of this Man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more Follies,
Than wealthy Autumn Flies. But let him rest,
He was a Fool, and farewell he; not pitied,

I mean in way of Life, or Action
 By any understanding Man that's honest;
 But only in's Posterity, which I,
 Out of the fear his Ruins might out-live him,
 In some bad issue, like a careful Woman,
 Like one indeed, born only to preserve him,
 Deny'd him means to raise.

Petru. Unbutton me,
 ——— I die indeed else. Oh *Maria*,
 Oh my Unhappiness, my Misery.

Petro. Go to him, Whore; ——— if he perish,
 I'll see thee hang'd my self.

Petru. Why, why, *Maria*? (me;

Mar. I have done my worst, and have my end, forgive
 From this hour make me what you please, I have tam'd ye,
 And now am vow'd your Servant: Look not strangely,
 Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
 Thus I begin my new Love.

Petru. Once again?

Mar. With all my Heart.

Petru. Once again, *Maria*:

Oh Gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Soph. Get ye to Bed then, there you'll quickly know, Sir.

Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Mar. Never, Sir.

Petru. You shall not need, for as I have a Faith
 No cause shall give occasion.

Mar. As I am honest,
 And as I am a Maid yet, all my Life
 From this hour, since ye make so free profession,
 I dedicate in Service to your Pleasure.

Soph. Ay marry, this goes roundly off.

Petru. Go *Faques*,
 Get all the best Meat may be bought for Mony,
 And let the Hogsheads Blood, I am born again:
 Well little *England*, when I see a Husband
 Of any other Nation, stern or jealous,
 I'll wish him but a Woman of thy breeding;
 And if he have not Butter to his Bread,
 Till his Teeth bleed, I'll never trust my Travel.

Enter

Enter Rowland, Livia, Biancha, and Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?

Row. Another Morris, Sir,
That you must Pipe to.

Tra. A poor married Couple
Desire an Offering, Sir.

Bia. Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now; there's your own Hand,
And your's *Moroso*, to confirm the Bargain.

Petro. My Hand?

Mor. Or mine?

Bia. You'll find it so.

Petro. A trick,
By———a trick,

Bia. Yes Sir, we trick'd ye.

Liv. Father.

Petro. Hast thou lain with him? Speak?

Liv. Yes truly, Sir.

Petro. And hast thou done the Deed, Boy?

Row. I have, Sir,
That, that will serve the turn, I think.

Petro. A Match then,
I'll be the Maker up of this: *Moroso*,
There's now no remedy you see, be willing;
For be, or be not, he must have the Wench.

Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to Dinner,
And if I can, I'll drink't away.

Tra. That's well said.

Petro. Well Sirrah, you have plaid a trick, look to't,
And let me be a Grandfire within's twelve-month,
Or by this Hand, I'll curtail half your Fortunes.

Row. There shall not want my Labour, Sir; your Mony,
Here's one has undertaken.

Tra. Well, I'll trust her,
And glad I have so good a pawn.

Row. I'll watch ye.

Petro. Let's in, and drink of all Hands, and be jovial:
I have my Colt again, and now she carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure to keep him to his Text

[*Exeunt.*
EP1-

EPILOGUE

THE Tamer's Tam'd, but so, as nor the
Men

*Can find one just Cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider in their Lives,
They should not reign as Tyrants o'er their Wives.
Nor can the Women, from this President,
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both Sexes due Equality;
And as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this Effect arising from a Cause
Well laid, and grounded, may deserve Applause,
We something more than hope, our honest Ends
Will keep the Men, and Women too, our Friends.*



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The Island Princess vol. 6. p. 31

THE
ISLAND
PRINCESS.

A
Tragi-Comedy.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King of Sidore, *an Island.*
King of Bakam, } *Suitors to the Princess Quisara.*
King of Siana, }
Governor of Terna, *an Island. An ill Man,*
Ruy Dias, *a Captain of Portugal, also Suitor to the Princess.*
Piniero, *Nephew to Ruy Dias, a merry Captain.*
Christophero, } *Soldiers, and Friends to Piniero.*
Pedro, }
Armusia, *a noble daring Portugueze, in love with the Princess.*
Soza, } *Companions to Armusia, and his valiant*
Emanuel, } *Followers.*
Keeper.
Moors.
Guard.
Captain.
Citizens.
Townsmen.

W O M E N.

Quisara, *the Island Princess, Sister to the King of Sidore.*
Quisana, *Aunt to the Princess.*
Panura, *Waiting-woman to the Princess Quisara.*
Citizens Wives.

S C E N E I N D I A.

THE



T H E
ISLAND PRINCESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Bell Rings.

Enter Piniero, Christophero, and Pedro.

P I N I E R O.



Open the Ports, and see the Watch reliev'd,
And let the Guards be careful of their
Business,
Their vigilant Eyes fixt on these Islanders,
They are false and desperate People, when
they find

The least occasion open to Encouragement,
Cruel, and crafty Souls; believe me Gentlemen,
Their late Attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which, against all Arms and Honesty,
The Governor of *Terna* made surprize
Of our Confederate, the King of *Sidore*,
As for his Recreation he was rowing
Between both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Christ. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done; that Governor's a fierce Knave,
Unfaithful as he is fierce too, there's no trusting;
But I wonder much, how such poor and base Pleasures,
As tugging at an Oar, or skill in Steerage,
Should become Princes.

Pin.

Pin. Base Breedings, love base Pleasure;
 They take as much Delight in a *Baratto*,
 A little scurvy Boat to row her tightly,
 And have the Art to turn and wind her nimbly,
 Think it as noble too, though it be slavish,
 And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman;
 As we *Portugals*, or the *Spaniards* do in riding,
 In managing a great Horse, which is princely;
 The *French* in Courtship, or the dancing *Engliss*
 In carrying a fair Presence.

Ped. He was strangely taken;
 But where no Faith is, there's no Trust; he has paid for't;
 His Sister yet, the fair and great *Quisara*,
 Has shew'd a noble Mind, and much love in't
 To her afflicted Brother, and the nobler still it appears,
 And Seasons of more Tenderness, because his Ruin stiles
 And his Imprisonment adds to her Profit. (her Absolute,
 Feeling all this, which makes all Men admire her,
 The warm Beams of this Fortune that fall on her,
 Yet has she made divers and noble Treaties,
 And Propositions for her Brother's Freedom,
 If Wealth or Honour—

Pin. Peace, Peace, you are fool'd, Sir;
 Things of these Natures have strange Outsides, *Pedro*,
 And cunning Shadows, set 'em far from us,
 Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse us;
 They that observe her close, shall find her Nature,
 Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent;
 She is a Princess, and she must be fair,
 That's the Prerogative of being Royal:
 Let her want Eyes and Nose, she must be Beauteous,
 And she must know it too, and the use of it,
 And People must believe it, they are damn'd else;
 Why, all our Neighbour Princes are mad for her.

Christ. Is she not fair then?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer,
 And there's a haughty Master, the King of *Bakan*,
 That lofty Sir, that speaks far more and louder,
 In his own Commendations, than a Cannon;
 He is stricken dumb with her.

Ped. Beshrew me she is a sweet one.

Pin. And there's that hopeful Man of *Syana*,
That sprightly Fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a Lover too.

Christ. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For ; by my Life I hold her a compleat one,
The very Sun I think affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.

Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps her self at distance from his Kisses,
And her Complexion in a Case ; let him but like it
A week, or two, or three, she would look like a Lion ;
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governour of *Ternata*, her mortal Enemy,
He that has catcht her Brother King, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under safe Conduct also,
And Hostages of worth delivered for him ;
And he brought a Letter from his Prisoner,
Whether compell'd, or willingly delivered
From the poor King, or what else dare be in't.

Christ. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one,
For I dare think she'll do the best.

Pin. 'Tis certain
He has Admittance, and sollicit hourly,
Now if he have the Trick——

Ped. What Trick ?

Pin. The true one,
To take her too, if he be but skill'd in Bat-fowling,
And lime his Bush right.

Christ. I'll be hang'd when that hits,
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd Affection
That must take her, I guess her stout and virtuous ;
But where's your Uncle, Sir, our valiant Captain,
The brave *Ruy Dias*, all this while ?

Pin. Ay marry.
He is amongst 'em too.

Ped. A Lover.

Pin. Nay,
I know not that, but since he stands in Favour,

Or

Or would stand stily, he is no *Portugal* else.

Christ. The Voice says in good favour, in the List too
Of the privy Wooers, how cunningly of late
I have observ'd him, and how privately
He has stolen at all Hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a Business to bid the Fort farewell
For five or six Days, or a Month together;
Sure there is something——

Pin. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this Uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for Wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my Bones.

Ped. You car'd not for it.

Pin. I'faith not much, I ventur'd on still easily,
And took my Chance, danger is a Soldier's Honour;
But that this Man, this Herb of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This Father of our Faculties, should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferreting, that he
That would drink nothing, to depress the Spirit,
But Milk and Water, eat nothing but thin Air
To make his Blood obedient, that his Youth,
In spite of all his Temperance, should tickle,
And have a Love-mange on him.

Christ. 'Tis in him, Sir,
But honourable Courtship, and becomes his Rank too.

Pin. In me 'twere abominable Leachery, or would be,
For when our Thoughts are on't, and miss their level,
We must hit something.

Ped. Well, he's a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a Suitor, may he speed in't.

Pin. Let him alone, our Family ne'er fail'd yet.

Christ. Our mad Lieutenant still, merry *Piniero*.
Thus wou'd he do, if the Surgeon were searching of him.

Ped. Especially if a warm Wench had shot him.

Pin. But hark *Christophero*; come hither *Pedro*;
When saw you our brave Country-man *Armusia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his Gallants?
A goodly Fellow, and a brave Companion

Methinks

Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares come hither, dares fight any where.

Christ. I saw him not of late; a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely Sprung,
And promises much Nobleness.

Pin. I love him,
And by my Troth wou'd fain be inward with him;
Pray let's go seek him.

Ped. We'll attend you, Sir.

Pin. By that time we shall hear the burst of Business.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana and Panura.

Quisar. Aunt, I much thank you for your Courtesie,
And the fair Liberty you still allow me,
Both of your House and Service: Though I be
A Princess, and by that Prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of Opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my Actions,
Because no Power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear Brother being still a Prisoner,
And many wandring Eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a Sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little Caution, and be circumspect.

Quisan. You're wise and noble, Lady.

Quisar. Often Aunt
I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour;
I wou'd not have it known as oft, nor constru'd,
It stands not with my care.

Quisan. You speak most fairly,
For even our pure Devotions are examin'd.

Quisar. So mad are Mens Minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monstrous; (ness.)
They are thick Dreams, bred in Fogs that know no fair-

Quisan. Madam, the House is yours, I am yours, pray
And at your Service all I have lies prostrate; (use me,
My care shall ever be to yield ye Honour,
And when your Fame falls here, 'tis my fault, Lady;
A poor and simple Banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your Presence—

Quisar.

Quisar. I thank ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.

Quisan. I'll leave ye,
And when you please retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt Quisan. and Paul.*]

Quisar. Why, how now Captain, what, afraid to speak
A Man of Arms, and daunted with a Lady? (to me)
Commanders have the Power to parle with Princes. (me)

Ruy. Madam, the Favours you have still showr'd on
Which are so high above my means of Merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own Goodness, no Eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal Light and Lustre,
Strike me thus mute: You are my royal Mistress,
And all my Services that aim at Honour,
Take Life from you, the Saint of my Devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a fair Ambition,
And well becomes the Man that honours you;
I wou'd I were of Worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal Piece, a King I wou'd be,
A mighty King that might command Affection,
And bring a Youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk, Sir;
You *Portugals*, though you be rugged Soldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plain Courtiers;
And could you wish me *Christian*, brave *Ruy Dias*?

Ruy. At all the danger of my Life, great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all———

Quisar. Pray ye stay a little,
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might——but I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not,
And honourable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?

Ruy. My Soul not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that
Some thing of such a meritorious Goodness,

(way,

Of

Of such an unmatched Nobleness, that I may know
You have a Power beyond ours that preserves you:
'Tis not the Person, nor the Royal Title,
Nor Wealth, nor Glory, that I look upon,
That inward Man I love that's lin'd with Virtue,
That well deserving Soul works out a Favour;
I have many Princes Suiters, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you, you are valiant,
An active Man, able to build a Fortune;
I do not say I dote, nor mean to Marry,
Only the hope is, something may be done,
That may compel my Faith, and ask my Freedom,
And leave Opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear Lady,
And let the Danger be as deep as Hell,
As direful to attempt——

Quisar. You're too sudden,
I must be rul'd by you, find out a Fortune
Wisely, and handsomely, examine Time,
And court Occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward Spirit
Ye may find daily, be sure ye take a good one,
A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
Forc'd Smiles reward poor Dangers; you are a Soldier,
I wou'd not talk so else, and I love a Soldier,
And that that speaks him true, and great, his Valour;
Yet for all these, which are but Womens Follies,
You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
And though ye wear no Sword.

Ruy. Excellent Lady,
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my Nation,
That from their hardy Nurses suck Adventures,
Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
The story of your Favour, if I mistake it,
Or grow a Truant in the study of it,
A great correction, Lady——

Quisar. Let's to th' Banquet,
And have some merry talk, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my general Suiters;
Pray Heav'n my Woman's Wit hold; there brave Captain,
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You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
 I'll say no more, come be not sad ———
 I love ye. [Exeunt.

Enter Piniero, Armusia, Soza, Christophero,
 and Emanuel. (come,

Pin. You are welcome Gentlemen, most worthy wel-
 And know there's nothing in our Power may serve ye,
 But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir, we thank ye,
 And rest your Servants too.

Pin. Ye are worthy *Portugals*,
 You shew the Bravery of your Minds and Spirits;
 The Nature of our Country too, that brings forth
 Stirring, unwearied Souls to seek Adventures;
 Minds never satisfied with search of Honour: (men,
 Where time is, and the Sun gives light, brave Country-
 Our Names are known, new Worlds disclose their Riches,
 Their Beauties, and their Prides to our Embraces;
 And we the first of Nations find these Wonders.

Arm. These noble Thoughts, Sir, have intic'd us for-
 And Minds unapt for ease to see these Miracles, (ward,
 In which we find Report a poor Relater;
 We are a riv'd among the blessed Islands,
 Where every Wind that rises blows Perfumes,
 And every breath of Air is like an Incense:
 The treasure of the Sun dwells here, each Tree
 As if it envied the old *Paradice*,
 Strives to bring forth immortal Fruit; the Spices
 Renewing Nature, though not deifying,
 And when that falls by time, scorning the Earth,
 The sullen Earth should taint, or suck their Beauties,
 But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:
 Nothing we see, but breeds an Admiration;
 The very Rivers, as we float along,
 Throw up their Pearls, and curl their Heads to court us;
 The Bowels of the Earth swell with the Births
 Of thousand unknown Gems, and thousand Riches;
 Nothing that bears a Life, but brings a Treasure;
 The People they shew brave too, civil manner'd,
 Proportioned like the Masters of great Minds;

The

The Women, which I wonder at——

Pin. We speak well.

Arm. Of delicate Aspects, fair, clearly Beauteous,
And to that Admiration, sweet and courteous.

Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave *Armusia*,
You never saw the Court before?

Arm. No certain,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.

Christ. Ye shall see anon,
That that will make ye start indeed, such Beauties,
Such Riches, and such Form.

Enter Bakam, Siana, and Governor.

Soza. We are Fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of Nature sure
Inhabits here.

Arm. These sure are all Islanders.

Pin. Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty Lovers.

Arm. They are goodly Persons; what might he be, Sig-
That bears so proud a State? (nior,

Pin. King of *Bakam*,
Fellow that farts Terror.

Eman. He looks highly,
As he was begot o' th' top of a Steeple.

Christ. It may well be,
For you shall hear him ring anon.

Pin. That is *Siana*,
And a brave temper'd Fellow, and more Valiant.

Soza. What rugged Face is that?

Pin. That's the great Governor,
The Man surpriz'd our Friend, I told ye of him.

Arm. 'Has dangerous Eyes.

Pin. A perilous Thief, and subtle.

Christ. And to that subtilty a Heart of Iron.

Pin. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.

Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the Eyes.

Bak. Away ye poor ones,

I in competition with such Bubbles?

Virtue, and my Name rank'd with such Trifles?

Sia. Ye speak loud.

Bakam. Young Man, I will speak louder;
Can any Man but I deserve her Favour,
You petty Princes?

Pin. He will put 'em all in's Pocket.

Sia. Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of Glory,
So full of Vanity.

Bakam. How? I contemn thee,
And that Fort-keeping Fellow.

Pin. How the Dog looks,
The bandog Governor?

Gov. Ha, Why?

Bakam. Away thing,
And keep your Rank with those that fit your Royalty;
Call out the Princess.

Gov. Dost thou know me, Bladder,
Thou insolent Impostume?

Bakam. I despise thee.

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my Nature, Bady?
With my revenge for Injuries? Dar'st thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?

Bakam. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all Honours, all Atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best Doer
I keep at my command, Fortune's my Servant,
'Tis in my Power now to despise such Wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,
And but she daines at some hours to remember ye,
And People have bestowed some Titles on ye,
I should forget your Names——

Sia. Mercy of me;
What a blown Fool has self Affection
Made of this Fellow? Did not the Queen your Mother
Long for Bellows, and Bagpipes, when she was great with
She brought forth such a windy Birth? (ye,

Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a Drum, and was deliver'd of Alarum,
Or else he was swaddled in an old Sail when he was young.

Sia. He swells too mainly with his Meditations;

Faith

Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Princes,
But those are but poor things to you; talk wiser,
'Twill well become your Mightiness; talk less,
That Men may think ye can do more.

Gov. Talk Truth,
That Men may think ye are honest, and believe ye,
Or talk your self asleep, for I am weary of you.

Bakam. Why? I can talk and do.

Gov. That would do excellent.

Bakam. And tell you, only I deserve the Princess,
And make good only I, if you dare, you Sir,
Or you Siana's Prince.

Pin. Here's a Storm toward,
Methinks it sings already; to him, Governor.

Gov. Here lies my Proof.

[Draw.

Sia. And mine.

Gov. I'll be short with ye,
For these long Arguments I was never good at.

Pin. How white the Boaster looks?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Arm. I see he lacks Faith.

Ruy. For shame forbear great Princes, rule your Angers,
You violate the Freedom of this Place,

The State and Royalty——

Gov. He's well contented
It seems, and so I have done.

Arm. Is this she, Signior?

Pin. This is the Princess, Sir.

Arm. She is sweet and goodly,

An admirable Form, they have cause to justle.

Quisara. Ye wrong me and my Court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your Love wrapt in Violence to seek us?

Is't fit, though you be great, my Presence should be
Stain'd, and polluted with your bloody Rages?

My Privacies affrighted with your Swords?

He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my Servants.

Omnes. We are calm as Peace.

Arm. What Command she carries?

And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her?

Quisar. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your Resolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention,
Who loves me to my Face best, or who can flatter most,
Can carry me; he that deserves my Favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, Love and Majesty,
Must win me with his worth; must travel for me,
Must put his hasty Rage off, and put on
A well confirm'd, a temperate, and true Valour.

Omnes. But shew the way.

Quisar. And will, and then shew you
A Will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.

Pin. What Task now

Will she turn 'em to? These hot Youths
I fear will find a cooling Card, I read in her Eyes
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst 'em;
By this Hand I love her a little now.

Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal Brother, now miserable,
And Prisoner to that Man; if I were Ambitious,
Gap'd for that Glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie his Miseries upon him:
If I were covetous, and my Heart set
On Riches, and those base Effects that follow
On Pleasures uncontroll'd, or safe Revenges,
There he should die, his Death will give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all;
Yet all these flattering shews of Dignity,
Those golden dreams of Greatness cannot force
To forget Nature and my fair Affection.
Therefore that Man that would be known my Lover,
Must be known his Redeemer, and must bring him
Either alive or dead to my Embraces,
For even his Bones I scorn shall feel such Slavery,
Or seek another Mistress; 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great Adventure,
Fit for a Spirit of an equal Greatness;
But being done, the Reward is worthy of it.

Christ. How they stand gaping all?

Quisar.

Quisar. *Ruy Dias* cold?

Not fly like Fire into it? May be you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my Husband Prince;
By the bright Heav'ns he is, by whose justice
I openly proclaim it; if I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my Falshood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the Cause will ask it.
Great Acts require great Counsels.

Quisar. Take your Pleasure,
I fear the *Portugal*.

Bakam. I'll raise an Army
That shall bring back this Island, Fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfather's Days.

Sia. What may be,
And what my Power can promise, noblest Lady,
My Will I am sure stands fair.

Quisar. Fair be your Fortune,
Few Promises are best, and fair Performance.

Gov. These cannot do,
Their Power and Arts are weak ones.
'Tis in my Will, I have this King your Brother,
He is my Prisoner, I accept your Proffer,
And blest the fair Occasion that atchiev'd him:
I love ye, and I honour ye; but speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be rendred,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your Wishees, Lady——

Quisar. No, I scorn ye,
You and your Courtesie; I hate your Love, Sir;
And e'er I would so basely win his Liberty,
I would study to forget he was my Brother;
By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Pin. As I live, a rare Wench.

Arm. She has a noble Spirit.

Gov. By force?

Quisfar. Yes Sir, by force, and make you glad too
To let him go.

Gov. How? You may look nobler on me,
And think me no such Boy; by force he must not,
For your Love much may be.

Quisfar. Put up your Passion,
And pack ye home; I say, by Force, and suddenly.
He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a Brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him;
Yet to receive him as thy Courtesie,
With all the Honour thou couldst add unto him
From his Hands that most hate him, I had rather,
Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far sunk i' th' Earth, and there forget him.

Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good Governor.

Arm. A rare Woman.

Gov. Lady,

I'll pull this Pride, I'll quench this Bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud Princess; this neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King most miserable;
Shall turn him into Curses 'gainst thy Cruelty:
For where before I us'd him like a King,
And did those Royal Offices unto him:
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a Dungeon,
Loaden with Chains and Fetters, Colds and Hunger,
Darkness, and lingring Death for his Companions;
And let me see who dare attempt his Rescue,
What desperate Fool? Look toward it; farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy Follies,
Nay I will make thee kneel to take my Offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in Puppits. [*Exit.*]

Quisfar. If none dare undertake it, I'll live a Mourner.

Bakam. You cannot want.

Sia. You must not.

Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise Men wou'd proceed with Care and Counsel,
Yet

Yet some way would I knew——

Walk with me, Gentlemen——

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent, Armusia, and his Companions.

Arm. How do you like her Spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,

Clog'd with no dirty stuff, she is all pure Honour.

Ema. The bravest Wench I ever look'd upon,

And of the strongest parts, she is most fair,

Yet her Mind such a Mirrour——

Arm. What an Action

Wou'd this be to put forward on, what a Glory,

And what an everlasting Wealth to end it?

Methinks my Soul is strangely rais'd.

Soza. To step into it,

Just while they think, and e'er they have determin'd,

To bring the King off.

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Ema. And prosper'd best, when they were least confi-

Arm. Bless me my hopes,

(*der'd.*)

And you my Friends assist me.

None but our Companions.

Soza. You deal wisely,

And if we shrink, the name of Slaves die with us.

Ema. Stay not for second Thoughts.

Arm. I am determin'd;

And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,

And my brave Offer shall be turn'd to Story,

Worthy the Princess Tongue. A Boat, that's all

That's unprovided, and Habits like to Merchants,

The rest we'll counsel as we go.

Soza. Away then,

Fortune looks fair on those, make haste to win her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Keeper, and two or three Moors.

Keep. I Have kept many a Man, and many a great one,
Yet I confess, I never saw before

A

A Man of such a sufferance; he lies now (him,
 Where I would not lay my Dog, for sure 'twould kill
 Where neither light or comfort can come near him;
 Nor Air, nor Earth that's wholesome; it grieves me
 To see a mighty King with all his Glory,
 Sunk o'th' sudden to the bottom of a Dungeon.
 Whether should we descend that are poor Rascals,
 If we had our Deserts?

1 Moor. 'Tis a strange wonder,
 Load him with Irons, oppress him with Contempts,
 Which are the Governor's commands, give him nothing,
 Or so little, to sustain Life, 'tis next nothing;
 They stir not him, he smiles upon his Miseries,
 And bears 'em with such strength, as if his Nature
 Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with Calamities.

2 Moor. He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
 Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
 And in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.

Keep. I'll be sworn
 He fears not, for even when I shake for him,
 As many times my Pity will compel me,
 When other Souls, that bear not half his Burthen,
 Shrink in their Powers, and burst with their Oppressions;
 'Then will he sing, wooe his Afflictions,
 And court 'em in sad Airs, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

1 Moor. That's more than we have heard yet, we are
 Appointed for his Guard, but not so near him, (only
 If we could hear that wonder——

Keep. Many times
 I fear the Governor should come to know it;
 For his Voice so affects me, so delights me,
 That when I find his hour, I have Musick ready,
 And it stirs me infinitely; be but still and private,
 And you may chance to hear.

King appears laden with Chains, his Head and Arms only above.

2 Moor. We will not stir, Sir;
 This is a sudden change, but who dares blame it.

Keep. Now hark and melt, for I am sure I shall;
 Stand silent; what stubborn weight of Chains——

1 Moor. Yet he looks temperately.

2 Moor.

2 *Moor.* His Eyes not sunk, and his Complexion firm
No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him, (still,
How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted?

With what a Majesty he heaves his Head up? [*Musick.*

Keep. Now mark, I know he will sing; do not disturb
him. (Sir,

Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more,
Or in my power to make it handsomer.

King. Do not transgress thy charge, I take his Bounty,
And Fortune, whilst I bear a Mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the Glory I am fallen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my Slave, and I appear above thee.

Keep. The Governor himself.

Gov. What, at your Banquet?

And in such State, and with such change of Service?

King. Nature's no Glutton, Sir, a little serves her.

Gov. This Diet's wholesome then.

King. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented Mind, give him less next;
These full Meals will oppress his Health, his Grace
Is of a tender and pure Constitution,
And such Repletions——

King. Mock, mock, it moves not me, Sir,
Thy Mirths, as do thy Mischiefs, fly behind me.

Gov. Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me Patience,

Do not you curse the brave and royal Lady,

Your gracious Sister? do not you damn her Pity,

Damn twenty times a Day, and damn it seriously?

Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?

The very Soul sweat in thee with the Agony

Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her

For being so injurious to thy Fortune,

Thy fair and happy Fortune? Couldst not thou wish her

A Bastard, or a Whore, Fame might proclaim her;

Black ugly Fame, or that thou hadst had no Sister?

Spitting the general Name out, and the Nature;

Blaspheming Heav'n for making such a mischief;

For giving Power to Pride, and Will to Woman?

King.

King. No Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
 And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
 As many Plagues as the corrupted Air breeds,
 As many Mischiefs as the Hours have Minutes,
 As many forms of Death, as Doubt can figure;
 Yet I should love more still, and more honour her;
 All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
 No, not the stroke of Death, that I despise too:
 For if Fear could possess me, thou hadst won me;
 As little from this hour I prize thy Flatteries,
 And less than these thy Prayers, though thou would'st
 And if she be not Mistress of this Nature, (kneel to me;
 She is none of mine, no kin, and I condemn her.

Gov. Are you so valiant, Sir?

King. Yes, and so fortunate;
 For he that holds his Constancy still conquers;
 Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble Enemy,
 And as at first, made my Restraint seem to me
 But only as the shadow of Captivity,
 I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
 A valiant, great, and worthy Man, still lov'd thee,
 And still prefer'd thy fair Love to my Sister;
 But to compel this from me with a Misery,
 A most inhumane, and unhandsome Slavery——

Gov. You will relent for all this talk, I fear not,
 And put your Wits a-work again.

King. You are cozen'd;
 Or if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
 So fearful to give way to so much Poverty,
 How I should curse her Heart, if she consented?

Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or——

King. Do thy utmost,
 And e'en in all thy Tortures I'll laugh at thee.
 I'll think thee no more valiant, but a Villain;
 Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a Thief,
 Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
 Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest;
 Nor no way live to build a Name, thou art Barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him Murmur,
 And see his Diet be so light and little,

He grow not thus high-hearted on't; I will cool ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly; and your Sister taken
Your scornful, cruel Sister, shall repent too (down,
And sue to me for Grace.

Give him no liberty,
But let his Bands be doubled, his Ease lessened;
Nothing his Heart desires, but vex and torture him:
Let him not sleep, nothing that's dear to Nature
Let him enjoy, yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near Death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her stout Heart that stands on such Defiance;
And let me see her Champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty wooers, keep your Guards close,
And as you love your Lives be diligent,
And what I charge, observe.

Omnes. We shall be Dutiful.

Gov. I'll pull your Courage King, and all your Bravery.

[*Exit Governor.*]

1 Moor. Most certain he is resolved, nothing can stir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to Fear or Hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly be sunk down to his Sorrows,
As some Men do to their sleeps.

Keep. Yes, and sleeps with 'em;
So little he regards them, there's the wonder,
And often soundly sleeps; wou'd I durst pity him,
Or wou'd it were in my Will, but we are Servants,
And tied unto command.

2 Moor. I wish him better,
But much I fear h'as found his Tomb already,
We must observe our Guards.

1 Moor. He cannot last long,
And when he is dead, he is free.

Keep. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.

2 Moor. That's as he please;
For that Man that resolves, needs no Phyfician. [*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Armusia, Soza, and Emanuel like Merchants, arm'd underneath.

Arm. Our prosperous Passage was an Omen to us,
A lucky and a fair Omen.

Omnes. We believe it. (friend us,

Arm. The Sea and Wind strove who should most be-
And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So lead us forth---Where lies the Boat that brought us?

Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no Eye can suspect, nor Thought come near it.

Em. But where have you been, brave Sir?

Arm. I have broke the Ice, Boys,
I have begun the Game, fair Fortune guide it;
Suspectless have I travell'd all the Town through,
And in this Merchant's shape won much Acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the Prison is, and what Power guards it.

Soz. These will be strong Attempts.

Arm. Courage is strong;
What we begun with Policy, my dear Friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.

Em. Shame his that hopes it.

Arm. Better a few, and clearer Fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our Memories,
Than if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will stile us Worthies.

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail-----

Arm. I am sure ye dare not.
Then farther know, and let no Ear be near us,
That may be false.

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our Lives and Fortunes yours.

Arm. Hard by the place then
Where all his Treasure lies, his Arms, his Women,
Close by the Prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a Trading Merchant,
A Cellar to that too, to stow my Wares in,

The

The very Wall of which joins to his Store-house.

Soz. What of all this?

Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not ;
Into that Cellar, elected Friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it ;
That that will make all shake, and smook too.

Em. Ha ?

(*Etice;*

Arm. My Thoughts have not been idle, nor my pra-
The Fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material Flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet ;
Powder is ready, and enough to work it,
The Match is left a-fire, all, all hush'd, and lockt close,
No Man suspecting what I am but Merchant :
An hour hence, my brave Friends, look for the fury,
The Fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 'twill take.

Soz. What are our Duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his Wits, to see the Flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to Ashes all he worships,
And all the People there to stop these Ruins,
No Man regarding any private Office ;
Then flie we to the Prison suddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Em. Then to our Swords and good Hearts,
I long for it.

Arm. Certain we shall not find much Opposition,
But what is must be forced.

Soz. 'Tis bravely cast, Sir,
And surely too, I hope.

Arm. If the Fire fail not,
And Powder hold his Nature, some must presently
Upon the first cry of th' amazed People,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the Misery)
Be ready with the Boat upon an instant,
And then all's right and fair.

Em. Bless us dear Fortune.

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our Courage,

And

And Fortune must befriend us; come, all sever,
But keep still within sight, when the flame rises
Let's meet, or either do, or die.

Soza. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Governor, and Captain.

Gov. No Captain, for those Troops we need 'em not,
The Town is strong enough to stand their Furies;
I wou'd see them come, and offer to do something.
They are high in words.

Capt. 'Tis safer, Sir, than doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare Attempt?

Capt. May be by Treaty,

But sure by Force they will not prove so froward. (enough,

Gov. No Faith, I warrant thee, they know me well
And know they have no Child in hand to play with:
They know my Nature too, I have bit some of 'em,
And to the Bones, they have reason to remember me,
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The Fools are in their Promises, and how pregnant
Their Wits and Powers are to bring things to pass;
Am I not grown lean with loss of Sleep and Care
To prevent these Threatnings, Captain?

Capt. You look well, Sir:

Upon my Conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such Conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not:

Well, wou'd I had this Wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there's another charge, Captain;
What betwixt Love and Brawling I got nothing,
All goes in Maintenance——

Hark, What was that,

[*The Train takes.*

That noise there? It went with a violence.

Capt. Some old Wall belike, Sir,
That had no neighbour help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these Rascals,
That are not able to maintain their Buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

Within. Fire, Fire.

Gov.

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on fresher still, 'tis loud and fearful;
Look up into the Town, how bright the Air shews;
Upon my Life some sudden Fire. [Exit Cap.
The Bell too? [Bell Rings.

I hear the Noise more clear.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Fire, Fire.

Gov. Where? Where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchant's House, Sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help, good People.

Gov. Pox o' their Paper-houses, how they smother,
They light like Candles, how the Roar still rises?

Enter Captain.

Capt. Your Magazine's a fire Sir, help, help suddenly,
The Castle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be lost, get the People presently,
And all that are your Guard, and all help, all Hands, Sir,
Your Wealth, your Strength, is burnt else, the Town pe-
The Castle now begins to flame. (risht;

Gov. My Soul shakes. (him,

Cap. A Merchant's House next joining? Shame light on
That ever such a Neighbour, such a Villain——

Gov. Raise all the Garrison, and bring 'em up,

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the People forward——Oh I have lost all
In one House, all my hopes; good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your Powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh cursed Fortune—— (zens,
The Flame's more violent; arise still, help, help, Citi-
Freedom and Wealth to him that helps; follow, oh follow.
Fling Wine or any thing, I'll see't recompenc'd.
Buckets, more Buckets; Fire, Fire, Fire. [Ex. omnes.

Enter Armusia, and his Company.

Arm Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our Discovery.

Soza. Hark, what a merry cry
These Hounds make! Forward fairly,
We are not seen in the Mist; we are not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we lose our Fortune—— [Exit.

Enter

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Cap. Up Soldiers, up, and deal like Men.

Cit. More Water, more Water, all is consum'd else.

Cap. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight, your
Wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your Labour
Up, up, away. (bravely.)

[*Ex. Cap. and Cit. Then,*

*Enter Armusia and his Companions breaking open
a Door.*

Arm. So, thou art open, keep the way clear
Behind still. Now for the place.

Sold. 'Tis here, Sir.

Arm. Sure this is it.

Force open the Door——A miserable Creature!

Yet by his manly Face—— [The King discover'd.]

King. Why stare ye on me?

You cannot put on Faces to affright me:

In death I am a King still, and condemn ye;

Where is that Governor? Methinks his Man-hood

Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,

And come to bath his stern Eyes in my Sorrows;

I dare him to the sight, bring his scorns with him,

And all his rugged Threats; here's a Throat, Soldiers;

Come, see who can strike deepest.

Ema. Break the Chain there.

King. What does this mean?

Arm. Come, talk of no more Governors,
He has other business, Sir, put your Legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a Man,
We'll carry off your Head else; we are Friends,
And come to give your Sorrows ease.

Soza. On bravely;
Delays may lose again.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The Guard.

Soza. Upon 'em.

Arm. Make speedy, and sure Work.

Ema. They fly.

(be speedy;

Arm. Up with him, and to the Boat; stand fast, now
When this heat's past, we'll sing our History.

Away,

Away, like Thoughts, sudden as Desires, Friends;
Now sacred Chance be ours.

Soza. Pray when we have done, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three or four Citizens severally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the Fire allaid?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,

Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly,
I'll assure you Neighbours, since I was a Man:

I have been burnt at both ends like a Squib,
I liv'd two hours in the Fire, 'twas a hideous matter;
But when Men of Understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things; my Wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tost the Buckets, Boys.

3 *Cit.* We are all meer Martins.

1 *Cit.* I heard a Voice at latter end o' th' hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said Treason. (was

2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough, it might cry Murder too, for there
Many without a joint, but what's that to us: Let's home
And fright our Wives, for we look like Devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us. (band.

1 *Wom.* Mine's alive Neighbour----Oh sweet hony Hus-

2 *Cit.* Thou liest, I think abominably, and thou hadst been
in my place, thou would'st have stunk at both ends.

Get me some Drink, give me whole Tuns of Drink,
Whole Cisterns, for I have four dozen of fine Firebrands
in my Belly, I have more smoke in my Mouth, than would
sate a hundred Herrings.

2 *Wom.* Art thou come safe again? (Well?

3 *Wom.* I pray you what became of my Man, is he in a

2 *Cit.* At Heart's ease in a Well, is very well Neighbour;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets,

Thy Husband's happy, he was through roasted,

and now he's basting of himself at all Points:

The Clark and he are cooling their Pericraniums;

body oh me Neighbours, there's Fire in my Codpiece.

1 *Wom.* Bless my Husband. (Store-house

2 *Cit.* Blow it out Wife--Blow, blow, the Gable end a'th'

Women. Some Water, Water, Water.

N 2

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Peace, 'tis but a sparkle;
 Raise not the Town again, 'twill be a great hindrance,
 I'm glad 'tis out, and't had ta'en in my Hay-loft?
 What frights are these, marry Heav'n bless thy modicum.

3 *Wom.* But is a drown'd outright, pray put me out of
 Fear, Neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Thou wouldst have it so, but after a hundred Fires
 More, he'll live to see thee burnt for brewing musty
 Liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's go Neighbour.

2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this Liquor;
 Come, come, I fry like a burnt Mary-bone:
 Women get you afore, and draw upon us;
 Run Wenches, run, and let your Taps run with ye;
 Run as the fire were in your Tails, cry Ale, Ale.

Wom. Away, let's nourish the poor Wretches.

2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldier, and Guard.

Gov. The Fire's quench'd Captain, but the Mischief
 hangs still;
 The King's redeem'd, and gone too; a Trick, a damn'd
 Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely. (one)

Capt. Where were the Guard that waited upon the
 Prison?

Sol. Most of 'em slain, yet some scap'd, Sir, and they
 deliver,

They saw a little Boat ready to receive him,
 And those redeem'd him, making such haste and Fighting;
 Fighting beyond the force of Men.

Gov. I am lost, Captain,
 And all the World will laugh at this, and scorn me:
 Count me a heavy sleepy Fool, a Coward,
 A Coward past recovery, a confirm'd Coward,
 One without Carriage, or common Sense.

Sol. He's gone, Sir,
 And put to Sea amain, past our recovery,
 Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
 The People stand amazed so at their Valour,
 And the sudden fright of Fire, none knows to execute.

Gov.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my Limbs, and knock my Boys
Gainst every Post I meet; fool'd with a Fire? (Brains

Capt. It was a crafty Trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident, sluggish lazy, had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen Blows, I had forgiv'n 'em;
By both these Hands held up, and by that brightness
That gilds the World with Light, by all our Worships,
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue Ocean,
I will not rest; no Mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my Mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this Dishonour:
Make ready my *Barrato's* instantly,
And what I shall intend——

Capt. We are your Servants.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Quisara, and Ruy Dias.

Quisara. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a Deed,
Might draw me to a Thought, you sought my Favour:
If not for love of me, for love of Arms, Sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of Honour,
Of which you stile your self the mighty Master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an Offer,
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward Face.

Ruy. Dear Lady, hold me——

Quisara. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint Servant.

Ruy. By——I dare do——

Quisara. In a Lady's Chamber

I dare believe ye, there's no mortal danger:
Give me the Man that dares do, to deserve that:
I thought you *Portugals* had been rare Wonders,
Men of those haughty Courages and Credits,
That all things were confin'd within your Promises,
The Lords of Fate and Fortune I believ'd ye,
But well I see I am deceiv'd *Ruy Dias*,
And blame, too late, my much Belief.

Ruy. I am asham'd, Lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your Offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,

And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in Act as soon, some preparation?

Quifar. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, Lady, and so great too;
In which, the Noise of all my Country-men——

Quifar. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd
And though he be restor'd alive. (ones,

Ruy. I have ye.

Quifar. For then we are both Servants.

Ruy. I conceive ye,
Good Madam give me leave to turn my Fancies.

Quifar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you.
[Exit.

Ruy. My self, my Cousin, and the Garrison,
The Neighbours of the out-Isles of our Nation,
Siana's strength, for I can humour him:
And proud *Bekamus*, I shall deceive his Glory. [About.
What ringing sound of Joy is this? Whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.

Enter Piniero, and Christophero.

Pin. Where are ye?

Ruy. Now *Piniero*, what's the haste you seek me?

Pin. Do you know this Sign, Sir?

Ruy. Ha!

Pin. Do you know this Emblem?
Your Nose is boar'd.

Ruy. Boar'd? what's that?

Pin. You're topt, Sir:

The King's come home again, the King.

Ruy. The Devil?

Pin. Nay sure he came a God's Name home;
He's return'd, Sir.

Christ. And all this Joy ye hear——

Ruy. Who durst attempt him?

The Princes are all here.

Christ. They are worthy Princes,
They are special Princes, all they love by Ounces.
Believe it Sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely and easily.
What fortune have ye lost, Sir?
What Justice have ye now unto this Lady?

Pin.

Pin. How stands your Claim?
That ever Man should be fool'd so;
When he should do and prosper; stand protesting,
Kissing the Hand, and fawning for a Favour,
When he should be about his Business sweating;
She bid you go, and pick'd you out a purpose, (one,
To make yourself a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty
A lovely, that now you may go look, she pointed ye,
Knowing you were a Man of Worth and Merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a fair flight on't,
You have caught a Goose.

Ruy. How dare you thus molest me? [A shout.
It cannot be.

Christ. Hark how the general Joy rings!

Pin. Have you your hearing left? Is not that Drunk too?
For if you had been sober, you had been wise sue.

Ruy. Done? Who dares do?

Pin. It seems an honest Fellow,
That has ended his Market before you be up.

Christ. The shame on't's a Stranger too.

Pin. 'Tis no shame,
He took her at her Word, and tied the Bargain,
Dealt like a Man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the Cause, as he will do to the Lady:
'Is a Fellow of that speed and handsomness,
He will get her with Child too, e'ery you shall come to know
Is it not brave, a Gentleman scarce Landed, (him;
Scarce eating of the Air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of Love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At the first sight too——

Ruy. I am undone.

Pin. Like an Oyster:
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such Deeds as these——Pox o' these,
These wise delayings——
They make Men Cowards.
You are undone as a Man would undo an Egg,
A hundred shames about ye.

Enter Quisara, Panura, and Train.

Quisar. Can it be possible,
A Stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A Man I never grac'd; O Captain, Captain,
What shall I do? I am betray'd by Fortune,
It cannot be, it must not be.

Pin. It is Lady,
And by my Faith a handsome Gentleman;
'Tis his poor Schollar's Prize.

Quisar. Must I be given
Unto a Man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what Nation?

Pin. Is a *Portugal*,
And of as good a pitch, he will be giv'n to you Lady,
For he's given much to handsome Flesh.

Quisar. Oh *Ruy Dias*,
This was your sloath, your sloath, your sloath, *Ruy Dias*.

Pin. Your love sloath, Unkle, do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully: [*A shout.*]
And then th' other had lyed ready for ye;
Madam, the general joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it——But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying Boughs, Boys singing after 'em;
Then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; the Princes
and Train following.

Quisar. Oh my dear Brother, what a joy runs through
To see you safe again, your self, and mighty, (me,
What a blest Day is this?

King. Rise up fair Sister,
I am not welcome till you have embrac'd me.

Ruy. A general gladness, Sir, flies through the City,
And Mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly;
'Twas a brave venture who so e'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much Honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd great Sir,
And in short time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In sight of all his Threats.——

King. I thank ye, Gentleman.

Ruy. And all his Subtilties, to set you free,

With

With all his Heart and Will too.

King. I know ye love me.

Pin. This had been good with something done before
Something set off to beautifie it, now it sounds empty,
like (Marrow.

A Barber's Bason, pox there's no Metal in't, no noble

Bakam. I have an Army, Sir, but that the Governor,
The foolish Fellow was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became him too,
That would have scour'd him else, and all his Confines;
That would have rung him such a Peal——

Pin. Yes backward,
To make Dogs houl, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy Army's good for Hawks, there's
Nothing but Sheeps Hearts in it.

Sia. I have done nothing, Sir, therefore
I think it convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my Love intended.

King. I like your Modesty,
And thank ye royal Friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my Misery ; but this Man, Princess,
I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this Man saw me in't, and redeemed me :
He lookt upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This Sister, this, this all Man, this all Valour,
This pious Man.

Ruy. My Countenance, it shames me,
One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds, Sea-sick, not season'd--
Oh I have boy'd my self.

King. This noble Bulwark,
This Launce and Honour of our Age and Kingdom ;
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the Name of Friend to,
This, this Man from the Bowels of my Sorrows
Has new begot my Name, and once more made me :
Oh Sister, if there may be Thanks for this,
Or any thing near Recompence invented.

Arm. You are too noble, Sir, there is Reward
Above my Action too by Millions :
A Recompence so rich and glorious,

I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promised;
 But that it was propounded, sworn and sealed
 Before the Face of Heav'n, I durst not hope it,
 For nothing in the Life of Man or Merit,
 It is so truly great, can else embrace it.

King. O speak it, speak it, bless mine Ears to hear it,
 Make me a happy Man, to know it may be,
 For still methinks I am a Prisoner,
 And feel no Liberty before I find it.

Arm. Then know it is your Sister, she is mine, Sir,
 I claim her by her own word, and her Honour;
 It was her open Promise to that Man
 That durst redeem ye; Beauty set me on,
 And Fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.

King. Receive ye, Sir---why Sister--ha---so backward,
 Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has ventured?
 My dearest Sister.

Arm. Good Sir, pardon me,
 There is a blushing Modesty becomes her,
 That holds her back; Women are nice to woove, Sir;
 I would not have her forc'd, give her fair Liberty;
 For things compell'd and frighted, of soft Natures,
 Turn into Fears, and fly from their own wishes.

King. Look on him my *Quisara*, such another,
 Oh all ye Powers, so excellent in Nature!
 In Honour so abundant!—

Quisara. I confess, Sir,
 Confess my word is past too, he has purchased;
 Yet good Sir, give me leave to think; but time
 To be acquainted with his Worth and Person;
 To make me fit to know it; we are both Strangers,
 And how we should believe so suddenly,
 Or come to fasten our Affections ———
 Alas, Love has his Complements.

King. Be sudden
 And certain in your way, no Woman doubles,
 Nor coy delays, you are his, and so assure it,
 Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;
 Respect your word, I know you will; come Sister,
 Let's see what welcome you can give a Prisoner,

And

And what fair looks a Friend——Oh my most Noble
Princes, no Discontents, but all be lusty,
He that frowns this Day is an open Enemy :
Thus in my Arms, my dear.

Arm. You make me blush, Sir.

King. And now lead on——
Our whole Court crown'd with Pleasure.

Ruy. Madam, despair not, something shall be done yet,
And suddenly, and wisely.

Quisar. O *Ruy Dias*.

[*Ex.*

Pin. Well, he's a brave Fellow, and he has deserv'd
her richly; (men.

And you have had your Hands full I dare swear, Gentle-
Seza. We have done something, Sir, if it hit right.

Christ. The Woman has no Eyes else, nor no Honesty,
So much I think.

Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
To the King's Health, and my brave Country-man's.

My Uncle looks as though he were sick o'th'

Worms, Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Piniero.

Mine Uncle haunts me up and down, looks melan-
choly,

Wondrous proof Melancholy, sometimes swears, (Bots,
Then whistles, starts, cries and groans, as if he had the
As to say truth, I think h'as little better,

And wou'd fain speak ; bids me good Morrow at Midnight,
And good Night when 'tis Noon ; has something hovers
About his Brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not ; still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,

Like an old Dog at a dead scent ? I marry,

There was a Sigh wou'd a set a Ship a sailing ;

These winds of love and honour, blow at all ends.

Now

Now speak and't be thy Will : Good-morrow Uncle.

Ruy. Good-morrow, Sir.

Pin. This is a new Salute :

Sure h'as forgot me ; this is pur-blind *Cupid*.

Ruy. My Nephew ?

Pin. Yes, Sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ruy. I wou'd fain speak with you.

Pin. I wou'd fain have ye, Sir,

For to that end I stay.

Ruy. You know I love ye,

And I have lov'd ye long, my dear *Piniero*,

Bred and supply'd you.

Pin. Whither walks this Preamble ?

Ruy. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I sure had a Father's Care, a Father's Tenderness.

Pin. Sure he would wrap me into something now sud-
He doubts my Nature in, for mine is honest, (denly,
He winds about me so.

Ruy. A Father's Diligence.

My private Benefits I have forgot, Sir,

But those you might lay claim to as my Follower ;

Yet some Men wou'd remember ———

Pin. I do daily.

(weak one,

Ruy. The Place which I have put ye in, which is no
Next to my self you stand in all Employments,
Your Counsels, Cares, Assignments with me equal,
So is my study still to plant your Person ;
These are small Testimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.

Pin. Sure you cannot.

Ruy. Oh *Piniero* ———

Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you,

What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost

(I must confess, in those that understand ye)

Some little of your Credit, but time will cure that ;

The best my slip sometimes.

Ruy. Oh my best Nephew ———

Pin. It may be ye fear her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her self, or be forc'd from ye.

Ruy.

Ruy. She is ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that Stranger,
That Flag stuck up to rob me of mine Honour ;
That murd'ring Chain shot at me from my Country ;
That goodly Plague that I must court to kill me.

Pin. Now it comes flowing from him, I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill too,
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess it Nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me like a Name in Sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin ;
And if he rise and blaze, farewell my Fortune ;
And when that's set, where's thy Advancement, Cousin?
That were a Friend, that were a noble Kinsman.
That would consider these ; that Man were grateful ;
And he that durst do something here, durst love me.

Pin. You say true, 'tis worth Consideration,
Your Reasons are of weight, and mark me Uncle,
For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you.
Say this *Armusia* then were taken off,
As it may be easily done,
How stands the Woman?

Ruy. She is mine for ever ;
For she contemns his deed and him.

Pin. Pox on him.
Or if the single Pox be not sufficient,
The Hogs, the Dogs, the Devils Pox possess him :
'Faith this *Armusia* stumbles me, 'tis a brave Fellow ;
And if he could be spared, Uncle——

Ruy. I must perish ;
Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my Credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth——

Pin. I understand you now, who set you on too,
I had a reasonable good Opinion of the Devil
Till this hour ; and I see he is a Knave indeed,
An arrant, stinking Knave, for now I smell him ;
I'll see what may be done then, you shall know
You have a Kinsman, but no Villain, Uncle,

Nor

Nor no betrayer of fair Fame, I scorn it ;
 I love and honour Virtue; I must have
 Access unto the Lady, to know her Mind too,
 A good word from her Mouth you know may stir me ;
 A Lady's look at setting on——

Ruy. You say well,
 Here Cousin, here's a Letter ready for you,
 And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you,
 And with what dare direct.

Pin. Farewel then Uncle,
 After I have talk'd with her, I am your Servant,
 To make you honest if I can——else hate you.
 Pray ye no more Compliments, my Head is busie, Heav'n
 What a malicious Soul does this Man carry? (blest me;
 And to what scurvy things this Love converts us?
 What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us?
 Murther's a moral Virtue with these Lovers,
 A special piece of Divinity, I take it :
 I may be mad, or violently drunk,
 Which is a Whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
 And learn to murther Men's Estates, that's base too;
 Or proud, but that's a Paradise to this ;
 Or envious, and sit eating of my self
 At others Fortunes ; I may lie, and damnably,
 Beyond the Patience of an honest hearer ;
 Cozen Cutpurses, sit i'th' Stocks for Apples.
 But when I am a Lover, Lord have mercy,
 These are poor pelting Sins, or rather Plagues,
 Love and Ambition draw the Devil's Coach.

Enter Quisana, and Panura. (ers,

How now ! who are these? Oh my great Lady's follow-
 Her Riddle-founders, and her Fortune-tellers.
 Her Readers of her Love-lectures, her Inflamers :
 These Doors I must pass through, I hope they are wide.
 Good day to your Beauties; how they take it to 'em ?
 As if they were fair indeed.

Quisana. Good morrow to you, Sir. (bustles?

Pin. That's the old Hen, the Brood-bird; how she
 How like an Inventory of Lechery she looks?
 Many a good piece of Iniquity

Has

Has past her Hands, I warrant her——I beseech you,
Is the fair Princess stirring?

Pan. Yes, marry is she, Sir,
But somewhat private; you have a Business with her?

Pin. Yes forsooth have I, and a serious Business.

Pan. May not we know?

Pin. Yes, when you can keep Counsel.

Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a Soldier sure,
His rudeness fits so handsomely upon him.

Quisan. A good blunt Gentleman.

Pin. Yes marry am I:

Yet for a push or two at sharp, and't please you——

Pan. My honest Friend, you know not who you speak to:
This is the Princess's Aunt,

Pin. I like her better
And she were her Mother (Lady) or her Grandmother,
I am not so bashful, but I can Buckle with her.

Pan. Of what size is your Business?

Pin. Of the long Sixteens,
And will make way I warrant ye.

Pan. How fine he talks?

Pin. Nay in troth I talk but courselly, Lady,

But I hold it comfortable for the Understanding:

How fain they wou'd draw me into Ribaldry?

These Wenches that live easily, live high,

Love these broad Discourses, as they love Posssets;

These dry Delights serve for Preparatives.

Pan. Why do you look so on me?

Pin. I am guessing

(should be,

By the cast of your Face, what the Property of your Place

For I presume you turn a Key, sweet Beauty,

And you another, Gravity, under the Princess,

And by my----I warrant ye good Places,

Comely commodious Seats

Quisan. Prethee let him talk still,

For methinks he talks handsomely.

Pin. And truly,

As near as my Understanding shall enable me,

You look as if you kept my Lady's Secrets;

Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honestly.

How

How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th'
 And how their Hearts go Pit-a-pat, and look for it? (end.
 Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
 Your Gravity I guess, to take the Petitions,
 And hear the lingring suits in Love dispos'd,
 Their Sighs and Sorrows in their proper Place,
 You keep the Ay-me Office.

Quisan. Prethee suffer him,
 For as I live he's a pretty Fellow;
 I love to hear sometimes what Men think of us :
 And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no Malice:
 Proceed, good honest Man.

Pin. I will, good Madam.
 According to Mens States and Dignities,
 Monies and Moveables, you rate their Dreams,
 And cast the Nativity of their Desires,
 If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous :
 And if he promise Place, his Dreams are Oracles;
 Your antient practise Art too in these Discoveries,
 Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
 And who draws home, yield you no little Profit,
 For these ye milk by Circumstance.

Quisan. Ye are cunning.

Pin. And as they Oil ye, and advance your Spindle,
 So you draw out the Lines of Love; your Doors too,
 The Doors of destiny, that Men must pass through;
 These are fair Places.

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your Trap-doors,
 To pop Fools in it, that have no Providence ; (at,
 Your little Wickets, to work Wise-men, like Wires, thro'
 And draw their States and Bodies into Cobwebs;
 Your Postern Doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
 And would not have the World's Eye find their Knave-
 Your Doors of Danger, some Men hate a Pleasure, (ries:
 Unless that may be full of Fears; your hope Doors,
 And those are fine Commodities, where Fools pay
 For every new Encouragement, a new Custom;
 You have your Doors of Honour, and of Pleasure;
 But those are for great Princes, glorious Vanities,

That

That travel to be famous through Diseases;
There be the doors of Poverty and Death too:
But these you do the best you can to damn up,
For then your Gain goes out.

Quisan. This is a rare Lecture.

Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me,

I dare not venture on ye, ye cut too keen, Sir.

Enter Quisara.

Quisan. We thank you, Sir, for your good Mirth,
You are a good Companion.

Here comes the Princess now, attend your Business.

Quisar. Is there no Remedy, no Hopes can help me?
No Wit to set me free? Who's there ho?

Quisan. Troubled? Her looks are almost Wild:
What ails the Princess?

I know nothing she wants.

Quisar. Who's that there with you?
Oh Signior *Piniero*? You are most welcome:
How does your noble Unkle?

Pin. Sad as you are, Madam:
But he commends his Service, and this Letter.

Quisar. Go off, attend within—Fair Sir, I thank ye,
Pray be no Stranger, for indeed you are welcome;
For your own Virtues welcome.

Quisan. We are mistaken,
This is some brave Fellow sure.

Pan. I'm sure he's a bold Fellow:
But if she hold him so, we must believe it.

[*Exit.*

Quisar. Do you know of this, fair Sir?

Pin. I guess it, Madam,
And whether it intends: I had not brought it else.

Quisan. It is a Business of no common reckoning.

Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight Actions are rewarded with slight Thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in.

Quisar. And can you love your Unkle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a Faith?

Pin. Dare you say Ay to it,

OL. VI.

○

And

And set me on? 'Tis no matter for my Unkle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it?

Quislar. I wou'd fain——

Pin. Have it done, say but so, Lady.

Quislar. Conceive it so.

Pin. I will, 'tis that I am bound to:

Your Will that must command me, and your Pleasure,
The fair aspects of those Eyes that must direct me:
I am no Unkle's Agent, I am mine own, Lady;
I scorn my able Youth should plough for others,
Or my Ambition serve for Pay; I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any Man,
And the Reward I reach at, shall be equal,
And what Love spurs me on to, this desire,
Makes me forget an honest Man, a brave Man,
A valiant, and a virtuous Man, my Country-man, *Armistia*.
The delight of all the *Minions*,
This love of you, doting upon your Beauty, the admiration
of your Excellence,
Make me but Servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least Grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
And set your Thoughts at Peace; I am no Flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie a-bed, and swear Men into Feavers,
Like some of your trim Suiters; when I promise,
The Light is not more constant to the World,
Than I am to my Word——She turns for Millions.

Quislar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd Courage.

Pin. For a Tun of Crowns she turns; she is a Woman,
And much I fear, a worse than I expected.
You are the Object, Lady, you are the Eye
In which all Excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all Hearts take Fire, all Hands their Valour;
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his Estate, Father, Mother,
Friend, Wife, and Children,
He's a Fool, and I scorn him,
And't be but to make clear his Sword, a Coward;
Men have forgot their Fealty to Beauty.
Had I the place in your Affections,

My most unworthy Unkle is fit to fall from,
Liv'd in those blessed Eyes, and read the Stories
Of everlasting Pleasures figur'd there;
I wou'd find out your Commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, e'er you dream't of 'em.

Quislar. I admire his Boldness.

Pin. This, or any thing;
Your Brother's Death, mine Unkle's, any Man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my Youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my Strength, my Faith.

Quislar. No more, Sir;
I am too willing to believe, rest satisfied;
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful:
You are a handsome Gentleman, a fair one,
My Servant if you please; I seal it thus, Sir.
No more, till you deserve more.

[Exit.

Pin. I am rewarded:
This Woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her Tallons in, she's mischievous;
Form'd like the Face of Heav'n, clear and transparent;
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody Slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd, to what they wish; well Unkle,
What will become of this, and what Dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let Time tell;
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it.

[Exit.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Soza.

Ema. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have the Pleasures of the World, the Profits,
The Honour, and the Loves at your disposes?
Why should a Man that wants nothing, want his Quiet?
Arm. I want what Beggars are above me in, Content;
I want the Grace I have merited,
The Favour, the due Respect.

Soza. Does not the King allow it?

Arm. Yes, and all Honours else, all I can ask,
That he has Power to give; but from his Sister,
The scornful Cruelty, forgive me Beauty,
That I transgress from her that should look on me,

That should a little smile upon my Service,
And foster my Deserts for her own Faith's sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me.

Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, Sir?
Lamenting and disputing of your Grievances?
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen School-boy,
And cursing good-wife Fortune for this Favour?

Arm. What would you have me do?

Soza. Do what you should do,
What a Man would do in this case, a wise Man,
An understanding Man that knows a Woman;
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles;
Go to her, and take her in your Arms, and shake her,
Take her and toss her like a Bar.

Ema. But be sure you pitch her upon a Feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of Sheets, Sir.
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there;
There you may break her Will, and bruise no Bone, Sir.

Soza. Go to her.

Ema. That's the way.

Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock your self,
With being too indulgent to her Pride:
Let her hear roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye have deserved, and what she must be.

Ema. And be not put off like a common Fellow,
With The Princess would be private,
Or that she has taken Phyfick, and admits none;
I would talk to her any where.

Arm. It makes me smile.

Ema. Now you look handsomely:
Had I a Wench to win, I would so flutter her:
They love a Man that crushes 'em to Verjuice;
A Woman held at hard Meat, is your Spaniel.

Soza. Pray take our Council, Sir.

Arm. I shall do something,
But not your way, it shews too boisterous,
For my Affections are as fair and gentle,
As her they serve.

Enter

Enter King.

Soza. The King.

King. Why how now, Friend?

Why do you rob me of the Company
I love so dearly, Sir? I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my Pleasure:
Why sad? Thus sad still, Man? I will not have it;
I must not see the Face I love thus shadowed.

Ena. And't please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes
A Soldier should be jovial, high and lusty. (him:

King. He shall be so; come, come, I know your reason,
It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her,
Take my word, ('tis a King's word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your Grace has given me cause, I shall be, Sir,
And ever your poor Servant.

King. Me my self, Sir,
My better self, I shall find time, and suddenly,
To gratifie your Loves too, Gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks, no further Complement;
Will you go with me, Friend?

Arm. I beseech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private Business with my self, Sir,
For such a time.

King. I'll hinder no Devotion,
For I know you are regular; I'll take you Gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him,
I shall look for your Friend. [Exe. Manet Armusia.

Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir:
What shall I do to make her know my Misery,
To make her sensible? This is her Woman,
I have a Toy come to me suddenly,
It may work for the best, she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am I cannot tumble,
I'll try, what e'er my Fate be —— Good Even, fair one.

Pan. 'Tis the brave Stranger —— A good Night to you,
Now by my Lady's Hand, a goodly Gentleman! (Sir.

How happy shall she be in such a Husband?
Wou'd I were so provided too.

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you Company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this Evening.
I am an honest Man.

Pan. I dare believe ye:
Or if ye were not, Sir, that's no great matter,
We take Mens Promises; wou'd ye stay with me, Sir?

Arm. So it please you, pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princess's Gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near.

Pan. 'Tis like I do so.

Arm. And may befriend a Man, do him fair Courtesies,
If he have business your way.

Pan. I understand ye.

Arm. So kind an Office, that you may bind a Gentle-
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may bless the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handsome Faces should have courteous Minds,
And ready Faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business,
Yet if I think it to be her, your self, Sir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye stand, without a second,
For that but darkens, you wou'd do it better,
The Princess must be pleas'd with your Accesses;
I'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a Courtier's boldness,
And am yet but a Stranger, I wou'd fain speak with her.

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, Sir.

Arm. Pray ye wear this, and believe my Meaning civil,
My business of that fair Respect and Carriage;
This for our more Acquaintance. [*Gives her a Jewel.*]

Pan. How close he Kisses?
And how sensible the passings of his Lips are?
I must do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it:
He may do as much for me, that's all I aim at;
And come what will on't, Life or Death, I'll do it,
For ten such Kisses more, and 'twere High Treason.

Arm.

Arm. I would be private with her.

Pan. So you shall,

'Tis not worth thanks else, you must dispatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my Chamber, Sir;
Where you must lock your self that none may see you;
'Tis close to hers, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to Bed.

Arm. I understand ye, and once more thank ye, Lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee——
Come close then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Quisara, and Quisana.

Quisara. 'Tis late good Aunt, to Bed, I am e'en unready,
My Woman will not be long away.

Quisana. I wou'd have you a little merrier first,
Let me sit by ye, and read or discourse
Something that ye fancy, or take my Instrument.

Quisara. No, no I thank you,
I shall sleep without these; I wrong your Age, Aunt,
To make ye wait thus, pray let me intreat ye,
To Morrow I'll see ye, I know you're sleepy,
And Rest will be a welcome Guest; you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay; oh, here's my Woman.

Enter Panura.

Good Night, good Night, and good Rest Aunt attend you.

Quisana. Sleep dwell upon your Eyes, and fair Dreams
court ye. (me unready,

Quisara. Come, where have you been, Wench? Make
I slept but ill last Night.

Pan. You'll sleep the better
hope to Night, Madam.

Quisara. A little Rest contents me;
Thou lovest thy Bed, *Panura.*

Pan. I am not in Love, Lady,
Nor seldom dream of Devils, I sleep soundly.

Quisara. I'll swear thou dost, thy Husband wou'd not
thou wert married, Wench. (take it so well,

Pan. Let him take, Madam,
The way to waken me, I am no Dormouse,

Husbands have larum Bells, if they but
Ring once.

Quifar. Thou art a merry Wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quifar. Prethee fetch my Book.

Pan. I am glad of that.

Quifar. I'll read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will, Madam.

Quifar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you,
Now least in fight play I.

[*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, locks the Door.

Quifar. Why should I love him?
Why should I doat upon a Man deserves not,
Nor has no Will to work it? Who's there, Wench?
What are you? Or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement, noble Lady.

Quifar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless Love that serves ye.

Quifar. This is an Impudence I have not heard of,
A Rudeness that becomes a Thief or Ruffian;
Nor shall my Brother's Love protect this Boldness,
You build so strongly on; my Rooms are Sanctuaries,
And with that Reverence, they that seek my Favours,
And humble Fears, shall render their Approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less.

Quifar. I am Mistress of my self, Sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited:
These Fears and Dangers thrust into my Privacy.
Stand further off, I'll cry out else.

Arm. Oh dear Lady!

Quifar. I see Dishonour in your Eyes.

Arm. There is none:

By all that Beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause.

Quifar. I'll die first;
Before you have your Will, be torn in Pieces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,

The

The Gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer——

Arm. You wrong my Duty.

Quislar. So base a Violation of my Liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The Spirit of a Man, borrow his boldness,
And force my Woman's Fears into a Madness,
And e'er you arrive at what you aim at——

Arm. Lady,

If there be in you any Woman's Pity,
And if your Fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous,
Look on me, and believe me; is this Violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your Beauty
A Russian's boldness? Is Humility a Rudeness?
The Grievs and Sorrows that grow here, an Impudence?
These forcings, and these Fears I bring along with me;
These impudent Abuses offered ye;
And thus high has your Brother's Favour blown me;
Alas dear Lady of my Life, I came not
With any purpose rough or desperate,
With any Thought that was not smooth and gentle,
As your fair Hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my Heart to fright your Quiet;
A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it.

Quislar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a Monster,
If any such base Thought had harbour'd here,
Or Violence that became not Man,
You have a thousand Bulwarks to assure you,
The holy Powers bear Shields to defend Chastity;
Your Honour, and your Virtues are such Armours;
Your clear Thoughts such Defences; if you mis-doubt
And yet retain a fear, I am not honest, (still,
Come with impure Thoughts to this Place;
Take this, and sheath it here; be your own Safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish;
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you.

Quislar. No, I believe now, you speak worthily;
What came you then for?

Arm.

Arm. To complain me, Beauty,
But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce Cruelty,
For though I die, I will not blame the Doer;
Humbly to tell your Grace, ye had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accused,
For that I dare not do, your Scorns; pray Pardon me,
And be not angry that I use the Liberty
To urge that word; a little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,
If any thing that Love commands may reach ye;
To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that Misery falls all my Fortunes,
To have told ye, and by my Life ye may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You, or your Memory; pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thank you, Sir, and let me tell you seriously,
Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear Opinion,
Yet to try your Obedience——

Arm. I stand ready, Lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further Favour;
Or to remember Services or Smiles;
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me:
Quit this Place presently.

Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha?

Arm. Who's this?
What art thou?

Ruy. A Gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more, I'm sure: Oh 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
How high he looks, and harsh?

Ruy. Is there not Door enough,
You take such Elbow room?

Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, Princess?

Arm.

Arm. The Captain's jealous.
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet ;
Go freely, go, I'll give thee leave.

Ruy. Your leave, Sir ?

Arm. Yes, my leave, Sir ; I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my Heart ake, or my Head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious Thoughts reign in my Memory ;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee ;
I kiss your fair Hand first, then farewell Captain. [*Exit.*

Quisar. What a pure Soul inherits here ? what Innocence
I was blind when I first lov'd this Fellow, (cence ?
And long to live in that Fog still ; how he Blusters !

Ruy. Am I your Property ? or those your Flatteries,
The Banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on ?

Quisar. Be more temperate.

Ruy. Are these the shews of your respect and favour ?
What did he here, what Language had he with ye ?
Did ye invite ? could ye stay no longer ?
Is he so gracious in your Eye ?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ruy. Why at these private Hours ?

Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent to task me with those Errors.
Do ye know what I am, Sir, and my Prerogative ?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th' Name of
I never taught you to dispose my Liberty ; (Friend,
How durst you touch mine Honour ? blot my Meanings ?
And name an Action, and of mine, but Noble ?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee ?
How have I nourisht thee and raised thee hourly ?
Are these the Gratuities you bring, *Ruy Dias* ?
The Thanks ? the Services ? I am fairly paid ;
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
And shadowed thee ? no noble Sparkle in thee ?
Daily provok'd thee, and still found thee Coward ?
Rais'd noble Causes for thee, Strangers started at ;
Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward ;
And with those Taints, dost thou upbraid my Virtues ?

Ruy. I was to blame,
Lady.

Quisar.

Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my Behaviour?
 Durst thou but look amiss at my Allowance?
 If thou hadst been a brave Fellow, thou hadst had some
 Some Liberty I might have then allowed thee (Licence,
 For thy good Face, some scope to have argued with me;
 But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
 The meer sign of a Soldier——of a Lover,
 The drags and draffy part, Disgrace and Jealousie,
 I scorn thee, and condemn thee.

Ruy. Dearest Lady,
 If I have been too free——

Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish,
 And go on still, I'll study to forget thee,
 I would I could, and yet I pity thee.

[Exit.

Ruy. I am not worth it, if I were, that's Misery,
 The next Door is but Death, I must aim at it. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moor-Priest.

King. SO far and truly you have discovered to me
 The former Currents of my Life and Fortune,
 That I am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
 And certainly to credit your Predictions,
 Of what are yet to come.

Gov. I am no Lier,
 'Tis strange I should, and live so near a Neighbour;
 But these are not my Ends.

King. Pray ye sit good Father,
 Certain a reverend Man, and most religious.

Gov. Ay, that Belief's well now, and let me work then,
 I'll make ye curse Religion e'er I leave ye.
 I have liv'd a long time, Son, a mew'd up Man,
 Sequester'd by the special Hand of Heav'n
 From the World's Vanities, bid farewell to Follies,
 And shood Hands with all heats of Youth and Pleasures;

As

As in a Dream these twenty Years I have slumber'd,
Many a cold Moon have I, in Meditation
And searching out the hidden Wills of Heav'n,
Lain shaking under; many a burning Sun
Has fear'd my Body, and boil'd up my Blood,
Feebl'd my Knees, and stamp'd a Meagerness
Upon my figure, all to find out Knowledge,
Which I have now attain'd to, Thanks to Heav'n,
All for my Country's good too: and many a Vision,
Many a mystick Vision have I seen, Son,
And many a sight from Heav'n which has been terrible;
Wherein the Goods and Evils of these Islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover, now I am come, Son,
The hour is now appointed,
My Tongue is touch'd, and now I speak.

King. Do Holy Man, I'll hear ye.

Gov. Beware these *Portugals*, I say beware 'em,
These smooth-fac'd Strangers, have an Eye upon 'em.
The cause is now the Gods, hear, and believe King.

King. I do hear, but before I give rash Credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a Sin, Father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some for my most strange Deliverance.

Gov. Oh Son, the future aims of Men, observe me,
Above their present Actions, and their Glory,
Are to be look'd at; the Stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but with my Eyes, Pupil;
These Men came hither, as my Vision tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feeble,
Their Vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long sute for Traffique, and for Comfort,
To vent their Childrens Toys, cure their Diseases:
They had their fate, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suckt the fat and freedom
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,
They have clapt upon the Neck of your *Tidore*,

This

This happy Town, till that she knew these Strangers,
To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so indeed, Father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that Fortune,
And think these Strangers Gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a handsome Preparation,
A fair-fac'd Prologue to a further Mischief;
Mark but the end, good King, the pin he shoots at
That was the Man deliver'd ye; the Mirror,
Your Sister is his due; what's she, your Heir, Sir?
And what's he a-kin then to the Kingdom?
But Heirs are not ambitious, who then suffers?
What reverence shall the Gods have? and what Justice
The miserable People? what shall they do?

King. He points at Truth directly.

Gov. Think of these, Son;

The Person, nor the manner I mislike not
Of your Preserver, nor the whole Man together,
Were he but season'd in the Faith we are,
In our Devotions learn'd.

King. You say right, Father.

Gov. To change our Worshipps now, and our Religion?
To be Traytor to our God?

King. You have well advis'd me,
And I will seriously consider, Father;
In the mean time time you shall have your fair access
Unto my Sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the Gods determine.

Gov. I will: But my main end is to advise
The Destruction of you all, a general Ruin,
And when I am reveng'd, let the Gods whistle. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ruy Dias and Piniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the Person of *Armusia*;
I was afraid, for I well knew your Valour,
And Love to me.

Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, Unkle,
It shew'd not handsome, carried no Man in it.

Ruy.

Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill, and I abhor it ;
Only this Good has risen from this Evil ;
I have tried your Honesty, and find Proof,
A Constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Pin. This Bell sounds better.

Ruy. My Anger now, and that Disgrace I have suffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sick Honour cur'd the right and straight way ;
My Sword's in my Hand now Nephew, my cause upon
And Man to Man, one Valour to another, (it,
My hope to his.

Pin. Why? this is like *Ruy Dias* ?
This carries something of some substance in it ;
Some Mettle and some Man, this sounds a Gentleman ;
And now methinks ye utter what becomes ye ;
To kill Men scurvily, 'tis such a Dog-trick,
Such a Rat-catchers Occupation——

Ruy. It is no better,
But *Pinero*, now——

Pin. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our States flung by, forgotten,
The full Opinion I have won in Service,
And such Respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our Fortunes,
And single Manhoods----

Pin. In a Service, Sir,
Of this most noble Nature, all I am,
If I had ten Lives more, those and my Fortunes
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,
Or banish'd those brave Thoughts were wont to wait
I am glad to see 'em call'd home again. (upon you,

Ruy. They are Nephew,
And thou shalt see what Fire they carry in them,
Here, you guess what this means. [Shews a Challenge.

Pin. Yes very well, Sir.

A portion of Scripture that puzzles many an Interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him---

Pin. That will not be long Uncle,
And o' my Conscience he'll be ready as quickly.

Ruy.

Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it so
If you can possible, that we may fight.

Pin. Nay you shall fight, assure your self.

Ruy. Pray ye hear me,
In some such Place where it may be possible
The Princess may behold us.

Pin. I conceive ye,
Upon the Sand behind the Castle, Sir,
A place remote enough, and there be Windows
Out of her Lodgings too, or I am mistaken.

Ruy. Y're i'th' right, if ye can work that handsomely---

Pin. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar'd
Some three Hours hence.

Ruy. I will not fail.

Pin. Get you home,
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light Prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly,
I warrant, I'll bring him on.

Ruy. Farewel Nephew,
And when we meet again-----

Pin. Ay, ay, fight handsomely;
Take a good draught or two of Wine to settle ye,
'Tis an excellent Armour for an ill Conscience, Unkle;
I am glad to see this Man's Conversion,
I was afraid fair Honour had been Bed-rid,
Or beaten out o'th' Island, Soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base Courses: he will fight now,
And I believe too bravely; I have seen him
Curry a Fellow's Carcass handsomely;
And in the Head of a Troop, stand as if he had been rooted
Dealing large doles of Death; what a Rascal was I (there,
I did not see his Will drawn?
What does she here?

Enter Quisara.

If there be any Mischief towards, a Woman makes one
Now what new Business is for me? (still;

Quisara. I was sending for ye,
But since we have met so fair,
You have sav'd that labour; I must intreat you, Sir-----
Pin.

Pin. Any thing, Madam,
Your Wills are my Commands.

Quislar. You're nobly courteous;
Upon my better Thoughts, Signior *Piniero*,
And my more peaceable Considerations,
Which now I find the richer Ornaments,
I would desire you to attempt no farther
Against the Person of the noble Stranger;
In truth I am asham'd of my share in't;
Nor be incited farther by your Uncle,
I see it will fit ill upon your Person;
I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard of cruelty;
Good Sir, desist——

Pin. You speak now like a Woman,
And wondrous well this Tenderneſs becomes ye;
But this you muſt remember——your Command
Was laid on with a Kiſs, and ſeriously
It muſt be taken off the ſame way, Madam,
Or I ſtand bound ſtill.

Quislar. That ſhall not endanger ye,
Look ye fair Sir, thus I take off that Duty.

Pin. By th' Maſs 'twas ſoft and ſweet,
Some Bloods would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you think, bright Beauty,
You have done me, in this Kiſs, a mighty Favour,
And that I ſtand bound by virtue of this Honour,
To do whatever you command me?

Quislar. I think, Sir,
From me theſe are unuſual courteſies,
And ought to be reſpected ſo; there are ſome,
And Men of no mean Rank, would hold themſelves
Not poorly bleſt to taſte of ſuch a Bounty. (things

Pin. I know there are, that wou'd do many unjuſt
For ſuch a Kiſs, and yet I hold this modeſt;
All Villanies, Body and Soul diſpenſe with,
For ſuch a Provoocation, kill their Kindred,
Demoliſh the fair Credits of their Parents; (dam,
Thoſe Kiſſes I am not acquainted with, moſt certain Ma-
The Appurtenance of this Kiſs wou'd not provoke me

To do a Mischief, 'tis the Devil's own Dance
To be kiss'd into Cruelty.

Quisar. I am glad you make that use, Sir.

Pin. I am gladder

That you made me believe you were cruel;
For by this Hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd ye, 'twas high time too,
Some common Slave might have been set upon it else;
That willingly I would not kill a Dog
That could but fetch and carry for a Woman,
She must be a good Woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a Man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that plaid the best Game at it,
And 'fore a Woman's Anger, prefer her Fancy.

Quisar. I take it in you well.

Pin. I thank ye Lady,
And I shall study to confirm it.

Quisar. Do Sir,
For this Time, and this present Cause, I allow it.
Most holy, Sir.

Enter Governor, Quisana, and Panura.

Gov. Bless ye my Royal Daughter,
And in you, bless this Island Heav'n.

Quisar. Good Aunt,
What think ye of this Man?

Quisan. Sure he's a wise Man,
And a Religious, he tells us things have happened
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp Tongue?

Pan. He tells me, Madam,
Marriage and mouldy Cheese will make me tamer.

Gov. A stubborn Keeper, and worse Fare,
An open Stable, and cold Care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your Share.

Pan. Bir Lady, a sharp Prophet, when this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a Skin to make ye a Hood.

Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quisar. Do, Reverend Sir.

Gov.

Gov. And for your good, for that that must concern ye,
And give ear wisely to me.

Quisar. I shall, Father.

Gov. You are a Princess of that Excellence,
Sweetness, and Grace, that Angel-like fair Feature,
Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I think the Gods bestow'd these on ye,
The Gods that love ye.

Quisar. I confess their Bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their Use, to their Honour,
To them, and to their Service give this sweetness;
They have an instant great use of your Goodness;
You are a Saint esteem'd here for your Beauty,
And many a longing Heart——

Quisar. I seek no Fealty,
Nor will I blemish that Heav'n has seal'd on me,
I know my worth; indeed the *Portugals*
I have at those Commands, and their last Services,
Nay even their Lives, so much I think my Handsomeness,
That what I shall enjoin——

Gov. Use it discreetly.
For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
For here the Gods regard your help, and suddenly;
The *Portugals* like sharp Thorns (mark me, Lady)
Stick in our Sides, like Razors, wound Religion,
Draw deep, they wound, till the Life-blood follows,
Our Gods they spurn at, and their Worships scorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our Government,
These are the Men your Miracle must work on,
Your Heav'nly Form, either to root them out,
Which as you may endeavour, will be easie,
Remember whose great Cause you have to execute,
To nip their Memory, that may not spring more;
Or fairly bring 'em home to our Devotions,
Which will be blessed, and for which you Sainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me baffle.

Quisar. Go up with me,
Where we'll converse more privately;
'll shew ye shortly how I hold their Temper;

And in what Chain their Souls.

Gov. Keep fast that hold still,
And either bring that Chain, and those bound in it,
And link it to our Gods, and their fair Worship;
Or Daughter, pinch their Hearts apieces with it.
I'll wait upon your Grace.

Quisar. Come, Reverend Father.

Wait you below.

[*Ex. Quisar. and Gov.*]

Pan. If this Prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
These holy Coats are long, and hide Iniquities.

Quisan. Away, away Fool, a poor Wretch.

Pan. These poor ones,
Warm but their Stomachs once——

Quisan. Come in, thou art foolish.

[*Ex. Quisana, and Panura.*]

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Piniero.

Arm. I am sorry, Sir, my Fortune is so stubborn,
To court my Sword against my Countryman,
I love my Nation well, and where I find
A *Portugal* of noble Name and Virtue,
I am his humble Servant: Signior *Piniero*,
Your Person, nor your Unkle's, am I angry with,
You are both fair Gentlemen in my Opinion,
And I protest, I had rather use my Sword
In your Defences, than against your Safeties;
'Tis methinks a strange dearth of Enemies,
When we seek Foes among our selves.

Ema. You are injured,
And you must make the best on't now, and readiest——

Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and arm'd
To his desire that call'd me.

Pin. Ye speak honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on terms more friendly,
But it cannot now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ema. Turn Sir, and see.

Pin. I have kept my word with ye Unkle,
The Gentleman is ready.

Enter

Enter Governor and Quisara above.

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid those Fools welcome that affect your courtesie,
I come not to use Compliment; ye have wrong'd me,
And ye shall feel, proud Man, e'er I part from ye,
The effects of that, if Fortune do not fool me;
Thy Life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud Word,
More than your Faith can justifie.

Quisara. Sure they will fight.

Ruy. She's there, I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
These are the main Posts, if they fall, the Buildings
Will tumble quickly.

Quisara. How temperate *Armusia*?
No more, be quiet yet.

Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal Malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home *Armusia*,
For if thou faint'st, or fall'st——

Arm. Do ye make all vantages?

Ruy. Always, unto thy Life I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy Mercy.

Arm. I am arm'd then.

Ruy. Stand still I charge ye Nephew, as ye honour me.

Arm. And good *Emanuel* stir not——

Pin. Ye speak fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.

Gov. I am sorry for't.

Ema. But since you will have it so——

Ruy. Come, Sir.

Arm. I wait ye.

Pin. Ay marry, this looks handsomely,
This is warm work.

Gov. Both fall and't be thy Will.

[*Ruy falls.*]

Pin. My Unkle dead?

Ema. Stand still, or my Sword's in——

Arm. Now brave *Ruy Dias*,

Now where's your Confidence, your Prayers? Quickly,
Your own Spite has condemn'd ye.

Quisar. Hold, *Armusia*.

Arm. Most happy Lady.

Quisar. Hold, and let him rise,
Spare him for me.

Arm. A long Life may he enjoy, Lady.

Gov. What ha you done? 'Tis better they had all perisht.

Quisar. Peace Father, I work for the best; *Armusia*,
Be in the Garden an hour hence. [Ex. *Qui.* and *Gov.*

Arm. I shall, Madam.

Pin. Now as I live, a Gentleman at all Inches,
So brave a mingled Temper saw I never.

Arm. Why are ye sad, Sir? How would this have griev'd
If ye had fall'n under a profest Enemy? (you,

Under one had taken vantage of your Shame too?

Pray ye be at Peace, I am so far from wronging ye,

Or glorying in the Pride of such a Victory,

That I desire to serve ye, pray look chearfully. (Gentleman

Pin. Do you hear this, Sir? This love Sir? Do you see this
How he courts ye? Why do you hold your Head down?

'Tis no High Treason, I take it, to be equall'd;

To have a slip i' th' Field, no Sin that's mortal;

Come, come, thank Fortune and your Friend.

Arm. It may be

You think my Tongue may prove your Enemy,

And though restrain'd sometimes, out of a bravery,

May take a Licence to disable ye:

Believe me Sir, so much I hate that liberty,

That in a Stranger's Tongue 'twill prove an injury,

And I shall right you in't.

Pin. Can you have more, Unkle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways, yet so nobly,

That I shall ever love the Hand that did it:

Fortune may make me worthy of some Title

That may be near your Friend.

Arm. Sir, I must leave ye,

But with so hearty Love; and pray be confident,

I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye.

[Ex. *Arm.* and *Em.*

Pin.

Pin. Come, come, you are right again, Sir, love your Honour,

And love your Friend, take heed of bloody Purposes;
And unjust Ends, good Heav'n is angry with ye;
Make your fair Virtues and your Fame your Mistress,
And let these Trinkets go.

Ruy. You teach well, Nephew;
Now to be honourably even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my Business, and my Ends his.

Enter Governor, and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir, you must do something suddenly,
To stop his Pride so great and high, he is shot up,
Upon his Person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of Gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot ye:
I'll bring ye suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave Sister, privately,
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, Father.

Gov. And with scorn, I fear contempt too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a Lust;

It may be that also;
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him,
These sweet Intreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed ye wrong him not.

Gov. Take heed to your safety,
I but forewarn ye King; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come un-sent——

King. No, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Armusia, and Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my Obedience, or my Service,
That may deserve your Love, or win a liking,
But a poor Thought, but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your Will, even in your Anger,
Which other Men would grudge at, and grow stormy;
I study new Humility to please ye,
And take a kind of joy in my Afflictions,

Because they come from ye, I love my Sorrows:
Pray Madam, but consider——

Quisar. Yes, I do Sir,
And to that honest end I drew ye hither;
I know ye have deserv'd as much as Man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love.

Arm. If ever Love was Mortal,
And dwelt in Man, and for that Love command me,
So strong I find it, and so true, here Lady,
Something of such a Greatness to allow me,
Those things I have done already, may seem foils to:
'Tis Equity that Man aspires to Heav'n,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governor, and King.

Gov. Now stand close King and hear, and as you find
Believe me right, or let Religion suffer. (him,

Quisar. I dare believe your Worth without Additions;
But since you are so liberal of your Love, Sir,
And wou'd be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you wou'd not win me
At such an easie rate.

Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrink——

Quisar. I know ye are no Coward,
This is the utmost trial of your Constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your Wife, Sir;
You hold there's nothing dear that may atchieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it.

Quisar. I'll tell you then, change your Religion,
And be of one belief with me.

Arm. How?

Quisar. Mark,
Worship our Gods, renounce that Faith ye are bred in;
'Tis easily done, I'll teach ye suddenly;
And humbly on your Knees——

Arm. Ha? I'll be hang'd first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the Devil, Lady?

Offer

Offer to him I hate? I know the Devil.
To Dogs and Cats? you make offer to them;
To every Bird that flies, and every Worm.
How terribly I shake? Is this the Venture?
The Trial that you talk'd of? Where have I been?
And how forgot my self? how lost my Memory?
When did I pray, or look up stedfastly?
Had any Goodness in my Heart to guide me?
That I should give this vantage to mine Enemy;
The Enemy to my Peace, forsake my Faith.

Quisar. Come, come, I know ye love me.

Arm. Love ye this way?

This most destroying way? sure you but jest, Lady.

Quisar. My Love and Life are one way.

Arm. Love alone then, and mine another way,

I'll love Diseases first,
Doat on a Villain that would cut my Throat,
Wooe all Afflictions of all sorts, kiss Cruelty.
Have Mercy Heav'n, how have I been wand'ring?
Wand'ring the way of Lust, and left my Maker?
How have I slept like Cork upon a Water,
And had no feeling of the Storm that tost me?
Trode the blind Paths of Death? forsooth Assurance,
Eternity or Blessedness for a Woman?
For a young handsome Face, hazard my Being?

Quisar. Are not our Powers Eternal, so their Comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They are Puppets.

Gov. Now mark him, and but observe him nearly.

Arm. Their Comforts like themselves, cold, senseless
You make 'em sick, as we are, Peevish, Mad, (Outsides;
Subject to Age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

Quisar. The Sun and Moon we worship, those are
And their bright Influences we believe. (heav'nly,

Arm. Away Fool,

I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moon,
That gives those Bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their Paths, and taught their Motions;
They are not so great as we, they are our Servants,

Plac'd

Plac'd there to teach us Time, to give us Knowledge,
 Of when and how the swellings of the Main are,
 And their returns again; they are but our Stewards
 To make the Earth fat, with their influence,
 That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.
 Shall I fall from this Faith to please a Woman?
 For her Embraces bring my Soul to Ruin?
 I look'd you should have said, make me a *Christian*,
 Work that great Cure, for 'tis a great one, Woman;
 That labour truly to perform, that venture,
 The crown of all great Trial, and the fairest;
 I look'd ye should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
 Washt off your mist of Ignorance, with Waters
 Pure and repentant, from those Eyes; I look'd
 You should have brought me your chief God ye wor-
 He that you offer human Blood and Life to, (ship,
 And make a sacrifice of him to Memory,
 Beat down his Altars, ruin'd his false Temples.

Gov. Now you may see.

Quisar. Take heed, you go too far, Sir,
 And yet I love to hear him, I must have ye,
 And to that end I let you storm a little;
 I know there must be some strife in your Bosom
 To cool and quiet ye, e'er you can come back;
 I know old Friends cannot part suddenly,
 There will be some lett still, yet I must have ye,
 Have ye of my Faith too, and so enjoy ye.

Arm. Now I contemn ye, and I hate my self
 For looking on that Face lasciviously,
 And it looks ugly now methinks.

Quisar. How, *Portugal*?

(lead me;

Arm. It looks like Death it self, to which 'twould
 Your Eyes resemble pale Despair, they fright me,
 And in their rounds, a thousand horrid Ruins,
 Methinks I see; and in your Tongue hear fearfully
 The hideous Murmurs of weak Souls have suffer'd;
 Get from me, I despise ye, and know Woman,
 That for all this Trap you have laid to catch my Life
 To catch my immortal Life, I hate and curse ye, (in,
 Contemn your Deities, spurn at their Powers,

And

And where I meet your *Mabumet* Gods, I'll swinge 'em
Thus o'er my Head, and kick 'em into Puddles,
Nay, I will out of Vengeance search your Temples,
And with those Hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild Worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear, Sir.

Arm. I will have my Faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious Cross, although I love your Brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my Devotion,
And let your whole State storm.

King. Enter and take him;
I am sorry, Friend, that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be sure you bind him fast.

Quisar. But use him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv'd you fair; but to our Gods, Sir——

Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our Religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them.

Arm. Use all your Violence,
I ask no Mercy, nor repent my Words;
I spit at your best Powers; I serve one
Will give me strength to scourge your Gods.

Gov. Away with him.

Arm. To grind 'em into base Dust, and disperse 'em,
That never more their bloody Memories——

Gov. Clap him close up.

King. Good Friend, be cooler.

Arm. Never;
Your painted Sister I despise too.

King. Softly.

Arm. And all her devilish Arts laugh and scorn at,
Mock her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate;
Offer him no Violence, I command you strictly.

Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.

Quisar. Oh how I love this Man, how truly honour
him,

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Christophero and Pedro, at one Door, Emanuel and Soza, at another.

Christ. DO you know the News, Gentlemen?

Ema. Wou'd we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it.

Soza. Is this the Love they bear us,
For our late Benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapt up close? Is that the Thanks they render?

Christ. It must not be put up thus, smother'd slightly,
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong.

Ped. I know,
They may think to do Wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a Vengeance, out o'th' Islands;
But if we be our selves, honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our antient Courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their Villanies—

Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall apieces now,
We are Fools, and worthy to be markt for Misery;
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound to?
To cancel his Deserts? What must we look for,
If they carry this?

Ema. I'll carry Coals then;
I have but one Life, and one Fortune, Gentlemen,
But I'll so husband it to vex these Rascals,
These barbarous Slaves.

Christ. Shall we go charge 'em presently?

Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too Fool-hardy,
We must have Grounds that promise Safety, Friends,
And sure Offence, we lose our Angers else,
And worse than that, venture our Lives too lightly.

Enter Piniero. (*rises,*

Pin. Did you see mine Unkle? Plague o' these Barba-
How the Rogues stick in my Teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry, Gentlemen,
I am angry, that I choak again.

You hear *Armusia's* up, honest *Armusia*,

Clapt

Clapt up in Prison, Friends, the brave *Armusia*;
Here are fine Boys.

Ema. We hope he shall not stay there.

Pin. Stay, no, he must not stay, no talk of staying,
These are no Times to stay; are not these Rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not Rogues?
Think some abominable Names—are they not Devils?
But the Devil's a great deal too good for 'em—fusty

Christ. They are a kind of Hounds. (Villains.

Pin. Hounds were their Fathers;
Old Blear-ey'd bob-tail'd Hounds—— ord, where's

Soza. But what shall be done, Sir? (my Unkle?

Pin. Done?

Soz. Yes, to relieve him?

If it be not sudden they may take his Life too.

Pin. They dare as soon take Fire and swallow it,
Take Stakes and thrust into their Tails for Glisters:
His Life, why 'tis a thing worth all the Islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very Imprisonment will make the Town stink,
And shake and stink, I have Physick in my Hand for 'em,
Shall give the Goblins such a Purge——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Unkle.

Ruy. I hear strange News, and have been seeking ye;
They say *Armusia*'s Prisoner.

Pin. 'Tis most certain.

Ruy. Upon what cause?

Pin. He has deserv'd too much, Sir;
The old Heathen Policy has light upon him,
And paid him home.

Ruy. A most unnoble dealing.

Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely,
He has deserv'd of all.

Ruy. I must confess it,
Of me so nobly too.

Pin. I am glad to hear it,
You have a time now to make good your Confession,
Your Faith will shew but cold else, and for Fashion,
Now to redeem all, now to thank his Courtesie,

Now

Now to make those believe that held you backward,
 And an ill Instrument, you are a Gentleman,
 An honest Man, and you dare love your Nations,
 Dare stick to Virtue, though she be oppress'd,
 And for her own fair sake, step to her rescue :
 If you live Ages, Sir, and lose this Hour,
 Not now redeem and vindicate your Honour,
 Your life will be a Murmur, and no Man in't.

Ruy. I thank ye Nephew, come along with me Gen-
 We'll make 'em dancing sport immediately : (clemen,
 We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
 What that can do.

Pin. Let it but spit Fire finely,
 And play their Turrets, and their painted Palaces,
 A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
 And caper in the Air.

Ruy. Come, we'll do something
 Shall make 'em look about, we'll send 'em Plums,
 If they be not too hard for their Teeth.

Pin. And fine Potatoes
 Roasted in Gunpowder, such a Banquet, Sir,
 Will prepare their unmannerly Stomachs.

Ruy. They shall see
 There is no safe Retreat in Villany ;
 Come, be high-hearted all.

Omnes. We are all on Fire, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a Wretch, persuade me
 Forgetful of the Mercy he shew'd me, (not,
 The timely noble Pity——Why should I
 See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true Courtesie,
 Whose Mankood, and whose mighty Hand set me free?
 Why should it come from me ? why I command this ?
 Shall not all Tongues and Truths call me unthankful ?

Gov. Had the Offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
 It had been in your Power, and your Discretion
 To have turn'd it into Mercy, and forgiven it,
 And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of Gratitude,
 Timely, and nobly taken; but since the cause
 Concerns the Honour of our Gods, and their Title,
 And

And so transcends your Power, and your Compassion,
A little your own Safety, if you saw it too,
If your too fond Indulgence did not dazle you,
It cannot now admit a private Pity;

'Tis in their Wills, their Mercies, or Revenges,
And these Revolts in you, shew mere Rebellions.

King. They are mild and pitiful.

Gov. To those repent.

King. Their Nature's soft and tender.

Gov. To true Hearts.

The feel Compunction for their Trespases;
This Man defies 'em still, threatens Destruction
And Demolition of their Arms and Worship,
Spits at their Powers; take heed ye be not found, Sir,
And mark'd a Favourer of their Dishonour;
They use no common Justice.

King. What shall I do

To deserve of this Man——

Gov. If ye more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your Power to preserve him,
I'll curse ye from the Gods, call up their Vengeance,
Enter Quisara with her Hands bound, Quisana and Panura.
And fling it on your Land and you, I have charge.
I hope to wrack you all.

King. What ails my Sister?

Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who does do this?

Quisana. We did it, pardon Sir,
And for her Preservation——She is grown wild,
And raving on the Stranger's Love and Honour,
Sometimes crying out Help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his Life, they will murder him presently.
If we had not prevented violently
Have laid Hands on her own Life.

Gov. These are Tokens!

The Gods Displeasure is gone out, be quick,
And e'er it fall, do something to appease 'em.
You know the Sacrifice——I am glad it works thus.

Quisara. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert
No figure of a King, methinks, shews on you. (noble?

No

No Face of Majesty, foul, swarth Ingratitude
 Has taken off thy Sweetness, base Forgetfulness
 Of mighty Benefits, has turned thee Devil:
 Thou hast persecuted Goodness, Innocence,
 And laid a hard and violent Hand on Virtue,
 On that fair Virtue that should teach and guide us;
 Thou hast wrong'd thine own Preserver, whose least Merit,
 Pois'd with thy main Estate, thou canst not satisfy,
 Nay, put thy Life in too, 'twill be too light still:
 What hast thou done?

Gov. Go for him presently,
 And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
 If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;
 She speaks distractedly---Do that the Gods command ye,
 Do you know what ye say, Lady?

Quisar. I could curse thee too,
 Religion and Severity has steel'd thee, (hard too,
 Has turn'd thy Heart to Stone; thou hast made the Gods
 Against their sweet and patient Natures, cruel;
 None of ye feel what Bravery ye tread on?
 What Innocence? what Beauty?

King. Pray be patient.

Quisar. What honourable things ye cast behind?
 What Monuments of Man?

Enter Armusia and Guard.

King. Once more, *Armusia*,
 Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
 And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
 Even from my Heart I wish and woove ye——

Arm. What Sir,
 Take heed how ye perswade me falsely, then ye hate me:
 Take heed how ye intrap me.

King. I advise ye,
 And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
 Both for your Soul's Health, and your Safety.

Arm. Stay,
 And name my Soul no more, she is too precious,
 Too glorious for your Flatteries, too secure too.

Gov. Consider the Reward, Sir, and the Honour
 That is prepared, the Glory you shall grow to.

Arm.

Arm. They are not be consider'd in these Cases,
Not to be nam'd when Souls are question'd ;
They are vain and flying Vapours——Touch my Life,
Tis ready for ye, put it to what Test
It shall please ye, I am patient ; but for the rest,
You may remove Rocks with your little Fingers,
Or blow a Mountain out o'th' way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my Faith ; use no more Arguments.

Gov. We must use Tortures then.

Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I am joyful to accept.

Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our Deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings ;
And either your Repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free Conversion to our Customs,
Or equal Punishment, which is your Life, Sir.

Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the Miseries that shall attend it :
Let the Gods glut themselves with Christian Blood,
It will be ask'd again, and so far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy Justice,
Your Gods of Gold shall melt and sink before it ;
Your Altars and your Temples shake to nothing ;
And you false Worshipers, blind Fools of Ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your Heads, and Fears in,
For Seas to swallow you from this Destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye,
Your Mother's Womb again——

Gov. Make the Fires ready,
And bring the several Tortures out.

Quisar. Stand fast, Sir,
And fear 'em not ; you that have stept so nobly
Into this pious Trial, start not now,
Keep on your way, a Virgin will assist ye,
A Virgin won by your fair Constancy,
And glorying that she is won so, will die by ye :
I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without Vain-glory, modest, stayed,

No Rage, or light Affection ruling in you ;
Indeed, the perfect School of Worth I find ye,
The Temple of true Honour.

Arm. Whither will she ?

What do you infer by this fair Argument, Lady ?

Quisar. Your Faith, and your Religion must be likeye ;
They that can shew you these, must be pure Mirrors ;
When the Streams flow clear and fair, what are the Fountains ?
I do embrace your Faith, Sir, and your Fortune ; (tains
Go on, I will assist ye, I feel a Sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my Affection,
And tells me it will rise to Flames of Glory :
Let 'em put on their Angers, suffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me ;
And if I follow not——

Arm. Oh blessed Lady,

Since thou art won, let me begin my Triumph,
Come clap your Terrors on.

Quisar. All your fell Tortures.

For there is nothing he shall suffer, Brother,
I swear by a new Faith, which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so, but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of Affliction,
In spite of all your Gods without Prevention.

Gov. Death! she amazes me.

King. What shall be done now ?

Gov. They must die both,

And suddenly, they will corrupt all else ;
This Woman makes me weary of my mischief,
She shakes me, and she staggers me ; go in Sir,
I'll see the Execution.

King. Not so sudden :

If they go, all my Friends and Sisters perish.

Gov. Wou'd I were safe at home again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, Sir,

Seek for Defence, the Castle plays and thunders,
The Town Rocks and the Houses fly i'th' Air,
The People die for Fear——Captain *Ruy Dias*
Has made an Oath he will not leave a Stone here ;

No, not the Memory, here has stood a City,
Unless *Armusia* be deliver'd fairly. (for us?)

King. I have my Fears; what can our Gods do now

Gov. Be patient, but keep him still; he is a cure, Sir,
Against both Rage and Cannon; go and fortifie,

Call in the Princess, make the Palace sure,

And let 'em know you are a King; look nobly;

And take you Courage to ye; keep close the Prisoner,

And under command, we are betray'd else.

Arm. How joyfully I go?

Quislar. Take my Heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a Wolf by the Ear now:

Fortune free me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter four Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Heav'n blefs us,

What a thund'ring's here? what Fire-spitting?

We cannot drink, but our Cans are mauld amongst us.

2 *Cit.* I wou'd they would maul our Scores too;

Shame o' their Guns, I thought they had been Bird-pots,

Or great Candle-cases, how devilishly they bounce,

And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a House here,

There another, and mend those up again

With another Parish; here flies a Poudring-tub,

The Meat ready roasted, and there a Barrel pissing Vinegar,

And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,

Newly slic'd off for a Sallet.

3 *Cit.* A vengeance fire 'em.

2 *Cit.* Nay, they fire fast enough;

You need not help 'em.

4 *Cit.* Are these the *Portugal* Bulls——

How loud they bellow.

(Palaces,

2 *Cit.* Their Horns are plaguy strong, they push down

They toss our little Habitations like Whelps,

Like Grindle-tails, with their Heels upward;

All the Windows i'th' Town dance a new Trenchmore,

'Tis like to prove a blessed Age for Glasiers:

I met a Hand, and a Letter in't, in great haste,

And by and by, a single Leg running after it,

As if the Arm had forgot part of his Errand,

Heads fly like Foot-balls every where.

Q 2

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* What shall we do?

2 *Cit.* I care not, my Shop's cancell'd,
And all the Pots and earthen Pans in't vanish'd;
There was a single Bullet and they together by the Ears;
You would have thought *Tom Tumbler* had been there,
And all his Troops of Devils.

3 *Cit.* Let's to the King,
And get this Gentleman deliver'd handsomely;
By this Hand, there's no walking above Ground else.

2 *Cit.* By this Leg——let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it,
If I were out o'th' Town once, if I came in again to
Fetch my Breakfast, I will give 'em leave to cram me
With a *Portugal* Pudding: Come, let's do any thing
To appease this Thunder. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Piniero* and *Panura*.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind Priest?

Pan. Yes most certain,
He has provok'd all this; the King is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And when he cools, enrages him, I know it;
Threatens new Vengeance, and the Gods fierce Justice
When he but looks with fair Eyes on *Armusia*,
Will lend him no time to relent; my royal Mistress,
She has entertain'd a *Christian* hope.

Pin. Speak truly.

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but Lord! how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,
And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed,

Pan. I'll kiss thee for this News, nay more *Panura*,
If thou wilt give me leave I'll get thee with *Christian*,
The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so?

Pin. I will y'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The Palace is close guarded, and barricado'd.

Pan. I came through a private Vault, which few there
It rises in a Temple not far hence, (know of;
Close by the Castle here.

Pin. How——To what end?

Pan.

Pan. A good one:

To give ye knowledge of my new-born Mistress;
and in what doubt *Armusia* stands;
Think any present means, or hope to stop 'em
from their fell ends; the Princes are come in too,
and they are harden'd also.

Pin. The damn'd Priest——

Pan. Sure he's a cruel Man, methinks Religion
should teach more temperate Lessons.

Pin. He the Fire-brand?

He dare to touch at such fair Lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall Prophecie, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem ye.
Wilt thou do any thing bravely?

Pan. Any good I am able. (Virtuous,

Pin. And by thine own white Hand, I'll swear thou art
and a brave Wench, durst thou but guide me presently
Through the same Vault thou cam'st, into the Palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit.

Pan. Yes I will do it, and suddenly, and truly.

Pin. I wou'd fain behold this Prophet.

Pan. Now I have ye:

And shall bring ye where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of Defences:

That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.

Pin. Dost thou think we are so base, such Slaves,

Pan. I do not: (Rogues?

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for ye.

Pin. I must needs steal that Priest,

Steal him, and hang him.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his Mischief, strangle

Pin. Come prethee Love. (him——

Pan. You'll offer me no foul Play?

The Vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And ye may——

But I hold ye honest,

Pin. Honest enough, I warrant thee. (Place,

Pan. I am but a poor weak Wench; and what with the
and your Perswasions, Sir——but I hope you will not;

You

You know we are often cozen'd.

Pin. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?

Pan. To let you know, Sir,
Though it be in your Power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true Gent——

Pin. I know what he'll do:
Come and remember me, and I'll answer thee,
I'll answer thee to the full; we'll call at th' Castle,
And then my good Guide, do thy Will; sha't find me
A very tractable Man.

Pan. I hope I shall, Sir.

Enter Bakam, Siana, and Soldiers.

Bakam. Let my Men guard the Gates.

Sia. And mine the Temple,
For fear the Honour of our Gods should suffer,
And on your Lives be watchful.

Bakam. And be valiant;
And let's see, if these *Portugals* dare enter;
What their high Hearts dare do: Let's see how readily
The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Country-men;
He speaks proud words, and threatens.

Sia. He is approv'd, Sir,
And will put fair for what he promises;
I could with friendlier Terms,
Yet for our Liberties and for our Gods,
We are bound in our best Service
Even in the hazard of our Lives.

Enter the King above.

King. Come up Princess,
And give your Counsels, and your Helps: The Fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our Buildings,
And turns our People wild with fears.

Bakam. Send for the Prisoner,
And give us leave to argue. [*Exit Bak. and Sia. Then,*
Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christoph. Pedro, with Soldiers.

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play still, we are
Strong enough to look upon 'em,
And return at pleasure; it may

on our view they will return him.

Christ. We will return 'em such Thanks else,
all make 'em scratch where it itches not.

Ema. How the People stare,
and some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
it is the King —

*Enter Siana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with
Soldiers above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their Wisdoms.

they are all above, *Armusia* chain'd and bound too?
h, these are thankful Squires.

Bakam. Hear us *Ruy Dias*,
e wise and hear us, and give speedy Answer,
ommand thy Cannon presently to cease,
o more to trouble the afflicted People,
r suddenly *Armusia's* Head goes off;
s suddenly as said.

Ema. Stay Sir, be moderate.

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, *Ruy Dias*;
et not the fear of me, master thy Valour;
ursue 'em still, they are malicious People.

King. Friend, be not desperate.

Arm. I scorn your Courtesies;
strike when you dare, a fair Arm guide the Gunner,
nd may he let fly still with Fortune: Friend,
o me the Honour of a Soldier's Funerals,
he last fair Christian Right, see me i' th' Ground,
nd let the Palace burn first, then the Temples,
nd on their scorned Gods erect my Monument:
ouch not the Princess, as you are a Soldier.

Quisara. Which way you go, Sir,
must follow necessary.
ne Life, and one Death.

King. Will you take a Truce yet?

Enter Piniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with the Governor.

Pin. No, no, go on:

ook here, your God, your Prophet.

King. How came he taken?

Pin. I conjur'd for him, King.

am a sure Curr at an old blind Prophet.

I'll haunt ye such a false Knave admirably,
A Terrier I; I earth'd him, and then snapt him;

Soza. Saving the reverence of your Grace, we stole him,
E'en out of the next Chamber to ye.

Pin. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I scorn my Sword should touch the Rascal,
I'll tear him thus before ye. Ha?

What art thou? [*Pulls his Beard and Hair off.*]

King. How's this!
Art thou a Prophet?

Ruy. Come down, Princes.

King. We are abus'd—
Oh my most dear *Armusia*—
Off with his Chains. And now my noble Sister,
Rejoyce with me, I know ye are pleas'd as I am.

Fin. This is a precious Prophet. Why Don Governor,
What make you here, how long have you taken Orders?

Ruy. Why what a Wretch
Art thou to work this Mischief?
To assume this holy Shape to ruin Honour,
Honour and Chastity.

Enter King, and all, from above.

Gov. I had paid you all,
But Fortune plaid the Slut. Come,
Give me my Doom.

King. I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov. Nay, 'tis I Sir,
And here I stay your Sentence.

King. Take her Friend,
You have half perswaded me to be a Christian,
And with her all the Joys, and all the Blessings.
Why what Dream have we dwelt in?

Ruy. All Peace to ye,
And all the Happiness of Heart dwell with ye,
Children as sweet and noble as their Parents.

Pin. And Kings at least.

**Arm.* Good Sir, forget my Rashness.
And noble Princesses, for I was once Angry,

And

And out of that, might utter some Distemper,
Think not 'tis my Nature.

Sia. Your joy is ours, Sir,
And nothing we find in ye, but most noble.

King. To Prison with this Dog; there let him houl,
And if he can repent, sigh out his Villanies:
His Island we shall seize into our Hands,
His Father and himself have both Usurp'd it,
And kept it by Oppression; the Town and Castle,
In which I lay my self most miserable,
Till my most honourable Friend redeem'd me,
Signior *Piniero*, I bestow on you;
The rest of next Command upon these Gentlemen,
Upon ye all, my Love.

Arm. Oh brave *Ruy Dias*,
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,
And thank ye for my Life, my Wife and Honour.

Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, Sir.

King. Come Princes,
Come Friends and Lovers all, come noble Gentlemen,
No more Guns now, nor Hates, but Joys and Triumphs,
An universal Gladness fly about us:
And know however subtle Men dare cast,
And promise Wrack, the Gods give Peace at last.

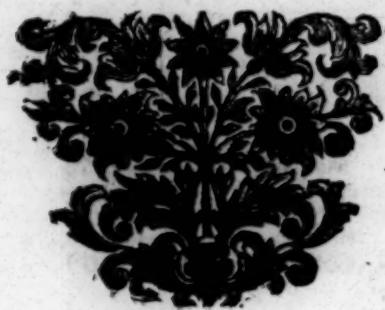
[*Exeunt omnes.*]





The noble Gentleman Vol. 1. p. 3

THE
N O B L E
GENTLEMAN.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

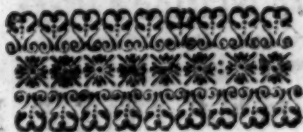
THE
NOBLE
GENTLEMAN
A
COMEDY



Printed in the Year 1740

PROLOGUE.

WIT is become an *Antick*, and puts on
As many Shapes of Variation,
To court the Time's Applause, as the Times dare
Change several Fashions ; nothing is thought rare
Which is not New, and follow'd ; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty Years ago
Comes into Grace again, and we pursue
That Custom, by presenting to your View
A Play in Fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble Memory, whose Name,
Beyond all Power of Death, live in their Fame.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Monsieur Marine, *the Noble Gentleman, but none of the wisest.*

Jaques, *an old Servant to Marine's Family.*

Clerimont, *a Gull, Cousin to Monsieur Marine.*

A Gentleman, Servant to Marine's Wife.

Lougueville, *two Courtiers that Plot to abuse*
Beaufort, *3 Marine.*

Shattillion, *a Lord, mad for Love.*

Doctor.

Page.

Gentlemen.

Servants.

Duke.

W O M E N.

Marine's Wife, a witty Wanton.

Clerimont's Wife, a simple Country Gentlewoman.

Shattillion's Mistress, a virtuous Virgin.

Maria, Servant to Marine's Wife.

The SCENE FRANCE.

T H E



THE
NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gentleman and Jaques.

GENTLEMAN.



WHAT Happineſs waits on the Life at
Court, (and Eaſe?
What dear Content, Greatneſs, Delight
What ever-ſpringing Hopes, what tides
of Honour? (of Wiſhes?
That raiſe their Fortunes to the height
What can be more in Man, what more in Nature,
Than to be great and fear'd? A Courtier,
A noble Courtier, 'Tis a Name that draws
Wonder and Duty from all Eyes and Knees.

Jaq. And ſo your Worſhip's Land within the Walls,
Where you ſhall have it all incloſ'd, and ſure.

Gent. Peace Knave; dull Creature, bred of ſweat and
Theſe Myſteries are far above thy Faith: (ſmoke,
But thou ſhalt ſee —

Jaq. And then I ſhall believe;
Your fair Revenues, turn'd into fair Suits;
I ſhall believe your Tenant's bruiſ'd and rent,
Under the weight of Coaches, all your State
Drawn through the Streets in Triumph, ſuits for Places
Plied with a Mine of Gold, and being got
Fed with a great Stream. I ſhall believe all this.

Gent. You ſhall believe, and know me glorious.
Couſin, good Day and Health.

Enter Couſin.

Couſ. The ſame to you, Sir,
And more, without my Wiſhes, could you know
What calm Content dwells in a private Houſe; Yet

Yet look into your self, retire; this Place
Of Promises, and Protestations, fits
Minds only bent to Ruin, you should know this
You have their Language perfect, you have Tutors
I do not doubt, sufficient; but beware.

Gent. You are merry, Cousin.

Cous. Yet your Patience,
You shall learn that too, but not like it self,
Where it is held a Virtue; tell me, Sir,
Have you cast up your State, rated your Land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of Time and Fashion? Is it always Harvest?
Always Vintage? Have you Ships at Sea,
To bring you Gold and Stone from rich *Peru*,
Monthly returning Treasure? Doth the King
Open his large Exchequer to your Hands,
And bid ye be a great Man? Can your Wife
Coin off her Beauty? or the Week allow
Suits to each Day? and know no ebb in Honour?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a Courtier still, and still be wasting.

Gent. Cousin, pray give me leave.

Cous. I have done.

Gent. I could requite your Gall, and in a strain
As bitter, and as full of Rubarb, preach
Against your Country Life, but 'tis below me,
And only subject to my Pity; know
The eminent Court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her Blessings, is a Sun
That draws Men up from course and earthly Being,
I mean these Men of Merit that have Power
And Reason to make good her Benefits,
Learns them a manly Boldness, gives their Tongues
Sweetness of Language, makes them apt to please;
Files off all Rudeness, and uncivil Haviour,
Shews them as neat in Carriage, as in Cloaths;
Cousin, have you ever seen the Court?

Cous. No, Sir,
Nor am I yet in travel with that longing.

Gent. Oh the state and greatness of that Place

Where

Where Men are found

Only to give the first Creation Glory!

Those are the Models of the ancient World;

Lest like the *Roman* Statues to stir up

Our following Hopes, the Place it self puts on

The Brow of Majesty, and flings her Lustre

Like the Air newly lightned; Form, and Order;

Are only there themselves, unforc'd, and sound,

As they were first created to this Place.

Conf. You nobly came, but will go from thence base.

Gent. 'Twas very pretty, and a good Conceit;

You have a Wit, good Cousin, I do joy in't,

Keep it for Court; but to my self again,

When I have view'd these Pieces, turn'd these Eyes,

And with some Taste of Superstition,

Look'd on the Wealth of Nature, the fair Dames,

Beauties, that like the Court, and make it shew

Like a fair Heav'n, in a frosty Night:

And 'mongst these mine, not poorest, 'tis for Tongues

Of blessed Poets, such as *Orpheus* was,

To give their Worth and Praises; oh dear Cousin,

You have a Wife, and fair, bring her hither,

Let her not live to be the Mistress of a Farmer's Heir,

And be confin'd ever to a Searge,

Far courser than my Horse-Cloth.

Let her have Velvets, Tiffinies, Jewels, Pearls,

A Coach, an Usher, and her two Lacquies,

And I will send my Wife to give her Rules,

And read the Rudiments of Court to her.

Conf. Sir, I had rather send her to *Virginia*,

To help to propagate the *English* Nation.

Enter Servant.

Gent. Sirrah, how slept your Mistress, and what Visions
Are to pay Service? (tants)

Serv. As I came out,

Two Counts were newly enter'd.

Gent. This is Greatness,

But few such Servants wait a Country Beauty.

Conf. They are the more to thank their Modesty;

Vol. VI.

R

God

God keep my Wife, and all my Issue Female,
From such Uprisings.

Enter Doctor.

Gent. What? My learned Doctor?
You will be welcome, give her Health and Youth,
And I will give you Gold. *[Exit Doctor.]*

Cousin, how favours this? Is it not sweet
And very great, tastes it not of Nobleness?

Cous. Faith, Sir, my Pallat is too dull and lazy,
I cannot taste it, 'tis not for my Relish,
But be so still.

Since your own Misery must first reclaim ye,
To which I leave you, Sir;

If you will yet be happy, leave the Humour
And base Subjection to your Wife, be wise,
And let her know with speed you are her Husband,
I shall be glad to hear it.

My Horse is sent for. *[Exit.]*

Gent. Even such another Country thing as this
Was I, such a Piece of Dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up Ignorance,
And be an Ass: Such musty Cloaths wore I,
So old and Thread-bare, I do yet remember
Divers young Gallants lighting at my Gate,
To see my honoured Wife, have offered Pence,
And bid me walk their Horses, such a Slave
Was I in shew then; but my Eyes are open'd.

Enter Gentleman's Wife.

Many sweet Morrows to my worthy Wife.

Wife. 'Tis well, and aptly given, as much for you,
But to my present Business, which is Money——

Gent. Lady, I have none left. *(low)*

Wife. I hope you dare not say so, nor imagine so base and
A Thought: I have none left?

Are these Words fitting for a Man of Worth,
And one of your full Credit? Do you know
The Place you live in? me? and what I labour
For? you, and your Advancement?

Gent. Yes, my dearest.

Wife. And do you pop me off with this slight Answer,
In

In troth I have none left? In troth you must have;
 Nay stare not, 'tis most true, send speedily
 To all that love you, let your People fly
 Like Thunder through the City,
 And not return under five thousand Crowns.
 Try all, take all, let not a worthy Merchant be untempted,
 Or any one that hath the Name of Mony,
 Take up at any Use, give Band, or Land,
 Or mighty Statutes, able by their Strength
 To tie up *Sampson*, were he now alive,
 There must be Mony gotten; for be persuaded,
 If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink,
 Under our fair Beginnings, 'tis our Ruin,
 And then good Night to all (but our Disgrace;)
 Farewel the Hope of coming Happiness,
 And all the Aims we levied at so long.
 Are yet not mov'd at this? No Sense of want,
 Towards your self yet breeding? be old,
 And common, jaded to the Eyes
 Of Grooms, and Pages, Chamber-maids, and Guarders,
 And when you have done, put your poor House in order
 And hang your self, for such must be the end
 Of him that willingly forsakes his Hopes,
 And hath a Joy to tumble to his Ruin.
 All that I say is certain, if ye fail
 Do not upbraid me with it, I am clear.

Gent. Now Heav'n forbid I should do Wrong to you,
 My dearest Wife, and Madam; yet give leave
 To your poor Creature to unfold himself.
 You know my Debts are many more than Means,
 My Bonds not taken in, my Friends at home
 Drawn dry with these Expences, my poor Tenants
 More full of Want than we; then what new Course
 Can I beget to raise those Crowns by? Speak,
 And I shall execute.

Wife. Pray tell me true,
 Have you not Land in the Country?

Gent. Pardon me, I had forgot it.

Wife. Sir, you must remember it,
 There is no Remedy, this Land must be

In *Paris* e'er to Morrow Night.

Gent. It shall, let me consider, some 300 Acres
Will serve the Turn.

Wife. 'Twill furnish at all Points,
Now you speak like your self, and know like him
That means to be a Man, suspect no less,
For the Return will give ye five for one,
You shall be great to Morrow, I have said it.
Farewel, and see this Business be a-foot,
With Expedition.

[Exit Wife.]

Gent. Health, all Joy, and Honour
Wait on my lovely Wife. What? *Jaques, Jaques.*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Sir, did you call?

Gent. I did so, hie thee *Jaques*,
Down to the Bank, and there to some good Merchant
(Conceive me well, good *Jaques*, and be private)
Offer 300 Acres of my Land:

Say it is choice and fertile, ask upon it
Five thousand Crowns, this is the Business
I must employ thee in, be wise and speedy.

Jaq. Sir, do not do this.

Gent. Knave, I must have Mony.

Jaq. If you have Mony thus, your Knave must tell ye
You will not have a Foot of Land left, be more wary,
And more Friend to your self, this honest Land
Your Worthip has discarded, has been true,
And done you Loyal Service.

Gent. Gentle *Jaques*,
You have a merry Wit, employ it well
About the Business you have now in Hand.
When ye come back, enquire me in the Presence,
If not in the Tennis-Court, or at my House. [Exit.]

Jaq. If this Vein hold, I know where to enquire ye.
Five thousand Crowns! this, with good Husbandry,
May hold a Month out, then five thousand more,
And more Land a bleeding for't, as many more,
And more Land laid aside. God and St. Dennis
Keep honest-minded young Men Batchelors.
'Tis strange, my Master should be yet so young

A Puppy, that he cannot see his Fall,
And got so near the Sun. I'll to his Cousin,
And once more tell him on't; if he fail,
Then to my Mortgage, next unto my Sale. [Exit.

Enter Longueville, Bewford, and the Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, hold on Discourse a while,
I shall return with Knowledge how and where
Ye shall have best Access unto my Mistress,
To tender your Devotions. [Exit.

Long. Be it so:

Now to our first Discourse.

Bew. I prithee Peace;

Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know
Such things are living, do not give thy self
So common and so idle, so open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, so low,
I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.

Long. Now by this Light I am a Whore-master,
An open and an excellent Whore-master,
And take a special Glory that I am so:
I thank my Stars I am a Whore-master,
And such a one as dare be known and seen,
And pointed at to be a noble Wencher.

Bew. Do not let all Ears hear this; hark ye, Sir,
I am my self a Whore-master, I am
Believe it, Sir, (in private be it spoken)
I love a Whore directly, most Men are Wenchers,
And have profest the Science, few Men
That look upon ye now, but Whore-masters,
Or have a full Desire to be so.

Long. This is noble.

Bew. It is without all Question, being private,
And held as needful as Intelligence,
But being once discover'd, blown abroad,
And known to common Senses, 'tis no more
Than Geometrical Rules in Carpenters,
That only know some Measure of an Art,
But are not grounded: Be no more deceiv'd,
I have a Conscience to reclaim you, Sir.
Mistake me not: I do not bid you leave your Whore,

Or less to love her; forbid it,
 I should be such a Villain to my Friend,
 Or so unnatural; 'twas never harbour'd here:
 Learn to be secret first, then strike your Deer.

Long. Your fair Instructions, Monsieur, I shall learn,

Bew. And you shall have them; I desire your Care.

Long. They are your Servants,

Bew. You must not love.

Long. How, Sir?

Bew. I mean a Lady, there's Danger.

She hath an Usher and a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
 A Page, a Coach-man, these are fee'd and fee'd,
 And yet for all that will be prating.

Long. So.

Bew. You understand me, Sir, they will discover't,
 And there is a loss of Credit, Table-talk
 Will be the end of this, or worse than that;
 Will this be worthy of a Gentleman?

Long. Proceed, good Sir.

Bew. Next, leave your City Dame;
 The best of that Tribe are most meerly coy,
 Or most extreemly foolish, both which Vices
 Are no great stirrers up, unless in Husbands
 That owe this Cattle, fearing her that's coy
 To be but seeming, her that's Tool too forward.

Long. This is the rarest Fellow, and the soundest,
 I mean in Knowledge, that e'er wore a Codpiece,
 H'as found out that will pass all *Italy*,
 All *France* and *England*, to their Shames I speak,
 And to the Grievs of all their Gentlemen,
 To noble Theory of Luxury.

Bew. Your Patience,
 And I will lay before your Eyes a Course
 That I my self found out; 'tis excellent,
 Easie, and full of Freedom.

Long. O good Sir,
 You rack me 'till I know it.

Bew. This it is;
 When your Desire is up, your Blood well heated
 And apt for sweet Encounter, chuse the Night,

And

And with the Night your Wench, the Streets have store,
There seize upon her, get her to your Chamber,
Give her a Cardecue, 'tis royal Payment ;
When ye are dull, dismiss her, no Man knows,
Nor she her self, who hath encountred her.

Long. O but their Faces.

Bew. Ne'er talk of Faces :

The Night allows her equal with a Dutches,
Imagination doth all think her fair,
And great, clapt in Velvet, she is so ;
Sir, I have try'd those, and do find it certain
It never fails me, 'tis but twelye Nights since
My last Experience.

Long. O my meiching Varlet, I'll fit ye as I live.
Tis excellent, I'll be your Scholar, Sir.

Enter Lady and Servant,

Wife. You are fairly welcome both ; troth, Gentlemen,
You have been Strangers, I could chide you for't,
And tax ye with Unkindness. What's the News?
The Town was never empty of some Novelty:
Servant, what's your Intelligence?

Ser. Faith nothing.

I have not heard of any worth relating.

Bew. Nor I, sweet Lady.

Long. Then give me Attention,
Monsieur *Shattillion's* mad.

Wife. Mad?

Long. Mad as *May Buter*,
And which is more, mad for a Wench.

Lady. 'Tis strange, and full of Pity.

Long. All that comes near him
He thinks are come of purpose to betray him,
Being full of strange Conceit: The Wench he lov'd
Stood very near the Crown.

Lady. Alas, good Monsieur;
A' was a proper Man, and fair demean'd,
A Person worthy of a better Temper.

Long. He is strong'd opinion'd, that the Wench he lov'd
Remains close Prisoner by the King's Command:
Fearing her Title; when the poor griev'd Gentlewoman
Follows

Follows him much lamenting, and much loving,
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any else that comes to visit him.

Lady. Let's walk in Gentlemen, and there discourse
His further Miseries; you shall stay Dinner,
In truth you must obey.

Omnes. We are your Servants.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cousin.

Cous. There's no good to be done, no Cure to be wrought
Upon my desperate Kinsman: I'll to Horse
And leave him to the Fool's whip, Misery.
I shall recover twenty Miles this Night,
My Horse stands ready, I'll away with Speed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your Name?

Cous. Yes, Sir, you may:

My Name is *Cleremont*.

Shat. 'Tis well, your Faction?

What Party knit you with?

Cous. I know no Parties,
Nor no Factions, Sir.

Shat. Then wear this Cross of white:
And where you see the like they are my Friends,
Observe them well, the time is dangerous. (*Fellow*)

Cous. Sir, keep your Cross, I'll wear none; sure this
Is much beside himself, grown mad.

Shat. A Word, Sir;
You can pick nothing out of this, this Cross
Is nothing but a Cross, a very Cross,
Plain without Spell, or Witchcraft, search it,
You may suspect, and well, there's Poison in't,
Powder, or Wild-fire, but 'tis nothing so.

Cous. I do believe you, Sir, 'tis a plain Cross.

Shat. Then do your worst, I care not, tell the King,
Let him know all this, as I am sure he shall;
When you have spit your Venome, then will I
Stand up a faithful and a loyal Subject,
And so God save his Grace, this is no Treason.

Cous. He is *March* mad; farewell, Monsieur. [*Exit Cousin.*

Shat. Farewel;

I shall be here attending, 'tis my Life
They aim at, there's no way to save it; well
Let 'em spread all their Nets, they shall not draw me
Into any open Treason; I can see,
And can beware, I have my Wits about me,
I thank Heav'n for't.

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes,
That was the fairest hope the *French* Court bred,
The worthiest and the sweetest temper'd Spirit,
The truest, and the valiantest, the best of Judgment,
Till most unhappy I sever'd those Virtues,
And turn'd his Wit wild with a coy denial,
Which Heav'n forgive me; and be pleas'd, O Heav'n,
To give again his Senses, that my Love
May strike off all my Follies.

Sbat. Lady.

Love. I, Sir.

Sbat. Your Will with me, sweet Lady.

Love. Sir, I come.

Sbat. From the dread Sovereign King, I know it, Lady,
He is a gracious Prince, long may he live:
Pertain you to his Chamber?

Love. No indeed, Sir,
That Place is not for Women: Do you know me?

Sbat. Yes, I do know you.

Love. What's my Name? pray you speak.

Sbat. That's all one, I do know you and your business,
You are discover'd, Lady, I am wary,
It stands upon my Life; pray excuse me,
The best Man of this Kingdom sent you hither,
To dive into me; have I touch'd you? ha?

Love. You are deceiv'd, Sir, I come from your Love,
That sends you fair commends, and many kisses.

Sbat. Alas, poor Soul, how does she? Is she living?
Keeps she her Bed still?

Love. Still, Sir, she is living,
And well, and shall do so.

Sbat. Are ye in Counsell?

Love. No, Sir, nor any of my Sex.

Sbat.

Shat. Why so,
If you had been in Counsel, you would know
Her time to be but slender; she must die.

Love. I do believe it, Sir.

Shat. And suddenly,
She stands too near a Fortune.

Love. Sir?

Shat. 'Tis so,
There is no jesting with a Prince's Title;
Would we had both been born of common Parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life
In homely Cottage, we had then enjoyed
Our Loves, and our Embraces, these are things
That cannot tend to Treason——

Love. I am wretched.

Shat. O I pray as often for the King as any,
And with as true a Heart, for's continuance,
And do moreover pray his Heirs may live;
And their fair Issues, then as I am bound
For all the States and Commons; if these Prayers
Be any ways Ambitious, I submit,
And lay my Head down, let 'em take it off;
You may inform against me, but withal
Remember my Obedience to the Crown,
And Service to the State.

Love. Good Sir, I love ye.

Shat. Then love the gracious King, and say with me.

Love. Heav'n save his Grace.

Shat. This is strange——

A Woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz Love into me to try my Spirit;
Offer me Kisses, and enticing Follies,
To make me open and betray my self;
It was a subtle and a dangerous Plot,
And very soundly followed; farewell, Lady,
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest Man. Heav'n save the King. [*Exit.*]

Love. I'll never leave him, 'till, by Art or Prayer,
I have restor'd his Senses; if I make

Him

Him perfect Man again, he's mine, 'till when,
I here abjure all loves of other Men.

[Exit.]

Enter Cousin, and Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, go but back,
And tell him he's undone, say nothing else;
And you shall see how things will work upon't.

Cou. Not so, good *Jaques*, I am held an Ass,
A Country Fool, good to converse with Dirt,
And eat coarse Bread, wear the worst Wooll,
Know nothing but the High-way to *Paris*,
And wouldst thou have me bring these Stains
And Imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy Master?
They must be bright, and shine, their Cloaths
Soft Velvet, and the *Tyrian* Purple,
Like the *Arabian* Gums, hung like the Sun,
Their Golden Beams on all sides;
Such as these may come and know
Thy Master, I am base, and dare not speak unto him,
He's above me.

Jaq. If ever you did love him, or his State,
His Name, his Issue, or your self, go back:
'Twill be an honest and a noble part
Worthy a Kinsman; save 300 Acres
From present execution; they have had Sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, be merciful.

Cou. Have I not urg'd already all the Reasons
I had, to draw him from his Will? his Ruin?
But all in vain, no Counsel will prevail;
H's fixt himself, there's no removing, *Jaques*,
'Twill prove but Breath and Labour spent in vain;
I'll to my Horse, farewell.

Jaq. For God's sake, Sir,
As ever you have hope of Joy, turn back;
I'll be your Slave for ever, do but go,
And I will lay such fair Directions to you,
That if he be not doting on his Fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his Danger,
And ye shall tell him of his Wife's abuses,
I fear, too foul against him; how she plots,

With

With our young Monfieurs, to Milk-dry her Husband,
And lay it on their Backs; the next her Pride;
Then what his Debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his Tenants; this will work,
I'll pawn my Life and Head, he cries Away,
I'll to my House in the Country.

Conf. Come, I'll go, and once more try him,
If he yield not, so,
The next that tries him shall be want and woe. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gentleman solus.

Gent. *J* *Aques.*

Jaques. within. Sir.

Gent. Rise, *Jaques*, 'tis grown Day,
The Country Life is best, where quietly,
Free from the clamour of the troubled Court,
We may enjoy our own green shadowed Walks,
And keep a moderate Diet without Art.
Why did I leave my House, and bring my Wife,
To know the manner of this subtle place?
I would, when first the lust to Fame and Honour
Possess'd me, I had met with any evil,
But that; had I been tied to stay at home,
And earn the Bread for the whole Family
With my own Hand, happy had I been.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home,
When did ye there keep such inordinate hours?
Go to Bed late? start thrice? and call on me?
Would you were from this place; our Country sleeps,
Although they were but of that moderate length
That might maintain us in our daily Work,
Yet were they sound and sweet. (lay together;

Gent. Ay, *Jaques*, there we dreamt not of our Wives, we
And needed not; now at length my Cousin's words,

So

So truly meant, mixt with thy timely Prayers
So often urged, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.

Jaq. 'Twas not your Father's course:
He liv'd and dy'd in *Orleance*, where he had
His Vines as fruitful as Experience
(Which is the Art of Husbandry) could make;
He had his Presses for 'em, and his Wines
Were held the best, and out-fold other Mens;
His Corn and Cattle serv'd the Neighbour Towns
With plentiful Provision, yet his thrift
Could miss one Beast amongst the Herd;
He rul'd more where he liv'd, than ever you will here.

Gent. 'Tis true, why should my Wife then, 'gainst my
Perswade me to continue in this course? (good,

Jaq. Why did you bring her hither? At the first,
Before you warm'd her Blood with new Delights,
Our Country Sports could have contented her;
When you first married her, a Puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the Tilting doth.
She thought her self brave in a Bugle Chain,
Where Orient Pearl will scarce content her now.

Gent. Sure, *Jagues*, she sees something for my good
More than I do; she oft will talk to me
Of Offices, and that she shortly hopes,
By her Acquaintance with the Friends she hath,
To get a Place shall many times outweigh
Our great Expences, and if this be so ———

Jaq. Think better of her words, she doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and sensual ends
Perswade ye thus. Let me be set to dwell
For ever naked in the barest Soil,
So you will dwell from hence.

Gent. I see my Folly,
Pack up my stuff, I will away this Morn.
Haste——haste.

Jaq. Ay, now I see your Father's Honours
Trebling upon you, and the many Prayers
The Country spent for him, which almost now
Begun to turn to curses, turning back,

And

And falling like a mighty shower
Upon ye.

Gent. Go, call my Wife.

Jaq. But shall she not prevail,
And iway you, as she oft hath done before?

Gent. I will not hear her, but rail on her,
'Till I be ten Miles off.

Jaq. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worse, Sir.

Gent. Call her up.

Jaq. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Why what an Ass was I, that such a thing
As a Wife is could ruie me?

Know not I that Woman was created for the Man,
'That her Desires, nay all her Thoughts should be
As his are? Is my Sense restor'd at length?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a Husband that can govern her,

Enter Wife.

If her Desires lead me against my Will.
Are you come?

Wife. What sad unwonted course
Makes you raise me so soon, that went to Bed
So late last Night?

Gent. O you shall go to Bed sooner hereafter,
And be rais'd again at thrifty hours :
In Summer time we'll walk
An hour after our Supper, and to Bed ;
In Winter you shall have a set at Cards,
And set your Maids to work.

Wife. What do you mean?

Gent. I will no more of your new Tricks, your Honours,
Your Offices, and all your large Preferments,
Which still you beat into my Ears, hang o'er me,
I'll leave behind for others, the great sway
Which I shall bear at Court : my living here
With countenance of your honoured Friends,
I'll be content to lose : for you speak this
Only that you may still continue here
In wanton ease : and draw me to consume,

In Cloaths and other things idle for shew,
That which my Father got with honest thrift.

Wife. Why, who hath been with you, Sir,
That you talk thus out of Frame.

Gent. You make a Fool of me :
You provide one to bid me forth to Supper,
And make me promise; then must some one or other
Invite you forth; if you have born your self
Loosely to any Gentleman in my sight
At home, you ask me how I like the Carriage,
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my Preferment?
Come, I perceive all: talk not, we'll away.

Wife. Why, Sir, you'll stay 'till the next Triumph
Day be past?

Gent. Ay, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven Years, and I have ridden through the Streets,
And bought Embroyder'd Hose and Foot-cloaths too,
To shew a Subject's Zeal, I rode before
In this most gorgeous Habit, and saluted
All the Acquaintance I could espy
From any Window, these are ways ye told me
To raise me; I see all: make you ready straight,
And in that Gown which you came first to Town in,
Your Safe-guard, Cloak, and your Hood suitable:
Thus on a double Gelding shall you amble,
And my Man *Jaques* shall be set before you.

Wife. But will you go?

Gent. I will.

Wife. And shall I too?

Gent. And you shall too.

Wife. But shall I, by this light?

Gent. Why by this light you shall.

Wife. Then by this light

You have no care of your Estate and mine.
Have we been seven Years venturing in a Ship,
And now upon return, with a fair Wind,
And a calm Sea, full fraught with our own Wishes,
Laden with Wealth and Honour to the brim,
And shall we fly away, and not receive it?

Have

Have we been Tilling, Sowing, Labouring,
With Pain and Charge a long and tedious Winter,
And when we see the Corn above the Ground,
Youthful as is the Morn and the full Ear,
That promises to stuff our spacious Garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?

Gent. Wife talk no more, your Rhetorick comes too late,
I am inflexible; and how dare you
Adventure to direct my course of Life?

Was not the Husband made to rule the Wife?

Wife. 'Tis true; but where the Man doth miss his way,
It is the Woman's part to set him right;
So Fathers have a power to guide their Sons
In all their courses, yet you oft have seen
Poor little Children, that have both their Eyes,
Lead their blind Fathers.

Gent. She has a plaguy Wit,
I say you're but a little piece of Man.

Wife. But such a piece, as being ta'en away,
Man cannot last: The fairest and tallest Ship,
That ever Sail'd, is by a little piece of the same
Wood, steer'd right, and turn'd about.

Gent. 'Tis true she says, her Answers stand with Reason.

Wife. But, Sir, your Cousin put this in your Head,
Who is an Enemy to your Preferment,
Because I should not take place of his Wife;
Come, by this Kiss, thou shalt not go Sweet-heart.

Gent. Come, by this Kiss, I will go Sweet-heart;
On with your riding Stuff; I know your tricks,
And if Preferment fall e'er you be ready;
'Tis welcome, else adieu the City Life.

Wife. Well, Sir, I will obey.

Gent. About it then.

Wife. To please your humour, I would dress my self
In the most loathsome Habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the World,
If you command me; it shall ne'er be said,
The frailty of a Woman, whose weak Mind
Is often set on loose delights, and shews,
Hath drawn her Husband to consume his State,

In

In the vain Hope of that which never fell.

Gent. About it then, Women are pleasant Creatures,
When once a Man begins to know himself.

Wife. But hark you, Sir, because I will be sure,
You shall have no Excuse, no Word to say
In your Defence hereafter; when you see
What Honours were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away,
I tell you I did look for present Honour,
This Morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come e'er I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner least they should)
When I am once set in a Country Life,
Not all the Power of Earth shall alter me,
Not all your Prayers or Threats shall make me speak
The least Words to my honourable Friends,
To do you any Grace.

Gent. I will not wish it.

Wife. And never more hope to be honourable.

Gent. My Hopes are lower.

Wife. As I live you shall not,
You shall be so far from the Name of noble,
That you shall never see a Lord again;
You shall not see a Mask, or Barriers,
Or Tilting, or a solemn Christning,
Or a great Marriage, or new Fire-works,
Or any Bravery; but you shall live
At home, bespotted with your own lov'd Dirt,
In scurvy Cloaths, as you were wont to do,
And to content you, I will live so too.

Gent. 'Tis all I wish, make haste, the Day draws on,
It shall be my Care to see your Stuff packt up.

Wife. It shall be my Care to gull you; you shall stay,
[Exit *Gent.*

And more than so, intreat me humbly too,
You shall have Honours presently. *Maria.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam.

Wife. Bring hither Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Mar. 'Tis here.

Wife. Your Master will not stay,

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Unless

Unless Preferment come within an Hour.

Mar. Let him command one of City Gates,
In time of Mutiny, or you may provide him
To be one of the Council, for invading
Some savage Country to plant Christian Faith.

Wife. No, no, I have it for him, call my Page:
Now, my dear Husband, there it is will fit you. [*Ex. Maria.*
And when the World shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the Spleen of any Wife,
To make an Ass of her beloved Husband,
Without good Ground; but if they will be drawn
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine Gentlemen, have no Mercy,
Publish them to the World, 'twill do them good
When they shall see their Follies understood.
Go bear these Letters to my Servant,
And bid him make haste, I will dress my self
In all the Journey-Cloaths I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the Laughter more. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman and Jaques.

Gent. Is a'l packt up?

Jaq. All, all, Sir, there is no Tumbler
Runs through his Hoop with more Dexterity,
Than I about this Business: 'Tis a Day,
That I have long long'd to see.

Gent. Come, Where's my Spurs?

Jaq. Here, Sir, and now 'tis come.

Gent. Ay, *Jaques*, now,
I thank my Fates, I can command my Wife.

Jaq. I am glad to see it, Sir.

Gent. I do not love always
To be made a Puppy, *Jaques*.

Jaq. But yet methinks your Worship does not look,
Right like a Country Gentleman.

Gent. I will, give me my t'other Hat.

Jaq. Here.

Gent. So, my Jerkin.

Jaq. Yes, Sir.

Gent. On with it *Jaques*, thou and I

Will

Will live so finely in the Country, *Faques*,
And have such pleasant Walks into the Woods
A Mornings, and then bring home riding Rods,
And walking Staves——

Faq. And I will bear them, Sir,
And Scourge-sticks for the Children.

Gent. So thou shalt,
And thou shalt do all, over-see my Work-folks,
And at the Weeks end pay 'em all their Wages.

Faq. I will, Sir, so your Worship give me Mony.

Gent. Thou shalt receive all too; give me my Drawers.

Faq. They are ready, Sir.

Gent. And I will make thy Mistrefs,
My Wife, look to her Landry, and her Dairy,
That we may have our Linnen clean on Sundays.

Faq. And Holy-days.

Gent. Ay, and e'er we walk about the Grounds
Provide our Breakfast,
Or she shall smoke, I'll have her a good Huswife:
She shall not make a Voyage to her Sisters,
But she shall live at home,
And feed her Pullen fat, and see her Maids
In Bed before her, and lock all the Doors.

Faq. Why that will be a Life for Kings and Queens.

Gent. Give me my Scarf with the great Button quickly.

Faq. 'Tis done, Sir.

Gent. Now my Mittens.

Faq. Here they are, Sir.

Gent. 'Tis well; now my great Dagger.

Faq. There.

Gent. Why so; thus it should be, now my riding Rod.

Faq. There's nothing wanting, Sir.

Gent. Another, Man, to stick under my Girdle.

Faq. There it is.

Gent. All is well.

Faq. Why now methinks your Worship looks
Like to your self, a Man of Means and Credit,
So did your grave and famous Ancestors
Ride up and down to Fairs, and cheapen Cattle.

Gent. Go, hasten your Mistrefs, Sirrah.

Jaques. It shall be done.

[*Exit Jaques.*

Enter Servant and Page.

Ser. Who's that? Who's that, Boy?

Page. I think it be my Master.

(*Rod?*

Ser. Who, he that walks in gray, whisking his riding

Page. Yes, Sir, 'tis he.

Ser. 'Tis he indeed, he is prepar'd

For his new Journey; when I wink upon you,

Run out and tell the Gentleman 'tis time——

Monfieur, good Day.

(*ready.*

Gent. *Monfieur*, your Mistress is within, but yet not

Ser. My Business is with you, Sir; 'tis reported,

I know not whether by some Enemy

Maliciously, that envies your great Hopes,

And would be ready to sow Discontents

Betwixt his Majesty and you, or truly,

Which on my Faith I would be sorry for,

That you intend to leave the Court in haste.

Gent. Faith, Sir, within this half Hour. *Jaques!*

Jaques within Sir?

Gent. Is my Wife ready?

Jaques. Presently.

Ser. But, Sir,

I needs must tell you, as I am your Friend,

You should have ta'en your Journey privater,

For 'tis already blaz'd about the Court.

Gent. Why, Sir, I hope it is no Treason, is it?

Ser. 'Tis true, Sir, but 'tis grown the common Talk,

There's no Discovery else held, and in the Presence

All the Nobility and Gentry.

Having nothing in their Mouths but only this,

Monfieur Marine, that noble Gentleman,

Is now departing hence; every Man's Face

Looks ghastly on his Fellows; such a Sadness

(Before this Day) I ne'er beheld in Court,

Mens Hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,

In Expectation of the great Event

That needs must follow it; pray Heav'n it be good!

Gent. Why, I had rather all their Hearts should fail,

Than I stay here until my Purse fail me.

Ser.

Ser. But yet you are a Subject, and beware,
I charge you by the Love I bear to you,
How you do venture rashly on a Course,
To make your Sovereign jealous of your Deeds;
For Princes Jealousies, where they love most,
Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.

Gent. Come, these are Tricks, I smell 'em, I will go.

Ser. Have I not still profess'd my self your Friend?

Gent. Yes, but you never shew'd it me yet.

Ser. But now I will, because I see you wise,
And give ye thus much Light into a Business,
That came to me but now, be resolute,
Stand stilly to it that you will depart,
And presently.

Gent. Why so I mean to do.

Ser. And by this Light you may be what you will;
Will you be secret, Sir?

Gent. Why? What's the Matter?

Ser. The King does fear you.

Gent. How?

Ser. And is now in Counsel.

Gent. About me?

Ser. About you, and you be wise,
You'll find he's in Counsel about you.
His Counsellors have told him all the Truth.

Gent. What Truth?

Ser. Why, that which now he knows too well.

Gent. What is't?

Ser. That you have follow'd him seven Years,
With a great Train; and though he have not grac'd you,
Yet you have div'd into the Hearts of thousands,
With Liberality and noble Carriage;
And if you should depart home unprefer'd,
All discontented and seditious Spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into Action:
With whose help, and your Tenants, who doth not know
(If you were so dispos'd) *(France)*
How great a part of this yet fertile peaceful Realm of
You might make desolate? But when the King
Heard this—

Gent. What said he?

Ser. Nothing, but shook,
As never Christian Prince did shake before.
And to be short, you may be what you will?
But be not ambitious, Sir, sit down
With moderate Honours, least you make your self
More fear'd.

Gent. I know, Sir, what I have to do
In mine own Business.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Where's Monsieur Mount Marine.

Ser. Why there he stands, will you ought with him?

Long. Yes: Good Day, Monsieur Marine.

Gent. Good Day to you.

Long. His Majesty doth commend himself
Most kindly to you, Sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this Favour: Kneel down, rise a Knight.

Gent. I thank his Majesty.

Long. And he doth further request you
Not to leave the Court so soon,
For though your former Merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no Office fall
Worthy your Spirit, as he doth confess
There's none so great, but you shall sure'y have it.

Ser. Do you hear? if you yield yet you are an Ass.

Gent. I'll shew my Service to his Majesty
In greater things than these, but for this small one
I must intreat his Highness to excuse me.

Long. I'll bear your Knightly Words unto the King,
And bring his princely Answer back again. [*Exit Long.*]

Ser. Well said, be resolute a while, I know
There is a Tide of Honours coming on:
I warrant you.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where is this new made Knight?

Gent. Here, Sir.

Bew. Let me enfold you in my Arms,
Then call you Lord, the King will have it so,
Who doth entreat your Lordship to remember
His Message sent to you by Longueville.

Ser.

Ser. If ye be dirty, and dare not mount aloft;
You may yield now, I know what I would do.

Gent. Peace, I will fit him; tell his Majesty
I am a Subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious Prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without desert; but yet
As for the Message, Business urgeth me,
I must be gone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand Kings and Emperors.

Bew. I'll tell him so.

Ser. Why, this was like your self.

Bew. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest Fellow
That e'er was *Christmass* Lord, he carries it
So truly to the Life, as though he were
One of the Plot to gull himself. [Exit Bewford.

Serv. Why so, you sent the wisest and the shrewdest
Unto the King, I swear, my honoured Friend, (Answer
That ever any Subject sent his Liege.

Gent. Nay now I know I have him on the Hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter Longueville.

Long. My honourable Lord,
Give me your noble Hand right courteous Peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly Earl;
The King so wills, and Subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his Request.

Serv. Why faith you're well my Lord, yield to him.

Gent. Yield? Why 'twas my Plot.

Ser. Nay, 'twas your Wife's Plot,

Gent. To get Preferment by it,
And thinks he now to pop me i'th' Mouth
But with an Earldome? I'll be one Step higher.

Serv. 'Tis the finest Lord, I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the Kingdom with him.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where's this courtly Earl?
His Majesty commends his Love unto you;
And will you but now grant to his Request,
He bids you be a Duke, and chuse of whence.

Ser. Why if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wish to have more, but the Kingdom?

Gent. So please his Majesty, I would be Duke of *Bur-*
Because I like the Place. (gundy,

Bew. I know the King is pleas'd.

Gent. Then will I stay and kiss his Highness Hand.

Bew. His Majesty will be a glad Man when he hears it.

Long. But how shall we keep this from the World's Ear,
That some one tell him not, he is no Duke?

Ser. We'll think of that anon.

Why Gentlemen, Is this a gracious Habit for a Duke?
Each gentle Body set a Finger too
To pluck the Clouds of this his riding Weeds.
From off the orient Sun of his best Cloaths;
I'll pluck one Boot and Spur off.

Long. I another.

Bew. I'll pluck his Jerkin off.

Ser. Sit down, my Lord:

Both his Spurs off at once good *Longueville*,
And *Bewford*, take that Scarfe off, and that Hat
Doth not become his largely sprouting Forehead.
Now set your gracious Foot to this of mine,
One pluck will do it; so, off with the other.

Long. Lo, thus your Servant *Longueville* doth pluck
The Trophy of your former Gentry off.
Off with his Jerkin, *Bewford*.

Ser. Didst thou never see

A nimble-footed Tailor stand so in his Stockings,
Whilst some Friend help'd to pluck his Jerkin off,
To dance a Jigg?

Enter Jaques.

Long. Here's his Man *Jaques* come,
Booted and ready still.

Jaq. My Mistress stays;
Why how now, Sir? What does your Worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty Habit off.

Gent. My Slippers, *Jaques*.

Long. O thou mighty Duke,
Pardon this Man,
That thus hath trespassed in Ignorance.

Gent.

Gent. I pardon him.

Long. His Grace's Slippers, *Jaques*.

Jaq. Why what's the matter?

Long. Foot-man, he's a Duke:

The King hath rais'd him above all his Land.

Jaq. I'll to his Cousin presently, and tell him so;
O what a Dung-hill Country Rogue was I. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Enter Wife.

Ser. See, see, my Mistress.

Long. Let's observe their greeting.

Wife. Unto your Will, as every good Wife ought,
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.

Gent. O Wife, I am not worthy to kiss the least
Of all thy Toes, much less thy Thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with; all thy Counsel
Hath been to me Angelical, but mine to thee
Hath been most dirty, like my Mind:
Dear Dutchess, I must stay.

Wife. What are you mad, to make me
Dress, and undress, turn and wind me,
Because you find me plyant? said I not
The whole World should not alter me, if once
I were resolv'd? and now you call me Dutchess;
Why what's the matter?

Gent. Lo a Knight doth kneel.

Wife. A Knight?

Gent. A Lord.

Wife. A Fool.

Gent. I say doth kneel an Earl, a Duke.

Long. In Drawers.

Bew. Without Shoes.

Wife. Sure you are Lunatick.

Ser. No, honoured Dutchess,
If you dare but believe your Servant's truth,
I know he is a Duke.

Long. God save his Grace.

Wife. I ask your Grace's Pardon,

Gent. Then I rise,
And here, in token that all strife shall end
Twixt thee and me, I let my Drawers fall,

And

And to thy Hands I do deliver them,
Which signifies, that in all Acts and Speeches,
From this time forth, my Wife shall wear the Breeches.
Serv. An honourable Composition. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cousin and Jaques.

Cous. **S**HALL I believe thee, *Jaques*?

Jaq. Sir, you may.

Cous. Didst thou not dream?

Jaq. I did not.

Cous. Nor imagine?

Jaq. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty,
I saw the *Monsieurs* bow, and heard them cry,
Good Health and Fortune to my Lord the Duke.

Cous. A Duke art sure? a Duke?

Jaq. I am sure a Duke,

And so sure, as I know my self for *Jaques*.

Cous. Yet the Sun may dazel: *Jaques*, was it not
Some lean Commander of an angry Block-house,
To keep the *Fleemish* Eel-Boats from Invasion,
Or some bold Baron able to dispend
His fifty Pounds a Year, and meet the Foe
Upon the King's Command, in gilded Canvas,
And do his Deeds of worth? Or was it not
Some Place of Gain, as Clerk to the great Band
Of *Maribones*, that People call the *Switzers*?
Men made of Beef and Sarcenet? (*Presence?*)

Jaq. Is a Duke's Chamber hung with Nobles like a

Cous. I am something wavering in my Faith;
Would you would settle me, and swear 'tis so,
Is he a Duke indeed?

Jaq. I swear he is.

Cous. I am satisfy'd, he is my Kinsman, *Jaques*,
And I his poor unworthy Cousin.

Jaq. True, Sir.

Cous.

Cous. I might have been a Duke too, I had means,
A Wife as fair as his, and as wise as his;
And could have brookt the Court as well as his,
And laid about her for her Husband's Honour:
O *Faques*, had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.

Faq. Faith, Sir, it came
Above our Expectation, we were wise
Only in seeking to undo this Honour,
Which shew'd our Dung-hill breeding and our Dirt.

Cous. But tell me, *Faques*,
Why could we not perceive? what dull Devil
Wrought us to cross this noble course, perswading
'Twould be his Overthrow? 'fore me a Courtier
Is he that knows all, *Faques*, and does all,
'Tis as his noble Grace hath often said,
And very wisely, *Faques*, we are Fools,
And understand just nothing.

Faq. Ay, as we were, I confess it.
But rising with our great Master,
We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places,
'Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there,
There's not the least of the Billet-dealers,
Nor any of the Pastry, or the Kitchen,
But have it in measure delicate.

Cous. Methinks this greatness of the Duke's my Cousin's,
(I ask you mercy, *Faques*, that near Name
Is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great Benefits to his Attendants.

Faq. I have a suit my self, and it is sure,
Or I mistake my ends much.

Cous. What is't, *Faques*,
May I not crave the place?

Faq. Yes, Sir, you shall,
'Tis to be but his Grace's Secretary,
Which is my little all, and my Ambition,
'Till my known Worth shall take me by the Hand
And set me higher; how the Fates may do
In this poor Thread of Life, is yet uncertain;

I was not born, I take it, for a Trencher,
Nor to espouse my Mistress Dairy-maid.

Conf. I am resolv'd my Wife shall up to Court;
I'll furnish her, that is a speeding course,
And cannot chuse but breed a mighty Fortune;
What a fine Youth was I, to let him start,
And get the rise before me? I'll dispatch,
And put my self in Monies.

Faq. 'Mafs 'tis true,
And now you talk of Mony, Sir, my business
For taking those Crowns must be dispatch'd:
This little Plot in the Country lies most fit
To do his Grace such serviceable uses,
I must about it.

Conf. Yet, before you go,
Give me your hand, and bear my humble service
To the great Duke your Master, and his Dutches,
And live your self in favour: Say, my Wife
Shall there attend them shortly, so farewell.

Faq. I'll see you mounted, Sir.

Conf. It may not be,
Your Place is far above it, spare your self,
And know I am your Servant, fare ye well. [*Exit Conf.*]

Faq. Sir, I shall rest to be commanded by you,
This place of Secretary will not content me,
I must be more and greater: let me see;
To be a Baron is no such great matter
As People take it: for say I were a Count,
I am still an under Person to this Duke,
Which methinks sounds but harshly: but a Duke?
O I am strangely taken, 'tis a Duke
Or nothing; I'll advise upon't, and see
What may be done by Wit and Industry. [*Exit.*]

Enter Wife, Longuevil, Bewford and Servants.

Wife. It must be carried closely, with a care
That no Man speak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Afore-hand to our Practice:
My good Husband,
I shall entreat you now to stay a while,

And

And prove a noble Coxcomb.

Gentlemen,

Your Counsel and Advice about this Carriage.

Ser. Alas, good Man, I do begin to mourn
His dire Massacre; what a Persecution
Is pouring down upon him? sure he is sinful.

Long. Let him be kept in's Chamber, under shew
Of State and Dignity, and no Man suffer'd
To see his noble Face, or have Access,
But we that are Conspirators.

(his Tenants,

Bew. Or else down with him into the Country amongst
There he may live far longer in his Greatness,
And play the Fool in Pomp amongst his Fellows.

Wife. No, he shall play the Fool in the City, and stay,
I will not lose the greatness of this Jest,
That shall be given to my Wit, for the whole Revenues.

Ser. Then thus; we'll have a Guard about his Person,
That no Man come too near him, and our selves
Always in company; have him into the City
To see his Face swell; whilst, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry Heav'n bless your Grace, long live your Grace.

Wife. Servant, your Counsel's excellent good,
And shall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus, as though he went
A shroving through the City, or intended
To set up some new Wake:

I shall not hold

From open Laughter, when I hear him cry,
Come hither my sweet Dutchess; let me kiss
Thy gracious Lips: for this will be his Phrases?
I fear me nothing but his Legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a Greatness.

Bew. Now methinks, dearest Lady, you are too cruel;
His very Heart will freeze in knowing this.

Wife. No, no, the Man was never of such deepness,
To make Conceit his Master: Sir, I'll assure ye
He will out-live twenty such Pageants.

Were he but my Cousin, or my Brother,
And such a desperate killer of his Fortune,

In

In this belief he should dye, though it cost me
 A thousand Crowns a Day to hold it up;
 Or were I not known his Wife, and so to have
 An equal feeling of this Ill he suffers,
 He should be thus, 'till all the Boys i'th' Town
 Made suit to wear his Badges in their Hats,
 And walk before his Grace with Sticks and Nose-gays:
 We Married Women hold——

Ser. 'Tis well, no more.

The Duke is entring, set your Faces right,
 And bow like Country Prologues: Here he comes,
 Make room afore, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke.

Long. The choicest Fortunes wait upon our Duke.

Ser. And give him all Content and Happiness.

Bew. Let his great Name live to the end of time.

Duke. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice
 We shall at fitter times wait on your Loves,
 'Till when, be near us.

Long. 'Tis a valiant Purge, and works extreamly;
 'Thas delivered him

Of all right worshipful and gentle Humours,
 And left his Belly full of Nobleness.

Duke. It pleased the King my Master,
 For sundry Virtues not unknown to him,
 And the all-seeing State, to lend his Hand,
 And raise me to this Eminence; how this
 May seem to other Men, or stir the Minds
 Of such as are my fellow Peers, I know not,
 I would desire their loves in just designs.

Wife. Now by my Faith he does well, very well:
 Beshrew my Heart I have not seen a better,
 Of a raw Fellow, that before this day
 Never rehearst his State: 'tis marvellous well.

Ser. Is he not Duke indeed, see how he looks
 As if his Spirit were a last or two
 Above his Veins, and stretcht his noble Hide. (not.)

Long. He's high-brac'd like a Drum, pray God he break

Bew. Why let him break, there's but a Calves-skin lost.

Long.

Long. May it please your Grace to see the City,
'Twill be to the Minds and much contentment
Of the doubtful People.

Duke. I am determin'd so, 'till my return
I leave my honour'd Dutches to her Chamber.
Be careful of your Health, I pray you be so.

Ser. Your Grace shall suffer us your humble Servants
To give Attendance, fit so great a Person
Upon your Body.

Duke. I am pleas'd so.

Lon. Away good *Bewford*, raise a Guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of Tongues, be quick;
And do you hear, remember how the Streets
Must be dispos'd with, for Cries, and Salutations.
Your Grace determines not to see the King——

Duke. Not yet, I shall be ready ten days hence
To kiss his Highness Hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should, for his great Bounty.
Set forward, Gentlemen.

Groom. Room for the Duke there.

[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*]

Wife. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his Mighti-
He swells so with his Poyson, (ness,
'Tis better to reclaim ye thus, than make
A Sheep's-head of you, it had been but your due;
But I have mercy, Sir, and mean to reclaim you
By a directer course.

That Woman is not worthy of a Soul,
That has the sovereign Power to rule her Husband,
And gives her Title up, so long provided
As there be fair play, and his State not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

(springs,

Sbat. I would be glad to know whence this new Duke
The People buz abroad; or by what Title
He receiv'd his Dignity, 'tis very strange
There should be such close jugling in the State;
But I am ty'd to silence, yet a day
May come, and soon, to perfect all these doubts.

Wife. It is the mad *Shattillion*, by my Soul,
I suffer much for this poor Gentleman;

I'll speak to him, may be he yet knows me.
Monfieur Shattillion.

Sbat. Can you give me reason from whence
 This great Duke sprang, that walks abroad?

Wife. Even from the King himself.

Sbat. As you are a Woman, I think you may be cover'd;
 Yet your Prayer would do no harm, good Woman.

Wife. God preserve him.

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Sbat. I say Amen, and so say all good Subjects.

Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or shall,
 As you have hope of Heav'n, lend your Hand
 And Wit, to draw this poor distracted Man
 Under your Roof, from the broad Eyes of People,
 And wonder of the Streets.

Wife. With all my Heart;
 My feeling of his grief and loss is much.

Love. Sir, now you are come so near the Prison, will ye
 Go in, and visit your fair Love: poor Soul
 She would be glad to see you.

Sbat. This same Duke is but
 Apocryphal, there's no Creation
 That can stand, where Titles are not right.

Love. 'Tis true, Sir.

Sbat. This is another draught upon my Life;
 Let me examine well the words I spake.
 The words I spake were, that this novel Duke
 Is not o'th' true making, 'tis to me most certain.

Wife. You are as right, Sir, as you went by Line.

Sbat. And to the grief of many thousands more.

Wife. If there be any such, God comfort them. (please;

Sbat. Whose Mouths may open when the time shall
 I'm betray'd, commend me to the King,
 And tell him I am sound, and crave but Justice;
 You shall not need to have your Guard upon me,
 Which I am sure are plac'd for my attachment;
 Lead on; I'm obedient to my Bonds.

Love. Good Sir, be not displeased with us;
 We are but Servants to his Highness will,
 To make that good.

Sbat.

Shat. I do forgive you even with my Heart;
Shall I intreat a Favour?

Wife. Any thing.

Shat. To see my Love before that fatal Stroak,
And publish to the World my Christian Death,
And true Obedience to the Crown of *France*.

Love. I hope it shall not need, Sir, for there is Mercy,
As well as Justice, in his Royal Heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Every Man take his Corner, here am I,
You there, and you in that Place, so be perfect,
Have a great Care your Cries be loud; and Faces
Full of dejected Fear and Humbleness.
He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Fie, how these Streets are charg'd and swell'd
With these same rascally People? Give more Room,
Or I shall have occasion to distribute
A martial Alms amongst you; as I am a Gentleman
I have not seen such rude Disorder,
They follow him like a Prize, there's no true Gaper
Like to your Citizen, he will be sure
The Bears shall not pass by his Door in Peace,
But he and all his Family will follow.
Room there afore; sound.

Enter Duke and his Company.

Jaq. Give Room, and keep your Places,
And you may see enough; keep your Places.

Long. These People are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your Grace's way with Multitudes.

Duke. Rebuke them not, good Monsieur, 'tis their
Which I will answer, it it please my Stars (Loves
To spare me Life and Health.

2 Gent. Bless your Grace.

Duke. And you, with all my Heart.

1 Gent. Now Heav'n preserve your happy Days.

Duke. I thank you too.

3 Gent. Now Heav'n save your Grace;

Duke. I thank you all.

Bew. On there before.

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T

Duke.

Duke. Stand, Gentlemen, stay yet a while;
For I am minded to impart my Love
To these good People and my Friends,
Whose Love and Prayers for my Greatness
Are equal in abundance; note me well,
And with my Words, my Heart; for as the Tree——

Long. Your Grace had best beware, 'twill be inform'd
Your Greatness with the People.

Duke. I had more,
My honest and ingenious People——But
The Weight of Business hath prevented me,
I am call'd from you; but this Tree I spake of
Shall bring forth Fruit, I hope, to your Content.
And so I share my Bowels amongst you all.

Omnes. A noble Duke, a very noble Duke.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ser. Afore there, Gentlemen.

Gent. You're faithfully met, good Monsieur, *Mount*

Ser. Be advis'd, the time is alter'd. *(Marine.)*

Gent. Is he not the same Man he was afore?

Duke. Still the same Man to you, Sir.

Long. You have receiv'd mighty Grace, be thankful.

Gent. Let me not die in Ignorance.

Long. You shall not.

Then know, the King, out of his love, hath pleas'd
To stile him Duke of *Burgundy*.

Gent. O great Duke,
Thus low I plead for Pardon, and desire
To be enrol'd amongst your poorest Slaves.

Duke. Sir, you have Merely, and withal my Hand,
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.

Ser. Make room afore there, and dismiss the People.

Duke. Every Man to his House in Peace and quiet. *(Duke.)*

Peo. Now Heav'n preserve the Duke, Heav'n bless the
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. This Letter came this Morn from my Cousin;
To the great Lady, high and mighty Dutchess
Of *Burgundy*, be these delivered. Oh,

For

For a stronger Lace to keep my Breath
That I may laugh the nine Days, 'till the Wonder
Fall to an Ebb: The high and mighty Dutchess?
The high and mighty God? What a Stile is this?
Methinks it goes like a *Duchy* Lope-man,
A Ladder of an hundred Rounds will fail
To reach the Top on't: Well, my gentle Cousin,
I know, by these Contents, your itch of Honour;
You must to the Court you say, and very shortly;
You shall be welcome; and if your Wife have Wit,
I'll put her in a thriving Course, if not
Her own Sin on her own Head, not a Blot
Shall stain my Reputation, only this
I must for Healths sake sometimes make an Ass
Of the tame Moil my Husband; 'twill do him good,
And give him fresher Brains, me fresher Blood.
Now for the noble Duke, I hear him coming.

Enter Duke and his Train.

Your Grace is well return'd.

Duke. As well as may be,
Never in younger Health, never more able:
I mean to be your Bed-fellow this Night,
Let me have good Encounter.

Bew. Bless me Heav'n,
What a hot Meat this Greatness is?

Long. It may be so,
For I'll be sworn he hath not got a Snap
This two Months on my Knowledge, or her Woman
Is damn'd for swearing it.

Duke. I thank you Gentlemen for your Attendance,
And also your great Pains, pray know my Lodgings
Better and oftner, do so, Gentlemen.

Now by my Honour, as I am a Prince,
I speak sincerely, know my Lodgings better,
And be not Strangers, I shall see your Service
And your Deservings, when you least expect.

Om. We humbly thank your Grace for this great

Duke. *Jaques?*

(Favour.

Jaq. Your Grace.

Duke. Be ready for the Country,

And let my Tenants know the King's great Love:
 Say I would see them, but the Weight at Court
 Lyes heavy on my Shoulders; let them know
 I do expect their Duties in Attendance
 Against the next Feast, wait for my coming
 To take up Post Horse, and be full of Speed. [*Ex. Jaq.*]

Wife. I would desire your Grace——

Duke. You shall desire, and have your
 Full Desire: Sweet Dutcheſs, ſpeak.

Wife. To have ſome Conference with a Gentleman
 That ſeems not altogether void of Reason,
 He talks of Titles, and things near the Crown,
 And knowing none ſo fit as your Grace,
 To give the Difference in ſuch Points of State——

Duke. What is he? If he be noble, or have any Part
 That's worthy our Converſe, we do accept him.

Wife. I can aſſure your Grace, his Strain is noble,
 But he's very ſubtle.

Duke. Let him be ſo.

Let him have all the Brains, I ſhall demonstrate
 How this moſt Chriſtian Crown of *France* can bear
 No other ſhew of Title than the King's.

I will go in and meditate for half an Hour,
 And then be ready for him preſently,
 I will convert him quickly, or confound him.

Ser. Is mad *Shattillion* here?

Wife. Is here, and's Lady,
 I prithee Servant fetch him hither.

Ser. Why, what do you mean to put him to?

Wife. To chat with the mad Lad my Husband;
 'Twill be brave to hear them ſpeak, babble,
 Stare and prate.

Bew. But what ſhall be the end of all this, Lady?

Enter Shattillion and Lady.

Wife. Leave that to me, now for the grand Diſpute,
 For ſee, here comes *Shattillion*; as I live, methinks
 All *France* ſhould bear part of his Grievs.

Long. I'll fetch my Lord the Duke.

Shat. Where am I now, or whither will you lead me?
 To my Death? I crave my Privilege,

I must not die, but by just Course of Law.

Ser. His Majesty hath sent by me your Pardon,
He meant not you should die, but would intreat you
To lay the full State of your Title open,
Unto a grave and noble Gentleman,

Enter Duke and Longueville.

The Duke of *Burgundy*, who here doth come,
Who, either by his Wisdom will confute you,
Or else inform and satisfie the King.

Bew. May't please your Grace, this is the Gentleman.

Duke. Is this he that chops Logick with my Liege?

Sbat. D'ye mock me? You are great, the time will come,
When you shall be as much contemn'd as I,
Where are the ancient Compliments of *France*,
The Upstarts brave, the Princes of the Blood?

Duke. Your Title Sir, in short.

Sbat. He must, Sir,
Be a better States-man than your self, that can
Trip me in any thing, I will not speak
Before these Witnesses.

Duke. Depart the Room, for none shall stay,
No, not my dearest Dutchess.

Wife. We'll stand behind the Arras and hear all. [*Exe.*

Duke. In that Chair take your Place, I in this,
Discourse your Title now.

Sbat. Sir, you shall know,
My Love's true Title, mine by Marriage,
Setting aside the first Race of *French Kings*,
Which will not here concern us, as *Pharamond*,
With *Clodian*, *Meroveus*, and *Chilperick*,
And to come down unto the second Race,
Which we will likewise slip——

Duke. But take me with you.

Sbat. I pray you give me leave, of *Martel Charles*,
The Father of King *Pippin*, who was Sire
To *Charles* the Great, and famous *Charlemain*.
And to come to the third Race of *French Kings*,
Which will not be greatly pertinent in this Cause,
Betwixt the King and me, of which you know
HUGH CAPET was the first;

Next his Son *Robert*, *Henry* then, and *Philip*
 With *Lewis*, and his Son a *Lewis* too,
 And of that Name the Seventh, but all this
 Springs from a Female, as it shall appear.

Duke. Now give me leave; I grant you this your Title,
 At the first fight, carries some shew of Truth;
 But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find Light.
 Is not his Majesty possiest in Peace,
 And Justice executed in his Name?
 And can you think the most Christian King
 Would do this, if he saw not reason for it?

Sbat. But had not the Tenth *Lewis* a sole Daughter?

Duke. I cannot tell.

Sbat. But answer me directly.

Duke. It is a most seditious Question.

Chat. Is this your Justice?

Duke. I stand for my King.

Sbat. Was ever Heir-Apparent thus abus'd?
 I'll have your Head for this.

Duke. Why, do your worst.

Sbat. Will no one stir to apprehend this Traitor?
 A Guard about my Person, will none come?
 Must my own Royal Hands perform the Deed?
 Then thus I do arrest you.

Duke. Treason, help.

Enter Wife, Longueville, Bewford and Servant.

Wife. Help, help, my Lord and Husband.

Duke. Help the Duke.

Long. Forbear his Grace's Person.

Sbat. Forbear you to touch him that
 Your Heir-apparent weds;

But by this Hand, I will have all your Heads. [Exit.

Ser. How doth your Grace?

Duke. Why? well.

Ser. How do you find his Title?

Duke. 'Tis a dangerous one,
 As can come by a Female.

Ser. Ay, 'tis true,
 But the Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.

Long. I do beseech your Grace, how stands his Title?
Duke.

Duke. Pew, nothing; the Law *Salique* cuts him off from
 Wife. My gracious Husband, you must now prepare, (all.
 In all your Grace's Pomp to entertain
 Your Cousin, who is now a Convertite,
 And follows here, this Night he will be here.

Duke. Be ready all in haste, I do intend,
 To shew before my Cousin's wondring Face,
 The Greatness of my Pomp, and of my Place.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cousin, his Wife, and Servant.

Cous. **S**irrah, is all things carry'd to the Tailor?
 The Measure, and the Fashion of the Gown,
 With the best Trim?

Ser. Yes, Sir, and 'twill be ready within this two Days.

Cous. For my self I care not,
 I have a Suit or two of ancient Velvet,
 Which with some small correcting and Addition,
 May steal into the Presence. (my Life

Wife. Would my Gown were ready; Husband, I'll lay
 To make you something e'er to morrow Night.

Cous. It must not be
 Before we see the Duke, and have Advice,
 How to behave our selves: Let's in the while, (us.
 And keep our selves from knowledge, 'till Time shall call

Enter Longueville and Bewford.

Long. I much admire the fierce Masculine Spirit
 Of this dread *Amazon*.

Bew. This following Night I'll have a Wench in solace.

Long. Sir, I hear you,
 And will be with you if I live, no more.

Enter Maria.

Mar. My Lady would intreat your Presence, Gentlemen.

Bew. We will obey your Lady, she is worthy.

Long. You, light alone, a Word or two.

Mar. Your Will, Sir.

Long. Hark in your Ear; Wilt thou be marry'd? Speak,

Mar. Marry'd? To whom, Sir? (wilt thou marry?

Long. To a proper Fellow, landed, and able-body'd.

Mar. Why do you flout me, Sir? (be free?

Long. I swear I do not; I love thee for thy Lady's sake,

Mar. If I could meet such Matches as you speak of,
I were a very Child to lose my time, Sir.

Long. What say'st thou to Monsieur *Bewford*?

Mar. Sir, I say he's a proper Gentleman, and far
Above my Means to look at.

Long. Dost thou like him?

Mar. Yes, Sir, and ever did.

Long. He is thine own.

Mar. You are too great in Promises.

Long. Be rul'd, and follow my Advice, he shall be thine.

Mar. Would you would make it good, Sir.

Long. Do but thus,
Get thee a Cushion underneath thy Cloaths,
And leave the rest to me.

Mar. I'll be your Scholar,
I cannot lose much by the Venture sure.

Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty Maiden-head, my Rogue,
Or I am much i'th' bow Hand; you'll remember,
If all this take effect, who did it for you?
And what I may deserve for such a Kindness.

Mar. Yours, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques and Shattillion severally.

Jaq. Save ye, Sir.

Sbat. Save the King.

Jaq. I pray you, Sir, which is the nearest way.

Sbat. Save the King, This is the nearest way.

Jaq. Which is the nearest way to the Post-house?

Sbat. God save the King and his Post-house.

I pray Sir direct me to the House.

Sbat. Heav'n save the King, you cannot catch me, Sir.

Jaq. I do not understand you, Sir.

Sbat. You do not, I say you cannot catch me, Sir.

Jaq. Not catch you, Sir?

Sbat. No, Sir, nor can the King,
With all his Stratagems, and his forced Tricks,
Although

Although he put his Nobles in disguise;
Never so oft to sift into my words,
By course of Law, lay hold upon my Life.

Jaq. It is business that my Lord the Duke
Is by the King employed in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it.

Sbat. I shall not need to rip the cause up,
From the first, to you;
But if his Majesty had suffer'd me
To marry her, though she be after him,
The right Heir general to the Crown of *France*,
I would not have convey'd her into *Spain*,
As it was thought, nor would I e'er have joyn'd
With the reformed Churches, to make them
Stand for my Cause.

Jaq. I do not think you would.

Sbat. I thank you, Sir.

And since I see you are a Favourer
Of Virtues, kept in Bondage;
Tell directly to my Sovereign King,
For so I will acknowledge him for ever,
How you have found my staid Affections
Settled for Peace, and for the present State.

Jaq. Why, Sir?

Sbat. And good Sir, tell him further this,
That notwithstanding all Suggestions
Brought to him against me, and all his Suspicions,
Which are innumerable to my Treasons,
If he will warrant me but publick Tryal,
I'll freely yield my self into his Hands;
Can he have more than this?

Jaq. No by my troth.

Sbat. I would his Majesty would hear but Reason,
As well as you.

Jaq. But Sir, you do mistake me,
For I never saw the King
In all my Life but once, therefore good Sir,
May it please you to shew me which is the Post-house.

Sbat. I cry you mercy, Sir, then you are my Friend.

Jaq. Yes, Sir.

Sbat.

Sbat. And such Men are very rare with me,
The Post-house is hard by, farewell.

Faq. I thank you, Sir, I must ride hard to Night,
And it is dark already.

Sbat. I am cruel, to send this Man directly to his Death
That is my Friend, and I might easily save him;
He shall not dye: Come back, my Friend, come back.

Faq. What is your Will?

Sbat. Do you not know?

Faq. Not I.

Sbat. And do you gather nothing by my Face?

Faq. No, Sir.

Sbat. Virtue is ever innocent,
Lay not the fault on me, I grieve for you,
And wish that all my Tears might win your safety.

Faq. Why, Sir?

Sbat. Alas good Friend, you are undone,
The more ill Fortune mine, to be the means
Of your sad Overthrow; you know not me?

Faq. No truly, Sir.

Sbat. Would you had never seen me,
I am a Man pursu'd by the whole State,
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you.

Faq. Yes, divers, Sir

Sbat. Why then your Head is gone.

Faq. I'll out of Town.

Sbat. Would it were soon enough,
Stay if you love your Life, or else you are taken.

Faq. What shall I do?

Sbat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than to cast away an Innocent:
Take courage Friend, I will preserve thy Life,
With hazard of mine own.

Faq. I thank you, Sir.

Sbat. This Night thou shalt be lodg'd within my Doors,
Which shall be all lock'd fast, and in the Morn
I'll so provide, you shall have free access
To the Sea-side, and so be Shipt away,
E'er any know it.

Faq. Good Sir, suddenly, I am afraid to dye.

Sbat.

Sbat. Then follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Love. This way he went, and there's the House; I hope
His better Angel hath directed him
To leave the wandring Streets; poor Gentleman,
Would I were able with as free a Heart,
To set his Soul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his Fame, which God forgive me;
Sir, if you be within, I pray Sir speak to me.

Sbat. I am within, and will be; what are you?

Love. A Friend.

Sbat. No, Sir, you must pardon me,
I am acquainted with none such: Be speedy,
Friend, there is no other remedy.

Love. A word, Sir, I say, I am your Friend.

Sbat. You cannot scape by any other means,
Be not fearful, God save the King.
What's your business, Sir?

Love. To speak with you.

Sbat. Speak out then.

Love. Shall I not come up?

Sbat. Thou shalt not: Fly, if thou be'st thine own Friend,
There lies the Suit and all the Furniture
Belonging to the Head, on with it Friend.

Love. Sir, do you hear?

Sbat. I do, God bless the King.

It was a Habit I had laid aside
For my own Person, if the State had forced me.

Love. Good Sir, unlock your Door. (*Ambush.*

Sbat. Be full of speed, I see some 20 Musquetiers in
What e'er thou art, know I am here and will be,
Seest thou this bloody Sword that cries Revenge?
Shake not, my Friend, through millions of these Foes
I'll be thy Guard, and set thee safe aboard.

Love. Dare you not trust me, Sir?

Sbat. My good Sword before me,
And my Allegiance to the King, I tell thee,
Captain, (for so I guess thee by thy Arms)
And the loose flanks of Halberdiers about thee,
Thou art too weak and foolish to attempt me.

If

If you be ready, follow me, and hark you,
Upon your life speak to no living Wight,
Except my self.

Love. Monsieur *Shattillion*?

Sbat. Thou shalt not call again; thus with my Sword,
And the strong Faith I bear unto the King,
Whom God preserve, I will defend my Chamber,
And cut thy Throat, I swear I'll cut thy Throat;
Steal after me and live.

Love. I will not stay
The fury of a Man, so far distracted. [Exit *Love*.

Enter Shattillion.

Where's the Officer that dares not enter,
To intrap the life of my distressed Friend?
Ay, have you hid your self? you must be found,
What do you fear? is not Authority on your side?
Nay, I know the King's Command
Will be your Warrant, why then fear you? speak
What strange designs are these? *Shattillion*,
Be resolute and bear thy self upright,
Though the whole World despise thee: soft, methinks
I heard a rushing which was like the shake
Of a discovered Officer, I'll search
The whole Street over, but I'll find thee out. [Exit.

Enter Jaques in Woman's Apparel.

Jaq. How my Joins do shake! where had I been
But for this worthy Gentleman, that
Hath some touch of my Infortunes; would I were
Safe under Hatches once, for *Callicut*,
Farewel the Pomp of Court, I never more
Can hope to be a Duke or any thing,
I never more shall see the glorious Face
Of my fair spreading Lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Sbat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you,
But would not follow you; I was too wise,
You shall not lead me with a cunning trick;
Where you may catch me; poor *Shattillion*,
Hath the King's Anger left thee never a Friend?
No, all Mens loves move by the Breath of Kings.

Jaq.

Jaq. It is the Gentleman that sav'd my Life, Sir.

Sbat. Bless *Sbattillion*, another Plot.

Jaq. No, Sir, 'tis I.

Sbat. Why, who are you?

Jaq. Your Friend whom you preserv'd.

Sbat. Whom I preserv'd?

My Friend? I have no Woman Friend but one,

Who is too close in Prison to be here:

Come near, let me look on you.

Jaq. 'Tis I.

Sbat. You should not be a Woman by your stature.

Jaq. I am none, Sir.

Sbat. I know it, then keep off,

Strange Men and Times! how I am still preserv'd?

Here they have sent a Yeoman of the Guard

Disguis'd in Woman's Cloaths, to work on me,

To make love to me; and to trap my words,

And so insnare my Life; I know you, Sir,

Stand back, upon your Peril, can this be

In Christian Common-weals? from this time forth

I'll cut off all the means to work on me,

I'll ne'er stir from my House; and keep my Doors

Lockt Day and Night, and cheapen Meat and Drink

At the next Shops by signs out of my Window,

And having bought it, draw it up in my Garters.

Jaq. Sir, will you help me?

Sbat. Do not follow me,

I'll take a course to live, despite of Men. [*Exit Sbat.*]

Jaq. He dares not venture for me, wretched *Jagues*!

Thou art undone for ever and for ever,

Never to rise again? What shall I do?

Enter Bewfort.

Where shall I hide me? here's one to take me,

Must stand close, and not speak for my Life.

Bew. This is the time of Night, and this the haunt,

In which I use to catch my Waistcoaters,

It is not very dark, no, I shall spie 'em,

I have walk'd out in such a pitchy Night,

I could not see my Fingers this far off,

And yet have brought home Venison by the smell;

I hope

I hope they have not left their old walk; ah?
 Have I spied you sitting by this light?
 To me there's no such fine sight in the World,
 As a white Apron 'twixt twelve and one;
 See how it glisters? do you think to scape?
 So, now I have you fast; come, and do not strive,
 It takes away the edge of Appetite;
 Come, I'll be liberal every way.
 Take heed you make no noise, for waking of the Watch,

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Cousin and his Wife.*

Cous. Now the blessing of some happy Guide,
 To bring us to the Duke, and we are ready.

Enter Longueville and Servant.

Come forward, see the Door is open'd,
 And two of his Gentlemen, I'll speak to them,
 And mark how I behave my self. God save ye,
 For less I cannot with to Men of fort, and of your seeming:
 Are you of the Duke's?

Long. We are, Sir, and your Servants, your salutes
 We give you back again with many thanks.

Cous. When did you hear such words before, Wife? peace,
 Do you not dare to answer yet; is't fit
 So mean a Gentleman as my self should crave
 The Presence of the great Duke, your Master?

Ser. Sir, you may.

Long. Shall we desire your Name, and Business, Sir?
 And we will presently inform him of you.

Cous. My Name is *Cleremont*.

Ser. You are his Grace's Kinsman,
 Or I am much mistaken?

Cous. You are right,
 Some of his noble Blood runs through these Veins,
 Though far unworthy of his Grace's knowledge.

Long. Sir, we must all be yours; his Grace's Kinsman,
 And we so much forgetful? 'twas a rudeness,
 And must attend your Pardon, thus I crave it:
 First to this beauteous Lady, whom I take
 To be your Wife, Sir, next your mercy.

Cous. You have it, Sir: I do not like this kissing,
 It lies so open to a world of Wishes.

Ser.

Ser. This is the merry Fellow ; this is he
That must be noble too.

Long. And so he shall.

If all the Art I have can make him noble,
I'll dub him with a Knight-hood ; if his Wife
Will be but forward, and join Issue,
I like her above excellent.

Ser. Will't please you
To walk a turn or two, whilst to the Duke
We make your coming known? [*Exe. Ser. and Long.*]

Conf. I shall attend, Sir.

Wife. These Gentlemen are very proper Men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted.
For goodness-sake, Husband, let us never more
Come near the Country, whatsoe'er betide us ;
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking Dung-hill.

Conf. Why now you are my Chicken and my dear,
Love where I love, hate where I hate : now
You shall have twenty Gowns, and twenty Chains.
See, the Door is opening.

Groom. Room afore there, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Wife, Longuevil, Servant and Maria.

Conf. 'Tis the Duke, even he himself, be merry,
This is the Golden Age the Poet speaks on.

Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their Faces,
And yet methinks they are the neatest Pieces
For shape and cutting that e'er I beheld.

Conf. Most gracious Duke, my poor Spouse and my self
Do kiss your mighty Foot, and next to that
The great Hand of your Dutchess, ever wishing
Your Honours ever springing, and your Years.

Duke. Cousin ?

Conf. Your Grace's Vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your Blood.

Duke. Correct me not, I know the word I speak,
And know the Person.

Though I be something higher than the place
Where common Men have motion, and descending
Down with my Eye, their Forms are lessened to me ;

Yet

Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
 From millions of those Men that have no mark,
 And in my fearful stoop, can make them stand,
 When others feel my Feet, and perish: Cousin,
 Be comforted, you are very welcome, so
 Is your fair Wife; the charge of whom I give
 To my own dearest, and best beloved.
 Tell me, you have resolv'd your self for Court,
 And utterly renounc'd the slavish Country,
 With all the cares thereof?

Cous. I have, Sir.

Duke. Have you dismiss'd your eating Household,
 Sold your Hangings of *Nebuchadnezar*, for such they were,
 As I remember, with the Furnitures
 Belonging to your Beds and Chambers?

Cous. Ay, Sir.

Duke. Have you most carefully ta'en off the Lead
 From your Roof, weak with Age, and so prevented
 The ruin of your House, and clapt him
 In a Summer suit of Thatch, to keep him cool?

Cous. All this I have perform'd. (Cousin,

Duke. Then lend me all your Hands, I will embrace my
 Who is an understanding Gentleman,
 And with a Zeal mighty as is my Name,
 Once more I bid you welcome to the Court;
 My State again.

Dutch. As I was telling you, your Husband
 Must be no more Commander, look to that,
 Be several at Meat, and Lodging, let him have
 Board-wages, and Diet, 'mongst his Men i'th' Town;
 For Pleasure, if he be given to't, let him have it,
 Else as your own Fancy shall direct you.
 Cousin, you see this mighty Man here; he was an Als
 When he came first to Town; indeed he was
 Just such another Coxcomb as your Husband,
 God bless the mark, and every good Man's Child!
 This must not stir you, Cousin.

Wife. Heav'n forbid?

Long. Sweet *Maria*; provide the Cushion ready for it.

Mar. It shall be done.

Duke.

Duke. Receive all your Advices from our self,
Be once a Day with us, and so farewell
For this time, my fair Cousin. Gentlemen,
Conduct him to his Lodging.

Dutch. Farewel, and think upon my Words.

Wife. I shall observe them. [*Exe. Duke and Dutchess.*]

Consf. Health, and the King's continual Love, attend

Ser. Oh for a private Place to ease my Lungs! (you.
Heav'n give me Patience, such a Pair of Jades
Were never better ridden to this Hour,
Pray Heav'n they hold out to the Journeys end.

Long. Twitch him aside, good Monsieur, whilst I break
Upon the Body of his Strength, his Wife,
I have a constant Promise; she is mine own.

Ser. Ply her to Wind-ward: Monsieur, you have taken
The most compendious way to raise your self,
That could have been delivered by a Counsel.

Consf. I have some certain Aims, Sir; but my Wife——

Ser. Your Wife, you must not let that trouble you.

Consf. It will, Sir, to see her in a Stranger's Arms.

Ser. What mean you? let her alone, be wise, stir not a Foot.
For if you do, all your Hopes are bury'd;
I swear you are a lost Man if you stir.

Consf. I thank you, Sir, I will be more advis'd.

Ser. But what great Office do you level at?

Consf. Sir, they are kissing.

Ser. Let them kiss,
And much may do their good Hearts; they must kiss,
And kiss, and double kiss, and kiss again,
Or you may kiss the Post for any rising:
Had your noble Kinsman ever mounted
To these high Spheres of Honour, now he moves in,
But for the Kisses of his Wife?

Consf. I know not.

Ser. Then I do; credit me, he had been lost,
A Fellow of no Mark, and no Repute,
Had not his Wife kist soon, and very sweetly:
She was an excellent Woman, and dispatch'd him
To his full being, in a Moment, Sir-- [*Exe. Long. and Wife.*]

Cous. But yet methinks he would not take her, Sir,
Into a private Room.

Ser. Now stand and flourish,
You are a made Man for ever.

I do envy you if you stand your Fortunes up,
You are the happiest Man, but your great Cousin,
This Day in Court: Well, I will marry surely,
And not let every Man out-run me thus.

'Tis time to be mine own Friend, I live
In Town here, and direct the readiest way
To other Men, and be a Slave my self.

Cous. Nay, good Sir, be not mov'd, I am your Servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this Knowledge.

Ser. Will you be walking home?

Cous. I would desire to have my Wife along.

Ser. You are too raw,
Begone, and take no notice where you left her,
Let her return at Leisure; if she stay
A Month, 'twill be the better, understand me
This Gentleman can do't. [Exit Cousin.]

Cous. I will, Sir, and Wife remember me, a Duke, a Duke,

Ser. Aboard her *Longueville*, she's thine own, (Wife.
To me the fooling of this Fool is ventry. [Exit Servant.]

Enter Bewford and Jaques.

Bew. Come, prithee come, have I not Crowns? Behold
And follow me, here; not a Word, go in,
Grope by the Walls, and you shall find a Bed,
Lye down there, see, see, a Turn or two, to give
My Blood some Heats, and I am presently
For Action; Darknes by thy Leave, I come. [Exit Bew.]

Enter Maria.

Mar. I am perfect in my Lesson, be my Speed,
Thou God of Marriage; this is the Door, I'll knock.

Bew. within. Who's there? I cannot come yet.

Mar. Monsieur Bewford?

Bew. Stay 'till I light a Candle, who are ye?

Mar. Sir? a poor Gentlewoman.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Oh come in, I'll find a time for you too, be not loud.

Mar.

Mar. Sir, you have found that time already, Shame
On my Soul therefore.

Bew. Why? What's the Matter?

Mar. Do you not see, Sir, is your Light so dim?

Bew. Do you not wait on the Lady, Mount *Marine*?

Mar. I do, Sir, but my Love on you.

Bew. Poor Soul! How cam'st thou by this big Belly?

Mar. By your self.

Bew. By Heav'n I ne'er touch'd your Body.

Mar. Yes, unswear that Oath again, I'll tell you all;
These two Years I have lov'd you, but the Means
How to enjoy you, I did never know
'Till Twelfth-night last, when hearing of your Game
To take up Wenches private in the Night,
I apprehended straight this Course to make
My self as one of them, and wait your coming;
I did so and enjoyed you, and now this Child
That now is quick within me, hide my Shame,
And marry me, or else I must be forc'd —

Long. within. Monsieur *Bewford*, Monsieur *Bewford*.

Bew. Who's that calls?

Long. Are you a-bed?

Bew. No, Sir; the Hangings.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Nay, Monsieur, I'll forbid that, we'll have fair
Lend me your Candle, are you taken, *Bewford*? (Play,
A Lecher of your Practice, and close Carriage
To be discovered thus? I am aham'd
So great a Master in his Art should fail,
And stagger in his Grounds.

Bew. You're wide,
This Woman and my self are Man and Wife,
And have been so this half Year,
Where are you now? Have I been discover'd?
You cannot break so easily on me, Sir,
I am too wary to be open'd by you.

Long. But these are but Illusions, to give Colour
To your most mystick Leachery, but Sir,
The Belly hath betray'd you all, it must out.

Bew. Good *Longueville* believe me on my Faith,
I am her Husband.

Long. On my Faith I cannot, unless I saw
Your Hands fast, and your Hearts.

Bew. Why *Longueville*, when did I give that to your Ears,
That was not Truth? By all the World she's mine,
She is my Wife, and to confirm you better
I give my self again, here take my Hand
And I yours, we are once more marry'd:
Will this content you?

Long. Yes, I am believing, and God give you Joy.

Bew. My loving Wife, I will not wrong thee,
Since I am thine and only loved of thee,
From this Hour I vow my self a new Man,
Be not jealous; for though I had a Purpose
To have spent an Hour or two in Solace otherwise,
And was provided for it, yet my Love
Shall put a better Temper to my Blood:
Come out thou Woman of unwholsome Life,
Be sorry for thy Sins, and learn to mend;
Nay, never hide your Face, you shall be seen.

Long. *Jaques*, why *Jaques*, art thou that *Jaques*,
The very Staff, and right Hand of our Duke?
Speak, thou bearded *Venus*.

Jaq. I am he, by Miracle preserv'd to be that *Jaques*,
Within this two Hours, Gentlemen, poor *Jaques*
Was but as Coarse in Grave: A Man of Wildom,
That of my Conscience, if he had his Right
Should have a pretty State, but that's all one
That noble Gentleman did save this Life,
I keep it from him, 'tis his own. (to the Duke)

Long. Oh *Bacchus*! 's all the World drunk? Come, we'll
And give Thanks for this Delivery. [Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke and Jaques.

Duke. NOT gone unto my Ténants, to relate
My Grace and Honour; the Mightiness
Of my new Name, which would have struck a Terror
Through

Through their coarse Doublets, to their very Hearts?

Jaques. Alas, great Lord and Master, I could scarce
With safety of my Life return again
Unto your Grace's House, and but for one
That had some Mercy, I had sure been hang'd.

Duke. My House?

Jaques. Yes, Sir, this House, your House i'th' Town.

Duke. *Jaques*, we are displeas'd, hath it no Name?

Jaques. What Name?

Duke. Dull Rogue; what, hath the King bestow'd
So many Honours, open'd all his Springs,
And shew'd his Graces down upon my Head,
And has my House no Name? No Title yet?

Burgundy House, you As.

Jaques. Your Grace's Mercy,
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy House, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all Night for fear of Purse-vants
In *Burgundy Privy-house*.

Duke. Oh, Sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But *Jaques* know,
Since thy intended Journey is so crost,
I will go down my self this Morning.

Jaques. Sir?

Duke. Have I not said this Morning?

Jaques. But consider,
That nothing is prepar'd yet for your Journey,
Your Grace's Teams not here to draw your Cloaths,
And not a Carrier yet in Town to send by.

Duke. I say once more go about it,
You're a wise Man, you'd have me linger time,
'Till I have worn these Cloaths out; will ye go? [*Ex. Jaques.*]
Make ye ready, Wife.

Enter Wife.

Dutch. I am so, mighty Duke.

Duke. Nay, for the Country.

Dutch. How? For the Country? (very,

Duke. Yes I am resolv'd to see my Tenants in this Bra-
Make them a sumptuous Feast, with a slight shew

Of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, and a Squib or two,
And so return.

Dutch. Why Sir? you are not mad? (speak.

Duke. How many Dukes have ye known mad? I pray

Dutch. You are the first, Sir, and I hope the last,
But you are stark horn-mad.

Duke. Forbear, good Wife.

Dutch. As I have Faith you're mad: Your Horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your Skull in pieces: If you be in earnest.

Duke. Well, you shall know my Skull and Wits are
E'er I have done, and yet I am in earnest. (whole

Dutch. Why, do you think I'll go?

Duke. I know you shall.

Dutch. I shall? By what Authority shall I?

Duke. I am your Husband.

Dutch. True, I confess it,
And by that Name, the World hath given you
A Power to sway me; but Sir, you shall know
There is a greater Bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the King; has he not heap'd
Those Honours on you to no other end,
But to stay you here, and shall I have a Hand
In the offending such a gracious Prince?
Besides, our own undoings lyes upon't,
Were there are no other Cause; I do not see,
Why you should go: If I should say you should not.

Duke. Do you think so?

Dutch. Yes, Faith.

Duke. Now, good Wife make me understand that Point.

Dutch. Why that you shall, did I not bring you hither?

Duke. Yes. (of the Fire by me?

Dutch. And were not all these Honours wrought out

Duke. By you?

Dutch. By me? How strange you make it?
When you came first, did you not walk the Town,
In a long Cloak half Compass? An old Hat,
Lin'd with Vellure, and on it for a Band,
A Skein of Crimson Cruil?

Duke. I confess it.

Dutch. And took base Courses?

Duke.

Duke. Base?

(monstrous base.

Dutch. Base, by this Light, extream base, and scurvy,

Duke. What were these Courses, Wife?

Dutch. Why, you shall know:

Did you not thus attir'd, trot up and down,

Plotting for vile and lousie Offices,

And agreed with the Serjeant of the Bears,

To buy his Place? Deny this, if you can.

Duke. Why it is true.

Dutch. And was not that monstrous base?

Duke. Be advis'd Wife, a Bear's a princely Beast.

Dutch. A Bear?

Duke. Yes Wife, and one side Venison.

Dutch. You're more than one side Fool, I am sure of that.

Duke. But since you have vex't me, Wife, know you shall
Or you shall never have Penny from me. (go;

Dutch. Nay, I have done, and though I know't will be
Your Overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.

Duke. Be ready then.

[Exit Duke.

Dutch. I will.

Enter Bewford, Longueville, Servant and Maria.

Long. What, are you marry'd, Bewford?

Bew. Ay, as fast as Words, and Hearts, and Hands, and
Priest can make us.

Dutch. Oh, Gentlemen, we are undone.

Long. For what?

Dutch. This Gentleman, the Lord of Lorgue, my Hus-
Will be gone down to shew his Play-Fellows (band,
Where he is gay.

Bew. What, down into Country?

Dutch. Yes faith, was ever Fool but he so cross?
I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wish me, but he will not let me;
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my Mercy?

Long. According to his Merits he should wear
A guarded Coat, and a great wooden Dagger.

Dutch. If there be any Woman that doth know,
The Duties 'twixt a Husband and his Wife,
Will speak but one Word for him, he shall scape;
Is not that reasonable? But there's none,

Be ready therefore, to pursue the Plot
We had against a Pinch, for he must stay.

Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go
And make the King acquainted with your Sport,
For fear he be incens'd for our attempting
Places of so great Honour. [Exit Longueville.

Dutch. Go, be speedy.

Enter Duke, Cousin, Wife, Jaques and Servant.

Duke. Come let me see how all things are dispos'd of.

Jaq. One Cart will serve for all your Furniture,
With Room enough behind to ease the Footman,
A Cap-case for your Linnen, and your Plate,
With a strange Lock that opens with *Amen*,
For my young Lord, because of easie Portage,
A Quiver of your Grace's lin'd with Cunney,
Made to be hang'd about the Nurse's Neck,
Thus, with a Scarf or Towel.

Duke. Very good.

Jaq. Nay, 'tis well, but had you stay'd another Week,
I would have had you furnish'd, in such Pomp,
As never Duke of *Burgundy* was furnish'd;
You should have had a Sumpter, though 'thad cost me
The laying on my self, where now you are fain
To hire a Ripper's Mare, and buy new Dossers,
But I have got them painted with your Arms,
With a fair darnex Carpet of my own
Laid cross, for the more State.

Duke. *Jaques*, I thank you; your Carpet shall be brusht
And sent you home; what, are you ready, Wife?

Dutch. An Hour ago.

Duke. I cannot chuse but kiss thy Royal Lips,
Dear Dutchess mine, thou art so good a Woman.

Bew. You'd say so if you knew all, Goodman Duckling.

Cous. This was the happiest Fortune could befall me.
Now in his Absence will I follow close
Mine own Preferment, and I hope e'er long,
To make my mean and humble Name so strong,
As my great Cousin's, when the World shall know
I bear too hot a Spirit to live low.

The next Spring will I down, my Wife and Household,
I'll

I'll have my Ushers, and my four Lacquies,
Six spare Caroches too; but mum, no more,
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.

Duke. Mountey, mountey, *Jaques*, be our Querry.

Groom. To Horse there, Gentlemen, and fall in couples.

Duke. Come honoured Dutchess.

Enter Longueville.

Long. 'Stand, thou proud Man.

Duke. Thieves, *Jaques*, raise the People.

Long. No, raise no People, 'tis the King's command,
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty Man,
Thou art a Monster, for thou art ungrateful,
And like a Fellow of a rebel Nature,
Hast flung from his Embraces: and for
His Honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks, and to oppose his Will,
Resolv'd to leave the Court, and set the Realm
Afire, in discontent, and open action:
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud Man,
Whilst with the whisking of my Sword about,
I take thy Honours off: This first sad whisk
Takes off thy Dukedom, thou art but an Earl.

Duke. You are mistaken, *Longueville*.

Long. Oh would I were: This second whisk divides
Thy Earldom from thee, thou art yet a Baron.

Duke. No more whisks if you love me, *Longueville*.

Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come, but not to linger time,
With these two whisks I end, now Mount *Marine*,
For thou art now no more, so says the King,
And I have done his Highness Will with grief.

Duke. Degraded from my Honours?

Long. 'Tis too certain.

Duke. I am no Traitor sure, that I know of;
Speak, *Jaques*, hast thou ever heard me utter word
Tending to Treason, or to bring in the Enemy?

Jaq. Alas, Sir, I know nothing,
Why should your Worship bring me in to hang me?
I never meddled.

But

But with the brushing of his Cloaths, or fetching
In water in a Morning for his Hands.

Cous. Are these the Honours of this Place? *Anthony*,
Help me to take her Gown off quickly,
Or I'll so swinge ye for't——

Wife. Why Husband? Sir?

Cous. I'll not lose a penny by this Town. (Lodging,

Long. Why what do you mean, Sir, have her to her
And there undress her, I will wait upon her.

Cous. Indeed you shall not, your Month is out I take it,
Get you out before me, Wife:

Cousin farewell, I told you long ago,

That Pride begins with Pleasure, ends with Woe.

[*Exit with's Wife.*

Bew. Go thy way Sentences, 'twill be thy Fortune
To live and dye a Cuckold, and Churchwarden.

Dutch. Oh my poor Husband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him?

Bew. Methinks 'tis strange,
That Heav'n fore-warning great Men of their Falls,
With such plain Tokens, they should not avoid 'em?
For the last Night betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing Stars were seen
To fight a long hour by the Clock, the one
Drest like a Duke, the other like a King;
'Till at the last the crowned Star o'er-came.

Ser. Why do ye stand so dead, Monsieur *Marine*?

Duke. So *Cæsar* fell, when in the Capitol
They gave his Body two and thirty wounds.
Be warned all ye Peers, and by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your Wives rule all.

Ser. Monsieur *Marine*, pray let me speak with you;
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this Party,
It stands upon my utter overthrow;
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir a foot,
For if you do, you and your hope——
I swear you are a lost Man if you stir.

And have an Eye to *Bewford*, he'll tempt you.

Bew. Come, come, for shame go down;
Were I *Marine*, I would go down:

And

And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.

Duke. Good Monsieur *Bewford*, peace,
Leave these rebellious words,
Or by the Honours which I once enjoyed,
And yet may swear by,
I'll tell the King of your Proceedings;
I am satisfied.

Wife. You talk'd of going down when 'twas not fit,
But now let's see your Spirit,
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.

Duke. Why Wife, are ye mad? (strength.

Wife. No, nor drunk, but I'd have you know your own

Duke. You talk like a most foolish Woman, Wife;
I tell you I will stay, yet I have a
Crotchet troubles me.

Long. More Crotchets yet?

Duke. Follow me, *Jaques*, I must have thy Counsel,
I will return again, stay you there, Wife. (Stools.

Long. I fear this loss of Honour will give him some few

Wife. No, no, he is resolv'd, he will not
Stir a Foot, I'll lay my Life.

Bew. Ay, but he's discontented, how shall we resolve that,
And make him stay with comfort?

Wife. Faith *Bewford*, we must even let Nature work,
For he's the sweetest temper'd Man for that
As one can wish, for let Men go about to fool him,
And he'll have his Finger as deep in't as the best;
But see where he comes frowning, bless us all!

Enter Duke.

Duke. Off with your Hats, for here doth come
The high and mighty Duke of *Burgundy*.
Whatever you may think, I have thought,
And thought, and thought upon't, and I find it plain,
The King cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of Law.

Not all the Water in the River *Seine*,
Can wash the Blood out of these Princely Veins.

Wife. God-a-mercy Husband, thou art the best
To work out a thing at a pinch in *France*.

Duke.

Duke. I will ascend my State again,
Dutchess, take your Place,
And let our Champion enter.

Long. Has he his Champion? that's excellent.

Duke. And let loud Musick sound before his Entrance.
Sound Trumpet.

Enter Jaques in Armour, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.

Wife. How well our Champion doth demean himself,
As if he had been made for such an Action?
Methinks his sturdy Truncheon he doth wield,
Like Mars approaching to a bloody Field.

Duke. I think there's no Man so desperate
To dare encounter with our Champion;
But trust me, *Jaques*, thou hast pleas'd us well;
Once more our warlike Musick, then proceed.

Enter Shattillion.

(ings?

Sbat. What wondrous Age is this? what close Proceed-
I hear the clang of Trumpets in this House,
To what intent do not our States-men search?
Oh no, they look not into simple Truth;
For I am true, and they regard not me,
A Man in Armour too: God save the King,
The World will end, there's nought but Treachery.

Jaq. I *Jaques*, Servant to the high and mighty *Godfrey*, Duke of *Burgundy*, do come hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my Body, without the help of Sorcery, Inchantment, or Negromancy, that the said *Godfrey*, late of *Mount Marine*, and now of *Burgundy*, hath perfect Right thereto, notwithstanding the King's Command to the contrary, and no other Person whatsoever: and in token that I will be ready to make good the same, I throw down my Gage, which is my Honour, pronounced the 37th of Feb. *Stilo novo*, God save the Duke.

Sbat. Of all the Plots the King hath laid for me
This was the shrewdest, 'tis my Life they seek,
And they shall have it: If I should refuse
To accept the Challenge in the King's behalf,
They have some cause to take away my Life,

And

And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful chance of War?
'Twas shrewd, but I must take the least of evils.
I take thy Gauntlet up, thou treacherous Man,
That stands in armed Coat against the King,
Whom God preserve, and with my single Sword
Will justifie whatever he commands;
I'll watch him for catching of my Words.

Duke. *Faques* go on, defend our Princely Title.

Sbat. Why shrink'st thou back? thou hast an evil cause.
Come forward Man, I have a Rock about me,
I fight for my true Liege.

Duke. Go forward, *Faques*.

Faq. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
I will not fight with him, with any else
I'll shew my Resolution speedily.

Sbat. Come, do thy worst, for the King shall see
All is not true, that is reported of me.

Faq. I may not fight with him, by Law of Arms.

Duke. What? shall my Title fall? wilt thou not fight?

Faq. Never with him that once hath sav'd my Life.

Sbat. Dar'st thou not fight? behold then, I do go
Strong with the zeal I bear my Sovereign,
And seize upon that haughty Man himself:
Descend the Steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the King and State) down to the Ground,
And if thou do utter but a Syllable
To cross the King's intent, thou art but dead;
There, lye upon the Earth, and pine, and dye.
Did ever any Man wade through such storms
To save his Life, as poor *Sbattillion*?

Long. I fear this Challenge hath spoil'd all.

Dutch. Ne'er fear it, he'll work it out again, Servant.
See where *Sbattillion's* Love, poor Lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Duke. *Faques*.

(he's gone.

Faq. Lye still, Sir, if you love your life, I'll whistle when

Love. Oh Gentlemen, I charge you by the Love
Which you bear to Women, take some pity

On

On this distressed Man, help to restore
That precious Jewel to him he hath lost.

Bew. Lady, whatever power doth lie in us
By Art, or Prayer, or Danger, we are yours,

Love. A strange conceit hath wrought this Malady,
Conceits again must bring him to himself;
My strict denial to his Will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder Thoughts
To know me, he would sure recover Sense.

Long. That Charge I'll undertake.

Duke. Look *Faques*, look, for God's sake let me rise,
This Greatness is a Jade, I cannot sit it.

Faq. His Sword is up, and yet he watcheth you.

Duke. I'll down again, pray for thy Master, *Faques*.

Sbat. Now the King may see all the Suggestions are not
He hath receiv'd against my Loyalty; (true,
When all Men else refuse, I fight his Battels,
And thrust my Body into Danger's Mouth;
I am become his Champion, and this Sword
Has taught his Enemies to know themselves;
Oh that he would no more be jealous of me!

Long. Monsieur *Sbattillion*, the King assures you,
That for this valiant loyal act of yours,
He hath forgot all Jealousies and Fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.

Sbat. But how shall I believe this, what new token
Of Reconcilement will he shew me?
Let him release my poor Love from her Torment,
From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.

Long. He hath done this to win your after-love,
And see your Lady sent you from the King
By these two Gentlemen; be thankful for her.

Sbat. She lives, she lives, I know her by the power
Shoots from her Eyes.

Love. Rise, dear *Sbattillion*.

Sbat. I know my Duty,
Next unto my King, I am to kneel to you. (*tillion.*

Love. I'll have you rise, fetch me a Chair, sit down *Sbat-*

Sbat. I am commanded, and faith tell me Mistress,
What

What Usage have you had? pray be plain?

Love. Oh my most lov'd *Shattillion*, Pain enough,
But now I am free, thanks to my God and King.

Long. His Eyes grow very heavy, not a word,
That his weak Senſes may come ſweetly home.

Sbat. The King is honourable.

Duke. When do you whistle, *Jaques*?

Jaq. By and by.

Long. Come hither, Monsieur, canſt thou laugh a little?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Long. So thou ſhalt then. *Bewford*, how doſt thou?

Bew. Why well.

Long. I'm glad on't, and how does thy Wife?

Bew. Why, you may ſee her, Sir, ſhe ſtands behind you.

Long. By the maſs ſhe's there indeed, but where's her

Bew. Belly? (Belly?)

Long. Her great Belly, Man; what haſt thou ſent thee?

Serv. A Boy, I'll lay my Life, it tumbled ſo.

Bew. Catcht, by this Light.

Long. I'll be a Goffip, *Bewford*.

Serv. And I.

Long. I have an odd Apoſtle Spoon.

Bew. S'foot, catcht.

Dutch. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen?

Long. He's married to your Woman.

Dutch. And I not know it?

Serv. 'Twas a venial fin.

Bew. Gall, Gall, Gall.

Dutch. Forgive her, Monsieur *Bewford*, 'twas her Love.

Bew. You may riſe if you pleaſe, I muſt endure it.

Long. See how my great Lord lies upon the Ground
And dare not ſtir yet? [*Jaques whistles.*]

Duke. *Jaques*, *Jaques*, is the King's Champion gone yet?

Jaq. No, but he's aſleep.

Duke. Is he aſleep art ſure?

Jaq. I am ſure he is, I hear him Snore.

Duke. Then by your favours, Gentlemen, I riſe,
And know I am a Duke ſtill.

Jaq. And I am his Champion.

Duke.

Dutch. Hold thee there, and all *France* cannot mend thee,

Duke. I am a Prince as great within my Thoughts,
As when the whole State did adorn my Person;
What Trial can be made to try a Prince?

I will oppose this noble Corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.

Dutch. Great Duke, and Husband, there is but one way
To satisfy the World of our true Right,
And it is dangerous.

Duke. What may it be?

Were it to bring the great Turk bound in Chains
Through *France* in Triumph; or to couple up
The *Sophie*, and great *Prestor John* together,
I would attempt it, Dutchess, tell the course.

Dutch. There is a strong Opinion through the World,
And no doubt grounded on Experience,
That Lions will not touch a lawful Prince;
If you be confident then of your Right,
Amongst the Lions bear your naked Body;
And if you come off clear, and never winch,
The World will say you are a perfect Prince.

Duke. I thank you, Dutchess, for your kind advice,
But now we do not affect those ravenous Beasts.

Long. A Lion is a Beast to try a King,
But for the trial of such a state like this
Pliny reports a Mastive Dog will serve.

Duke. We will not deal with Dogs at all, but Men,

Ser. You shall not need to deal with them at all,
Hark you, Sir, the King doth know you are a Duke.

Duke. No, does he? (tion,

Ser. Yes, and is content you shall be, but with this cau-
That none know it but your self:

For if ye do, he'll take it away by Act of Parliament.

Duke. Here's my Hand, and whilst I live or breath,
No living Wight shall know I am a Duke.

Ser. Mark me directly, Sir, your Wife may know it.

Duke. May not *Jaques*?

Ser. Yes, he may.

Duke. May not my Country Cousin?

Ser. By no means, Sir, if you love your Life and State
Duke.

Duke. Well then, know all, I am no Duke.

Ser. No, I'll swear it.

Long. See, he wakes.

Shat. Where am I, or where have I been all this while?

Sleep hath not fate so sound upon mine Eyes,

But I remember well that Face;

Oh thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn

Him that but looking on thy Beauty dies,

Either receive me, or put out my Eyes.

Love. Dearest *Shattillion*, see upon my Knees
I offer up my Love, forget my Wrongs.

Shat. Art thou mine own?

Love. By Heav'n I am.

Shat. Then all the World is mine.

Love. I have stranger things to tell thee, my dearest Love.

Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:

I do not care to know where I have been,

Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,

But that thou art mine own.

Bew. Well, Wife, though 'twere a Trick that made us
We'll make our selves merry soon in Bed. (wed,

Duke. Know all, I am no Duke.

Wife. What say ye?

Duke. *Faques*?

Faq. Sir.

Duke. I am a Duke.

Borb. Are ye?

Duke. Yes faith, yes faith,

But it must only run among our selves,

And *Faques*, thou shalt be my Secretary still.

Wife. Kind Gentlemen, lead in *Shattillion*,

For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.

Now of all my Labours have a perfect end, as I could wish,

Let all young sprightly Wives that have

Dull foolish Coxcombs to their Husbands,

Learn by me their Duties, what to do,

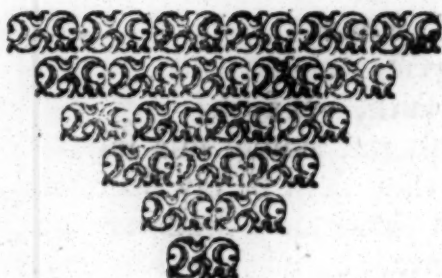
Which is, to make 'em Fools, and please 'em too.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

TH E Monuments of Virtue, and Desert,
Appear more goodly, when the Gloss of
Art

Is eaten off by Time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst.
We've done our best, for your Contents, to fit,
With new Pains, this old Monument of Wit.



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The Coronation vol. 6, p. 315

THE
CORONATION.

A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

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PROLOGUE.

*Since 'tis become the Title of our Play,
A Woman once in a Corporation day
With pardon, speak the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the Theatre, as he
That with a little Beard, a long black Cloak,
With a starch'd Face, and supple Leg bath spoke
Before the Plays the Twelve month, let me then
Present a Welcome to these Gentlemen;
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my Petticoat:
But to the Play, the Poet bad me tell
His fears first in the Title, lest it swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a King's Reign.
This Coronation he hopes you may
See often, while the Genius of his Play
Doth Prophecie, the Conduits may run Wine,
When the Day's Triumph's ended, and Divine
Brisk Nectar swell his Temple to a Rage,
With something of more price t'invest the Stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No Undermirth, such as doth lard the Scene
For course delight the Language here is clean.
And confident, our Poet bad me say,
He'll bate you but the folly of a Play:
For which, although dull Souls his Pen despise,
Who thinks it yet too early to be wise.
The nobler will thank his Muse, at least
Excuse him, cause his thought aim'd at the best,
But we conclude not, it does rest in you
To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.
But what have I omitted? is there not
A blush upon my Cheeks that I forgot
The Ladies, and a Female Prologue too?
Your Pardon, noble Gentlemen, you*

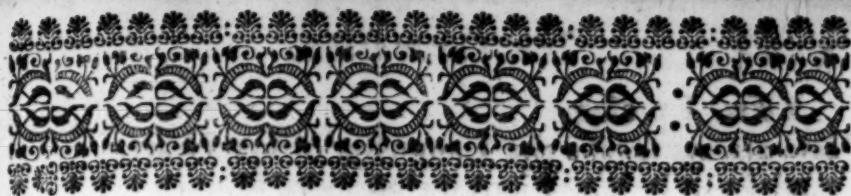
PROLOGUE.

*Were first within my Thoughts, I know you sit
As free, and high Commissioners of Wit,
Have clear and active Souls; nay, though the Men
Were lost in your Eyes, they'll be found again,
You are the bright Intelligences move,
And make a harmony this sphere of Love:
Be you propitious then, our Poet says,
Our Wreath from you, is worth their Grove of Bays.*

Dramatis Personæ.

*Philocles.
Lisander.
Cassander.
Lisimachus.
Antigonus.
Arcadius.
Macarius.
Seleucus.
Queen.
Charilla.
Polidora.
Nestorius.
Eubulus.
A Bishop.
Polianus.
Sophia.
Demetrius.
Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.
Servants and Attendants.*

THE



THE CORONATION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Philocles and Lifander.

PHILOCLES.



Make way for my Lord Protector.

Lifan. Your Grace's Servants.

Enter Cassander, and Lifimachus.

Cas. I like your diligent waiting, where's
Lifimachus?

Lifim. I wait upon you, Sir.

Cas. The Queen looks pleasant
This Morning, does she not?

Lifim. I ever found
Her gracious Smiles on me.

Cas. She does consult
Her Safety in't; for I must tell thee, Boy,
But in the assurance of her Love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the Power I have in *Epire*, to
Settle our own, and uncontrouled Greatness;
But since she carries her self so fairly,
I am content to expect, and by her Marriage
Secure thy Fortune, that's all my Ambition
Now, be still careful in thy Applications
To her, I must attend other Affairs;
Return, and use what Art thou canst to lay
More Charms of Love upon her.

Lisim. I presume
She always speaks the Language of her Heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happiness on Earth, than she encourages
Me to expect.

Cas. It was an Act becoming
The Wisdom of her Father, to engage
A Tye between our Families, and she
Hath play'd her best Discretion to allow it;
But we lose time in Conference, wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, King of *Epire*;
I must away. [Exit.

Lisim. Success ever attend you.
Is not the Queen yet coming forth?

Lisan. Your Servant,
You may command our Duties:
This is the Court Star, *Philocles*.

Phi. The Star that we must sail by.

Lisan. All must borrow
A Light from him, the young Queen directs all
Her Favours that way.

Phi. He's a noble Gentleman,
And worthy of his Expectations:
Too good to be the Son of such a Father.

Lisan. Peace, remember he is Lord Protector.

Phi. We have more need of Heav'n's Protection:
I'th' mean time, I wonder the old King
Did in his Life design him for the Office.

Lisan. He might expect his Faith, I have heard when
The King, who was no *Epirote*,-advanc'd
His Claim, *Cassander*, our Protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him roughly with his Faction,
But forc'd to yield, had fair Conditions,
Was declar'd by the whole State, next Heir
If the King wanted Issue, our Hopes only
Thriv'd in this Daughter.

Phi. Whom but for her Smiles
And hope of Marriage with *Lisimachus*,
His Father, by some Cunning, had remov'd
E'er this.

Lisan.

Lisan. Take heed, the Arras may have Ears;
I should not weep much if his Grace would hence
Remove to Heav'n.

Pbi. I prithee what should he do there?

Lisan. Some Offices will fall.

Pbi. And the Sky too, e'er I get one Stair higher
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lisander, Philocles,

How looks the Day upon us? Where's the Queen?

Pbi. In her Bed-Chamber.

Ant. Who was with her?

Lisan. None but the young Lord *Lisimachus*.

Ant. Tis no Treason,

If a Man wish himself a Courtier
Of such a Possibility: He has
The mounting Fate.

Pbi. I would his Father were
Mounted to th' Gallows.

Ant. He has a Path fair enough,
If he survive by Title of his Father.

Lisan. The Queen will hasten his Ascent.

Pbi. Would I were Queen.

Ant. Thou wou'dst become rarely the Petticoat,
What wou'dst thou do?

Pbi. Why, I wou'd marry
My Gentleman-Usher, and trust all the Strength
And Burden of my State upon his Legs,
Rather than be call'd Wife by any Son
Of such a Father.

Lisan. Come, let's leave this Subject,
We may find more secure Discourse; when saw
You young *Arcadius*, Lord *Macarius*'s Nephew?

Ant. There's a Spark, a Youth moulded for a Favourite,
The Queen might do him Honour.

Pbi. Favourite, 'tis too cheap a Name, there were a
Now for her Virgin Blood. (Match

Lisan. Must every Man,
That has a handsome Face or Leg, feed such
Ambition? I confess I honour him,

He

He has a nimble Soul, and gives great Hope
To be no Woman-hater, dances handsomely;
Can court a Lady powerfully, but more goes
To th' making of a Prince. He's here,
And's Uncle.

Enter Arcadius, Macarius, and Seleucus.

Sel. Save you, Gentlemen, who can direct me
To find my Lord Protector?

Lisan. He was here
Within this half Hour, young *Lisimachus*
His Son is with the Queen.

Sel. There let him compliment,
I have other Business; ha, *Arcadius*!

[*Exit.*

Pbi. Observ'd you, with what Eyes *Arcadius*
And he saluted, their two Families
Will hardly reconcile.

Ant. *Seleucus* carries
Himself too roughly; with what Pride and Scorn
He pass'd by 'em?

Lisan. Th'other with less shew
Of Anger, carries Pride enough in's Soul;
I wish 'em all at Peace, *Macarius* Looks
Are without civil War, a good old Man,
The old King lov'd him well, *Seleucus* Father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the Character
Of an honest Lord through *Epire*; that two Men
So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome
To one another.

Arc. The Queen was not wont to send for me.

Mac. The Reason's to her self,
It will become your Duty to attend her.

Arc. Save you, Gentlemen, what Novelty
Does the Court breath to Day?

Lisan. None, Sir, the News
That took the last Impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the Kingdom, and those Men
That honour you, take no Delight to hear it.

Arc. I have Ambition to see the Difference
Of Courts, and this may spare; the Delights
At home do surfeit, and the Mistress, whom

We

We all do serve, is fixt upon one Object,
Her Beams are too much pointed, but no Country
Shall make me lose your Memories.

Enter Queen, Lifimachus, Macarius, and Charilla.

Queen. Arcadius.

Mac. Your Lordship honour'd me,
I have no Blessing in his Absence.

Lifim. 'Tis done like a pious Unkle.

Queen. We must not
Give any Licence.

Arc. If your Majesty
Would please.

Queen. We are not pleas'd, it had become your Duty
To have first acquainted us, e'er you declar'd
Your Resolution publick; is our Court
Not worth your Stay?

Arc. I humbly beg your Pardon.

Queen. Where's *Lifimachus*?

Lifim. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Queen. We shall find
Employment at home for you, do not lose us.

Arch. Madam, I then write my self blest on Earth
When I may do you Service.

Queen. We would be private, *Macarius*.

Mac. Madam, you have blest me,
Nothing but your Command could interpose to
Stay him.

Queen. Lifimachus,
You must not leave us.

Lifan. Nothing but *Lifimachus*? Has she not
Ta'en a Philter?

Queen. Nay, pray be cover'd, Ceremony from you
Must be excus'd.

Lifim. It will become my Duty.

Queen. Not your Love?
I know you would have me look upon
Your Person as a Courtier, not a Favourite;
That Title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.

Lifim. The least of all
These Names from you, Madam, is Grace enough.

Queen. Yet here you wou'd not rest?

Lisim. Not if you please:

To say there is a Happiness beyond,
And teach my Ambition how to make it mine,
Although the Honours you already have
Let fall upon your Servant, exceed all
My Merit: I have a Heart is studious
To reach it with Desert, and make it possible
Your Favour's mine by Justice, with your Pardon.

Queen. We are confident this needs no Pardon, Sir,
But a Reward to cherish your Opinion,
And that you may keep warm your Passion,
Know we resolve for Marriage, and if
I had another Gift, beside my self,
Greater, in that you should discern, how much
My Heart is fixt.

Lisim. Let me digest my Blessing.

Queen. But I cannot resolve when this shall be.

Lisim. How, Madam? do not make me dream of
And wake me into Misery, if your purpose (Heav'n,
Be, to immortalize your humble Servant;
Your Power on Earth's divine, Princes are here
The Copies of Eternity, and create,
When they but will our Happiness.

Queen. I shall
Believe you mock me in this Argument,
I have no Power.

Lisim. How, no Power?

Queen. Not as a Queen.

Lisim. I understand you not.

Queen. I must obey, your Father's my Protector.

Lisim. How?

Queen. When I am absolute, *Lisimachus*,
Our Power and Titles meet, before, we are but
A Shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

Lisim. Excellent Queen,
My Love took no Original from State,
Or the desire of other Greatness,
Above what my Birth may challenge modestly,
I love your Virtues; mercenary Souls

Are taken with Advancement, you've an Empire
Within you, better than the World's, to that
Looks my Ambition.

Queen. T'other is not, Sir,
To be despis'd, Cosmography allows
Epire a place i'th' Map, and know 'till I
Possess what I was born to, and alone
Do grasp the Kingdom's Scepter, I account
My self divided; he that marries me
Shall take an absolute Queen to his warm Bosom;
My Temples yet are naked, until then
Our Loves can be but Compliments, and Wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.

Lisim. I apprehend.

Queen. Your Father.

Enter Cassander and Seleucus.

Cas. Madam, a Gentleman has an humble Suit.

Queen. 'Tis in your power to grant, you are Protector,
I am not yet a Queen.

Cas. How's this?

Lisim. I shall expound her Meaning.

Queen. Why kneel you, Sir?

Sel. Madam, to reconcile two Families
That may unite, both Counsels and their Blood
To serve your Crown.

Queen. *Macarius*, and *Eubulus*,
That bear inveterate Malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
Which some of either Family had made,
Which of their Fathers was the best Commander:
If we believe our Stories, they have both
Deserv'd well of our State; and yet this Quarrel
Has cost too many Lives, a severe Faction.

Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a Quiet
And Peace in both our Houses, which are torn
With their Dissentions, and lose the Glory
Of their great Names; my Blood speaks my Relation
To *Eubulus*, and I wish my Veins were emptied
To appease their War.

Queen.

Queen. Thou hast a noble Soul;
This is a Charity above thy Youth,
And it flows bravely from thee; name the way.

Sel. In such a desperate Cause, a little Stream
Of Blood might purge the Foulness of their Hearts,
If you'll prevent a Deluge.

Queen. Be particular.

Sel. Let but your Majesty consent that two
May, with their personal Valour, undertake
The Honour of their Family, and determine
Their Difference.

Queen. This rather will enlarge
Their Hate, and be a means to call more Blood
Into the Stream.

Sel. Not if both Families
Agree, and swear——

Queen. And who shall be the Champions?

Sel. I beg the Honour, for *Eubulus* cause
To be engag'd, if any for *Macarius*,
Worthy to wager Heart with mine, accept it,
I am confident, *Arcadius*,
For Honour would direct me to his Sword,
Will not deny, to stake against my Life
His own, if you vouchsafe us Privilege.

Queen. You are the Expectation, and top Boughs
Of both your Houses, it would seem Injustice
To allow a civil War to cut you off,
And your selves the Instruments; besides
You appear a Soldier; *Arcadius*
Hath no Acquaintance yet with rugged War,
More fit to drill a Lady, than expose
His Body to such Dangers: A small Wound
I'th' Head may spoil the Method of his Hair,
Whose Curiosity exacts more time
Than his Devotion, and who knows but he
May lose his Ribbond by it in his Lock,
Dear as his Saint, with whom he would exchange
His Head, for her gay Colours; then his Band
May be disorder'd and transform'd from Lace
To Cutwork, his rich Cloaths be discomplexioned
With

With Blood, beside the infashionable flashes:
And at the next Festival take Physick,
Or put on Black, and mourn for his slain Breeches:
His Hands cas'd up in Gloves all Night, and sweet
Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd
To Blisters with a Sword; how can he stand
Upon his Guard, who hath Fidlers in his Head,
To which his Feet must ever be a Dancing?
Beside a falsify my spoil his cringe,
Or making of a Leg, in which consists
Much of his Court-perfection.

Sel. Is this Character
Bestow'd on him?

Queen. It something may concern the Gentleman,
Whom if you please to challenge
To Dance, play on the Lute, or Sing.

Sel. Some Ketch?

Queen. He shall not want those will maintain him
For any Sum.

Sel. You are my Sovereign,
I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat,
I shall burst else, I have no skill in Jiggs,
Nor Tumbling.

Queen. How, Sir?

Sel. Nor was I born a Minstrel, and in this you have
So infinitely disgrac'd *Arcadius*,
But that I have heard another Character,
And with your Royal Licence do believe it,
I should not think him worth my killing.

Queen. Your killing?

Sel. Does she not jeer me;
I shall talk Treason presently, I find it
At my Tongues end already, this is an
Affront, I'll leave her.

Queen. Come back; do you know *Arcadius*?

Sel. I ha' chang'd but little breath with him; our Persons
Admit no familiarity; we were
Born to live both at distance, yet I ha' seen him
Fight, and fight bravely.

Queen.

Queen. When the Spirit of Wine
Made his Brain valiant, he fought bravely.

Sel. Although he be my Enemy, should any
Of the gay Flies that buz about the Court,
Sit to catch Trouts i'th' Summer, tell me so,
I durst in any Presence but your own —

Queen. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Queen. I see, *Seleucus*, thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd *Arcadius*; your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
First Place and Honour to his Family:
Is it not this you plead for?

Sel. You are gracious.

Queen. *Lisimachus*.

Lisim. Madam.

Cas. She has granted then?

Sel. With much ado.

Cas. I with thy Sword my open
His wanton Veins, *Macarius* is too popular,
And has taught him to insinuate.

Queen. It shall
But haste the confirmation of our Loves,
And ripen the delights of Marriage. *Seleucus.* [*Exit cum Sel.*]

Lisim. As I guest,
It cannot be too soon.

Cas. To morrow then we Crown her, and invest
My Son with Majesty, 'tis to my wishes,
Beget a Race of Princes, my *Lisimachus*.

Lisim. First, let us marry, Sir.

Cas. Thy Brow was made
To wear a golden Circle, I'm transported,
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

Lisim. Although you be my Father, that will not
Concern my Obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lisander, and Antigonus.
Gentlemen,

Prepare your selves for a Solemnity
Will turn the Kingdom into Triumph: *Epire*

Look

Look fresh to Morrow, 'twill become your Duties,
In all your Glory, to attend the Queen
At her Coronation, she is pleased to make
The next Day happy in our Calendar,
My Office doth expire, and my old Blood
Renews with Thought on't.

Pbi. How's this?

Ant. Crown'd to Morrow?

Lisan. And he so joyful to resign his Regency?
There's some Trick in't, I do not like these hasty
Proceedings, and Whirls of State, they have commonly
As strange and violent Effects; well, Heav'n save the Queen.

Pbi. Heav'n save the Queen, say I, and send her a sprightly
Bed-fellow; for the Protector, let him pray for
Himself, he is like to have no Benefit of my Devotion.

Caf. But this doth quicken my old Heart. *Lisimachus*,
There is not any Step into 'her Throne,
But is the same Degree of thy own State;
Come, Gentlemen.

Lisan. We attend your Grace.

Caf. Lisimachus.

Lisim. What heretofore could happen to Mankind
Was with much Pain to climb to Heav'n; but in
Sophia's Marriage, of all Queens the best,
Heav'n will come down to Earth, to make me blest.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Arcadius and Polidora.

Polid. I Ndeed you shall not go.

Arc. Whither?

Polid. To travel,

I know you see me but to take your Leave,
But I must never yield to such an Absence.

Arc. I prithee leave thy Fears, I am commanded
To th' contrary, I wonot leave thee now.

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Y

Polid.

Polid. Commanded? By whom?

Arc. The Queen.

Polid. I am very glad, for trust me, I could think
Of thy Departure with no Comfort, thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my Soul;
But I must thank the Queen now for thy Company;
I prithee, what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad?

Arc. Only to get an Appetite
To thee, *Polidora*.

Polid. Then you must provoke it.

Arc. Nay, prithee do not so mistake thy Servant.

Polid. Perhaps you surfeit with my Love.

Arc. Thy Love?

Polid. Although I have no Beauty to compare
With the best Faces, I have a Heart above
All Competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now;
Come let me take the Kiss I gave thee last,
I am so confident of thee, no Lip
Has ravish'd it from thine; I prithee come
To Court.

Polid. For what?

Arc. There is the Throne for Beauty.

Polid. 'Tis safer dwelling here.

Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an Ill to *Polidora*,
The greatest will be proud to honour thee.
Thy Lustre wants the Admiration here;
There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a Reverence
Into the Gazer.

Polid. You can flatter too.

Arc. No Praise of thee can be thought so, thy Virtue
Will deserve all; I must confess, we Courtiers
Do oftentimes commend, to shew our Art,
There is Necessity sometimes to say
This Madam breaths *Arabian Gums*,
Amber and Cassia; though while we are praising,
We wish we had no Nostrils to take in
Th' offensive Steam of her corrupted Lungs.

Nay,

Nay, some will swear they love their Mistress,
Would hazard Lives and Fortunes, to preserve
One of her Hairs brighter than *Berenice's*;
Or young *Apollo's*; and yet after this,
A Favour from another Toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious Hang-man whips
Her Head off.

Polid. Fine Men.

Arc. I am none of these:

Nay, there are Women, *Polidora*, too
That can do pretty well at Flatteries;
Make Men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,
Can kiss a Jewel out of one, and dally
A Carcanet of Diamonds from another,
Weep into th' Bosome of a third, and make
Him drop as many Pearls; they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable Heir within ten Days
Out of his whole Estate, and make him mad
He has no more Wealth to consume.

Polid. You'll teach me

To think I may be flattered in your Promises,
Since you live where this Art is most profest.

Arc. I dare not be so wicked, *Polidora*:

The Infant Errors of the Court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a Goodness, nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those Shames of Court,
To practise for base Ends; be confident
My Heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the Figure of my *Polidora*,
It is not in the Power of Time or Distance
To cancel it: By all that's blest I love thee,
Love thee above all Women, dare invoke
A Curse when I forsake thee.

Polid. Let it be some

Gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an Oath I prithee,
One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
Any Suspicion of my Faith, or else
Direct me in some horrid Imprecation:

When I forsake thee for the Love of other
Women, may Heav'n reward my Apostacy
To blast my greatest Happiness on Earth,
And make all Joys abortive.

Polid. Revoke these hasty Syllables, they carry
Too great a Penalty for Breach of Love
To me, I am not worth thy suffering,
You do not know what Beauty may invite
Your Change, what Happiness may tempt your Eye
And Heart together.

Arc. Should all the Graces of your Sex conspire
In one, and she should court, with a Dowry
Able to buy a Kingdom, when I give
My Heart from *Polidora*.

Polid. I suspect not,
And to requite thy Constancy, I swear.

Arc. Twere Sin to let thee waste thy Breath,
I have Assurance of thy noble Thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Uncle hath been every where
I'th' Court inquiring for you, his Looks speak
Some earnest Cause.

Arc. I am more acquainted with
Thy Virtue, than to imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now, one Kiss dismisses him
Whose Heart shall wait on *Polidora*, prithee
Let me not wish for thy return too often.
My Father. [Exit]

Enter Nestorius, and a Servant.

Nest. I met *Arcadius* in strange haste, he told me
He had been with thee.

Polid. Some Affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence, his Uncle sent for him
You came now from Court: How looks the Queen
This golden Morning?

Nest. Like a Bride, her Soul
Is all on Mirth, her Eyes have quick'ning Fires,
Able to strike a Spring into the Earth
In Winter.

Polid. Then *Lisimachus* can have
No Frost in's Blood, that lives so near her Beams.

Nest. His politick Father, the Protector, smiles too.
Resolve to see the Ceremony of the Queen,
'Twill be a Day of State.

Polid. I am not well.

Nest. How! Not well? retire then, I must return,
My Attendance is expected, *Polidora*,
Be careful of thy Health.

Polid. It will concern me.

[*Exeunt*,

Enter Arcadius and Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, Sir.

Mac. Dear Nephew, if thou respect thy Safety
My Honour, or my Age, remove thy self,
Thy Life's in Danger.

Arc. Mine? Who's my Enemy?

Mac. Take Horse, and instantly forsake the City,
Or else within some unsuspected Dwelling
Obscure thy self, stay not to know the Reason.

Arc. Sir, I beseech your Pardon, which i'th' Number
Of my Offences unto any, should
Provoke this dishonourable Flight?

Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,
I had pleaded for thy Banishment, thou know'st not
What threatens thee.

Arc. I would desire to know it,
I am in no Conspiracy of Treason,
Have ravish'd no Man's Mistress, not so much
As given the Lye to any, what should mean
Your strange and violent Fears, I will not stir
Until you make me sensible I have lost
My Innocence.

Mac. I must not live to see
Thy Body full of Wounds, it were less Sin
To rip thy Father's Marble, and fetch from
The reverend Vault, his Ashes, and disperse them
By some rude Winds, where none should ever find
The sacred Dust: It was his Legacy,
The Breath he mingled with his Prayers to Heav'n,
I would preserve *Arcadius*, whose Fate

He prophesy'd in Death, would need Protection,
Thou wot disturb his Ghost, and call it to
Afright my Dreams, if thou refuse to obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the Cause
Of your Distraction, and you'll arm me better
Than any Coward Flight, by acquainting me
Whose Malice aims to kill me; good Sir, tell me.

Mac. Then Prayers and Tears assist me.

Arc. Sir.

Mac. *Arcadius,*

Thou art a rash young Man, witness the Spirit
Of him that trusted me so much, I bleed,
'Till I prevent this Mischief.

[*Exit.*

Enter Philocles and Lisander.

Arc. Ha. Keep off.

Phi. What mean you, Sir?

Lisan. We are your Friends.

Arc. I know your Faces, but
Am not secure, I would not be betray'd.

Lisan. You wrong our Hearts, who truly honour you.

Arc. They say I must be kill'd.

Phi. By whom?

Arc. I know not, nor wou'd I part with Life so tamely.

Phi. We dare engage ours in your Quarrel; hide
Your Sword, it may beget Suspicion,
It's enough to question you.

Arc. I am confident;
Pray pardon me, come, I despise all Danger;
Yet a dear Friend of mine, my Uncle, told me
He would not see my Body full of Wounds.

Lisan. Your Uncle? this is strange.

Arc. Yes, my honest Uncle,
If my unlucky Stars have pointed me
So dire a Fate.

Phi. There is some strange Mistake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Arcadius,* the Queen would speak with you,
You must make haste.

Arc. Though to my Death, I flye
Upon her Summons, I give up my Breath

Then

Then willingly, if she command it from me.

Phi. This does a little trouble me.

Lisan. I know not

What to imagine, something is the Ground
Of this Perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such Danger as he apprehends.

Enter *Queen*, *Lisimachus*, *Macarius*, *Eubulus*, *Seleucus*,
Arcadius, *Ladies*, *Attendants*, and *Gent.*

Queen. We have already granted to *Seleucus*,
And they shall try their Valour, if *Arcadius*
Have Spirit in him to accept the Challenge,
Our Royal Word is past.

Phi. This is strange.

Eub. Madam, my Son knew not what he ask'd,
And you were cruel to consent so soon.

Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd
At once, of all the Wealth I have, *Arcadius*
Is part of me.

Eub. *Seleucus's* Life and mine
Are twisted on one Thread, both stand or fall
Together; hath the Service for my Country
Deserv'd but this Reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough
When I was young, to lose my Blood in Wars,
But the poor Remnant that is scarcely warm
And faintly creeping through my wither'd Veins
Must be let out to make you Sport.

Mac. How can
We, that shall this Morn see the sacred Oil
Fall on your Virgin Tresses, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this Day
You sacrifice the Blood of them that pray for you?
Arcadius, I prithee speak thy self,
It is for thee I plead.

Eub. *Seleucus*, kneel,
And say thou hast repented thy rash Suit;
If'er I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,
How will the least Drop forced from thy Veins
Afflict my Heart.

Mac. Why, that's good;

Arcadius, speak to her; hear him, Madam.

Arc. If you call back this Honour you have done me
I shall repent I live, do not perswade me:

Seleucus, thou art a noble Enemy,

And I will love thy Soul, though I despair

Our Body's friendly Conversation:

I would we were to tugg upon some Cliff,

Or like two Prodigies i'th' Air, our Conflict

Might generally be gaz'd at, and our Blood

Appease our Grandfires Ashes.

Mac. I am undone.

Sel. Madam, my Father says I have offended,

If so, I beg your Pardon, but beseech you

For your own Glory, call not back your Word.

Eub. They are both mad.

Queen. No more, we have resolv'd,

And since their Courage is so nobly flam'd,

This Morning we'll behold the Champions

Within the List; be not afraid their Strife

Will stretch so far as Death, so soon as we

Are crown'd, prepare your selves. *Seleucus.* [*Kisses her Hand.*

Sel. I have receiv'd another Life in this high Favour,
And may lose what Nature gave me.

Queen. *Arcadius*, to encourage thy young Valour,
We give thee our Father's Sword,

Command it from our Armory; *Lisimachus*,

To our Coronation.

[*Exeunt.*

Sel. I'll forfeit

My Head for a Rebellion, than suffer it.

[*Exit.*

Arc. I am circled with Confusions, I'll do somewhat,

My Brains and Friends assist me.

[*Exit.*

Pbi. But do you think they'll fight indeed?

Lisan. Perhaps

Her Majesty will see a Bout or two.

And yet 'tis wondrous strange, such Spectacles

Are rare i'th' Court; an they were to skirmish naked

Before her, then there might be some Excuse.

There is Gimcracks in't, the Queen is wise

Above her Years.

Pbi. *Macarius* is perplex'd.

Enter

Enter Eubulus.

Lisan. I cannot blame him, but my Lord *Eubulus* Returns, they are both troubled, 'las good Men, But our Duties are expected, we forget. [*Ex. Phi. Lif.*

Eub. I must resolve, and yet things are not ripe, My Brain's upon the Torture.

Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his Person, whose least drop
Of Blood is worth more than our Families.
My Lord *Eubulus*, I have thought a way
To stay the young Mens desperate Proceedings;
It is our Cause they fight, let us beseech
The Queen, to grant us two the Privilege
Of Duel, rather than expose their lives
To either's fury; it were pity they
Should run upon so black a Destiny,
We are both old, and may be spar'd, a pair
Of fruitless Trees, Mossie, and wither'd Trunks,
That fill up too much Room.

Eub. Most willingly,
And I will praise her Charity to allow it;
I have not yet forgot to use a Sword,
Let's lose no time, by this act, she will licence
Our Souls to leave our Bodies but a Day,
Perhaps an Hour the sooner; they may live
To do her better Service, and be Friends
When we are dead, and yet I have no hope
This will be granted, curse upon our Faction.

Mac. If she deny us——

Eub. What?

Mac. I wou'd do somewhat——

Eub. There's something o'th' sudden struck upon
My Imagination, that may secure us.

Mac. Name it, if no Dishonour wait upon't
To preserve them, I'll accept any danger,

Eub. There is no other way, and yet my Heart
Would be excus'd, but 'tis to save his Life.

Mac. Speak it, *Eubulus*.

Eub. In your Ear I shall,
It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it.

Mac.

Mac. Hum? though it stir my Blood, I'll meet *Arcadius*;
If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
Another Mystery. [Exit.

*Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Cassander, Charilla,
Lisander, Philocles, and Antigonus.*

Queen. We owe to all your loves, and will deserve
At least by our Endeavours, that none may
This day repent their Prayers; my Lord Protector.

Cas. Madam, I have no
Such Title now, and am blest to lose
That Name so happily; I was but trusted
With a glorious burden.

Queen. You have prov'd
Your self our faithful Counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing State; a Kingdom's Scepter
Weighs down a Woman's Arm, this Crown sits heavy
Upon my Brow already, and we know
There's something more than Mettal in this Wreath,
Of shining Glory, but your Faith, and Counsel,
That are familiar with Mysteries,
And depths of State, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Do loyal Service, and reward your Duties.

Cas. Heav'n preserve your Highness.

Queen. But yet my Lords and Gentlemen, let none
Mistake me, that because I urge your Wisdoms,
I shall grow careless, and impose on you
The managing of this great Province, no,
We will be active too, and as we are
In Dignity above your Persons, so,
The greatest portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your several places
Relieving us with your Experience,
Observing in your best directions
All modesty, and distance; for although
We are but young, no action shall forfeit
Our Royal Privilege, or encourage any
Too unreverent boldness; as it will become
Our Honour to consult, e'er we determine
Of the most necessary things of State,

So we are sensible of a Check,
But in a Brow, that saucily controuls
Our Action, presuming on our Years
As few, or frailty of our Sex; that Head
Is not secure, that dares our Power or Justice.

Phi. She has a brave Spirit, look how the Protector
Grows pale already.

Queen. But I speak to you
Are perfect in Obedience, and may spare
This Theme, yet 'twas no immaterial
Part of our Character, since I desire
All should take notice, I have studied
The knowledge of my self, by which I shall
Better distinguish of your Worth and Persons
In your Relations to us.

Lisim. This Language
Is but a threatening to some Body.

Queen. But we miss some, that use not to absent
Their Duties from us; where's *Macarius*?

Cas. Retir'd to grieve, your Majesty hath given
Consent *Arcadius* should enter the List,
To day, with young *Seleucus*.

Queen. We purpose

Enter Gentleman.

They shall proceed; what's he? (tice

Phi. A Gentleman belonging to *Seleucus*, that gives no-
He is prepar'd, and waits your Royal Pleasure.

Queen. He was compos'd for Action, give notice
To *Arcadius*, and admit the Challenger:

Let other Princes boast their gaudy Tilting,
And mockery of Battels, but our Triumph
Is celebrated with true noble Valour.

*Enter Seleucus, and Arcadius at several Doors, their Pages
before them, bearing their Targets.*

Two young Men spirited enough to have
Two Kingdoms stak'd upon their Swords; *Lisimachus*,
Do not they excellently become their Arms?

'Twere pity but they should do something more
Than wave their Plumes.

[A shout within.

What noise is that?

Enter

Enter Macarius, and Eubulus.

Mac. The Peoples joy to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the Jubilee of the Day,
We have no more a Faction but one Heart,
Peace flow in every Bosom.

Eub. Throw away
These Instruments of Death, and like two Friends
Embrace by our Example.

Queen. This unfeign'd?

Mac. By our duties to your self, dear Madam,
Command them not advance, our Houses from
This Minute are incorporated; happy Day!
Our Eyes at which before Revenge look'd forth,
May clear suspicion, oh my *Arcadius*!

Eub. We have found a nearer way to friendship, Madam,
Than by exposing them to fight for us.

Queen. If this be faithful, our Desires are blest.
We had no Thought to waste, but reconcile
Your Blood this way, and we did prophesie
This happy Chance; spring into either's Bosom,
Arcadius and *Selencus*, what can now
Be added to this Day's Felicity?
Yes, there is something, is there not, my Lord?
While we are Virgin Queen.

Cas. Ha, that String
Doth promise Musick.

Queen. I am yet, my Lords,
Your single Joy, and when I look upon
What I have took, to manage the great care
Of this most flourishing Kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to my self,
If I chuse one, whose Strength and Virtue may
Assist my Undertaking; think you, Lords,
A Husband would not help?

Lisim. No question, Madam,
And he that you purpose to make so blest,
Must needs be worthy of our humblest Duty,
It is the general Vote.

Queen. We will not then
Trouble Ambassadors to treat with any

Princes

Princes abroad, within our own Dominion,
Fruitful in Honour, we shall make our choice;
And that we may not keep you over-long
In the Imagination, from this Circle we
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a King and Husband.

Lisan. Now my Lord *Lisimachus*.

Queen. Nor shall we in this Action be accus'd
Of Rashness, since the Man we shall declare
Deserving our Affection, hath been early
In our Opinion, which had Reason first
To guide it, and his known Nobility
Long marry'd to our Thoughts, will justify
Our fair Election.

Pbi. *Lisimachus* blushes.

Cas. Direct our Duties, Madam, to pray for him.

Queen. *Arcadius*, you see from whence we come,
Pray lead us back, you may ascend.

[*She comes from the State.*]

Cas. How's this? o'er-reach'd?

Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest Creature,
Do not reward the Heart, that falls in Duty
Benath your Feet, with making me the burden
Of the Court-mirth, a Mockery for Pages,
'Twere Treason in me but to think you mean thus.

Queen. *Arcadius*, you must refuse my Love,
Or shame this Kingdom.

Pbi. Is the Wind in that corner?

Cas. I shall run mad, *Lisimachus*.

Lisim. Sir, contain your self.

Sel. Is this to be believ'd?

Mac. What Dream is this?

Pbi. He kisses her, now by this day I am glad on't.

Lisan. Mark the Protector.

Ant. Let him fret his Heart-strings.

Queen. Is the Day cloudy on the sudden?

Arc. Gentlemen,

It was not my Ambition, I durst never
Aspire so high in Thought, but since her Majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this Honour, I

Will

Will study to be worthy of her Grace,
By whom I live.

Queen. The Church to morrow shall
Confirm our Marriage; noble *Lisimachus*,
We'll find out other Ways to recompence
Your Love to us. Set forward; come *Arcadius*.

Mac. It must be so, and yet let me consider.

Cas. He insults already: Policy assist me,
To break his Neck.

Lisim. Who would trust Woman?
Lost in a Pair of Minutes, lost, how bright
A Morning rose, but now, 'tis Night?

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Polidora and a Servant.

Polid. **O**H where shall Virgins look for Faith hereafter,
If he prove false, after so many Vows?
And yet if I consider, he was tempted
Above the Strength of a young Lover, two
Such glorious courting his Acceptance, were
Able to make Disloyalty no Sin,
At least not seem a Fault; a Lady first,
Whose very Looks would thaw a Man more frozen
Than the *Alps*, quicken a Soul more dead than Winter,
Add to her Beauty and Perfection,
That she's a Queen, and brings with her a Kingdom
Able to make a great Mind forfeit Heav'n.
What could the Frailty of *Arcadius*
Suggest, to unspirit him so much, as not
To fly to her Embraces? You were present
When she delar'd her self?

Ser. Yes, Madam.

Polid. Tell me,
Did not he make a Pause, when the fair Queen
A full Temptation stood him?

Ser.

Ser. Very little
My Judgment could distinguish, she did no sooner
Propound, but he accepted.

Polid. That was ill,
He might with Honour stand one or two Minutes,
Methinks it should have startled him a little
To have remembred me, I have deserv'd
At least a cold Thought; well, pray give it him.

Ser. I shall.

Pol. When?

Ser. Instantly.

Polid. Not so,

But take a time when his Joy swells him most,
When his Delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his Soul dance in his Eyes,
When she that must be his hath dress'd her Beauty
With all her Pride, and sends a thousand *Cupids*
To call him to the tasting of her Lip;
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,
I'll pray for him.

Ser. I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander and Lifimachus.

Cas. There is no way but Death.

Lifim. That's black, and horrid;
Consider, Sir, it was her Sin, not his;
I cannot accuse him; what Man could carry
A Heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious Flame? Who could not fly to such
A Happiness?

Cas. Have you Ambition
To be a tame Fool? See so vast an Injury,
And not revenge it? Make me not suspect
Thy Mother for this Sufferance, my Son.

Lifim. Pray hear me, Sir.

Cas. Hear a patient Gull,
A Property, thou hast no Blood of mine,
If this Affront provoke thee not, how canst
Be charitable to thy self, and let him live
To glory in thy Shame? Nor is he innocent;

He

Ser.

He had before crept slyly into her Bosom,
And practis'd thy Dishonour.

Lisim. You begin to stir me, Sir.

Cas. How else could she be guilty
Of such Contempt of thee, and in the Eye
Of all the Kingdom? they conspir'd this stain,
When they had cunning Meetings; shall thy Love
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and *Lisimachus*
Stand idle Gazer?

Lisim. What, Sir, will his Death
Advantage us, if she be false to me?
So irreligious, and to touch her Person——
Pause, we may be observed.

Enter Philocles and Lisander.

Lisan. 'Tis the Protector
And his Son.

Phi. Alas, poor Gentleman, I pity
His neglect, but am not sorry for his Father.

Phi. 'Tis a strange turn.

Lisan. The whirligigs of Women.

Phi. Your Grace's Servant.

Cas. I am yours, Gentlemen,
And should be happy to deserve your Loves.

Phi. Now he can flatter.

Lisan. In't, Sir, to enlarge your Sufferings, I have
A Heart doth wish
The Queen had known better to reward
Your Love and Merit.

Lisan. If you would express
Your Love to me, pray do not mention it,
I must obey my Fate.

Phi. She will be married
To t'other Gentleman for certain then?

Cas. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.

Phi. Indeed I will, Sir.

Lisan. Your Grace's Servant.

Cas. We are grown
Ridiculous, the Pastime of the Court:
Here comes another.

[Exit.

Enter

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Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your Son, my Lord?

Cas. Like a neglected Servant of his Mistress.

Sel. I would ask him a Question.

Cas. What?

Sel. Whether the Queen,

As 'tis reported, lov'd him; he can tell

Whether she promis'd what they talk of, Marriage.

Cas. I can resolve you that, Sir.

Sel. She did promise?

Cas. Yes.

Sel. Then she's a Woman; and your Son——

Cas. What?

Sel. Not worthy his Blood, and Expectation,
If he be calm.

Cas. There's no opposing Destiny.

Sel. I would cut the Throat.

Cas. Whose Throat?

Sel. The Destinies, that's all, your Pardon, Sir,
I am *Seleucus* still, a poor Shadow

O'th' World, a walking Picture, it concerns

Not me, I am forgotten by my Stars. (thee.

Cas. The Queen, with more Discretion, might ha' chosen

Sel. Whom?

Cas. Thee, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Me? I cannot dance, and frisk with due Activity,
My Body is Lead, I have too much Phlegme, what should
I do with a Kingdom? No, *Arcadius*

Becomes the Cushion, and can please; yet setting

Aside the Trick that Ladies of Blood look at,

Another Man might make a shift to wear

Rich Cloaths, sit in the Chair of State, and nod,

Dare venture on Discourse, that does not trench

On compliment, and think the study of Arms

And Arts more commendable in a Gentleman,

Than any Galliard.

Cas. *Arcadius*,

And you, were reconcil'd.

Sel. We? yes, oh yes,
But 'tis not Manners now to say we are Friends,
At our Equality there had been Reason,
But now Subjection is the Word.

Cas. They are not
Yet marry'd.

Sel. I'll make no Oath upon't:
My Lord *Lisimachus*,
A Word, you'll not be angry if I love you;
May not a Batchelor be made a Cuckold?

Lisim. How, Sir?

Cas. *Lisimachus*, this Gentleman
Is worth our Embrace, he's spirited,
And may be useful.

Sel. Hark you, can you tell
Where's the best Dancing-Master? And you mean
To rise at Court, practise to Caper, farewell
The noble Science, that makes Work for Cutlers,
It will be out of Fashion to wear Swords;
Masques and Devices welcome, I salute you.
Is it not pity any Division
Should be heard out of Musick? Oh 'twill be
An excellent Age of Crotchets, and of Canthers.
Buy Captains, that like Fools will spend your Blood
Out of your Country, you will be of less
Use than your Feathers, if you return unmann'd
You shall be beaten soon to a new March,
When you shall think it a Discretion
To sell your glorious Buffs to buy fine Pumps,
And Pantables; this is I hope no Treason.

*Enter Arcadius leading the Queen, Charia, Eubulus,
Lisander, Philocles, Polidora, and Servant.*

Cas. Wo't stay, *Lisimachus*?

Lisim. Yes, Sir,
And shew a Patience above her Injury.

Arc. This Honour is too much, Madam, assume
Your Place, and let *Arcadius* wait still;
'Tis Happiness enough to be your Servant.

Cas. Now he dissembles.

Queen. Sir, you must sit.

Arc.

Arc. I am obedient.

Queen. This is not Musick
Sprightly enough, it feeds the Soul with Melancholy.
How says *Arcadius*?

Arc. Give me leave to think
There is no Harmony but in your Voice,
And not an Accent of your heav'nly Tongue,
But strikes me into Rapture: I incline
To think, the Tale of *Orpheus* no Fable;
'Tis possible he might inchant the Rocks,
And charm the Forest, soften Hell, Hell it self,
With his commanding Lute, it is no Miracle
To what you work, whose very Breath conveys
The Hearer into Heav'n, how at your Lips
Day-Winds gather Perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse Sweetness round about the World.

Sel. Fine Stuff.

Queen. You cannot flatter.

Arc. Not, if I should say,
Nature had plac'd you here the Creatures Wonder,
And her own Spring, from which all Excellence
On Earth's deriv'd, and copy'd forth, and when
The Character of fair, and good in others
Is quite worn out, and lost, looking on you
It is supply'd, and you alone made mortal
To feed, and keep alive all Beauty.

Sel. Ha, ha, can you endure it, Gentlemen?

Lisan. What do you mean?

Sel. Nay, ask him what he means, mine is a down-
right Laugh.

Queen. Well, Sir, proceed.

Arc. At such bright Eyes the Stars do light themselves,
At such a Forehead Swans renew their white,
From such a Lip the Morning gathers Blushes.

Sel. The Morning is more modest than thy Praises:
What a thing does he make her?

Arc. And when you flye to Heav'n and leave this World,
No longer Maintenance of Goodness from you:
Then Poetry shall lose all Use with us,

Arc.

Z 2

And

And be no more, since nothing in your Absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a Verse.

Sel. Ha, ha.

Queen. Who's that?

Sel. 'Twas I, Madam.

Arc. Seleucus?

Cas. Ha?

Sel. Yes, Sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

Arc. At what?

Sel. At nothing.

Lisan. Contain your self, *Seleucus*.

Eub. Are you mad?

Queen. Have you Ambition to be punish'd, Sir?

Sel. I need not, 'twas Punishment

Enough to hear him make an Idol of you, he left
Out the Commendation of your Patience; I was a little
Mov'd in my Nature, to hear his Rodomontados, and
Make a Monster of his Mistress, which I pity'd first,
But seeing him proceed, I guess he brought you
Mirth with his Inventions, and so made bold to laugh at it.

Queen. You are sawcy,
We'll place you where you sha'not be so merry:
Take him away.

Lisan. Submit your self.

Arc. Let me plead for his Pardon.

Sel. I wou'd not owe my Life so poorly, beg thy own,
When you are King you cannot bribe your Destiny.

Eub. Good Madam, hear me, I fear he is distracted.
Brave Boy, thou should'st be Master of a Soul
Like his; thy Honour's more concern'd.

Sel. 'Tis Charity,
Away wo' me, 'boy, Madam?

Cas. He has a daring Spirit. [Exit *Sel.* *Eub.* *Cas.*

Arc. These, and a thousand more Affronts, I must
Expect, your Favours draw them all upon me;
In my first State I had no Enemies,
I was secure, while I did grow beneath
This Expectation; humble Vallies thrive with
Their Bosoms full of Flowers, when the Hills melt
With Lightning, and rough Anger of the Clouds:
Let me retire.

Queen

Queen. And can *Arcadius*
At such a Breath be mov'd? I had Opinion
Your Courage durst have stood a Tempest for
Our Love, can you for this incline to leave
What other Princes should in vain have sued for?
How many Lovers are in *Epire* now
Would throw themselves on Danger, not expect
One Enemy, but empty their own Veins,
And think the Loss of all their Blood rewarded,
To have one Smile of us when they are dying?
And shall this Murmur shake you?

Arc. Not, dear Madam,
My Life is such a poor despised thing,
In Value your least Graces, that
To lose it were to make my self a Victory,
It is not for my self, I fear: The Envy
Of others cannot fasten wound in me
Greater, than that your Goodness should be check'd
So daringly.

Queen. Let not those Thought afflict thee,
While we have Power to correct the Offences,
Arcadius be mine, this shall confirm it.

Arc. I shall forget,
And lose my way to Heav'n; that Touch had been
Enough to have restor'd me, and infus'd
A Spirit of a more celestial Nature,
After the tedious Absence of my Soul;
Oh bless me not too much, one Smile a Day
Would stretch my Life to Mortality.
Poets that wrap Divinity in Tales,
Look here, and give your Copies forth of Angels,
What Blessing can remain?

Queen. Our Marriage.

Arc. Place then some Horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass, the Journey's end
Holds out such Glories to me, I should think
Hell but a poor Degree of suffering for it.
What's that, some Petition? a Letter to me.
You had a Polidora. Ha, that's all.
With' Minute when my Vessel's new lanch'd forth,

With all my Pride, and filken Wings about me,
I strike upon a Rock: What Power can save me?
You had a *Polidora*; there's a Name
Kill'd with Grief, I can so soon forget her.

Ser. She did impose on me this Service, Sir,
And while she lives, she says, she'll pray for you.

Arc. She lives,
That's well, and yet 'twere better, for my Fame
And Honour, she were dead: What Fate hath plac'd me
Upon this fearful Precipice?

Ser. He's troubled.

Arc. I must resolve, my Faith is violated
Already, yet poor loving *Polidora*
Will pray for me, she says, to think she can
Render me hated to my self, and every
Thought's a Tormentor, let me then be just.

Queen. *Arcadius.*

Arc. That Voice prevails again; oh *Polidora*,
Thou must forgive *Arcadius*, I dare not
Turn Rebel to a Princess, I shall love
Thy Virtue, but a Kingdom has a Charm
To excuse our Frailty. Dearest Madam.

Queen. Now set forward.

Arc. To perfect all our Joys.

Enter Macarius, a Bishop, and Cassander.

Mac. I'll fright their Glories.

Cas. By what means?

Mac. Observe.

Arc. Our good Uncle, welcome.

Queen. My Lord *Macarius*, we did want your Person,
There's something in our Joys wherein you share.

Mac. This you intend your Highness Wedding Day.

Queen. We are going.

Mac. Save your Labour,
I have brought a Priest to meet you.

Arc. Reverend Father.

Queen. Meet us? Why?

Mac. To tell you, that you must not marry.

Cas. Didst thou hear that, *Lisimachus*?

Lisim. And wonder what will follow.

Queen.

Queen. We must not marry.

Bish. Madam, 'tis a Rule

First made in Heav'n, and I must needs declare

You and *Arcadius* must tie no Knot

Of Man and Wife.

Arc. Is my Unkle mad?

Queen. Joy has transported him,

Or Age has made him dote; *Macarius*,

Provoke us not too much, you will presume

Above our Mercy.

Mac. I'll discharge my Duty,

Could your Frown strike me dead, my Lord, you know

Whose Character this is.

Cas. It is *Theodosius*,

Your Grace's Father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd a Witness.

Pbi. Upon my Life 'tis his.

Mac. Fear not, I'll cross this Match.

Cas. I'll bless thee for't.

Arc. Unkle, d'ye know what you do, or what we are

Going to finish? you will not break the Neck of my glori-

Fortune, now my Foot's i'th' Stirrup, and mounting, (ous

Throw me over the Saddle? I hope you'll let one

Be a King. Madam, 'tis as you say,

My Unkle is something craz'd, there's a Worm

In's Brain, but I beseech you pardon him, he is

Not the first of your Council, that has talk'd

Idly; d'ye hear my Lord Bishop, I hope

You have more Religion than to join with him

To undo me.

Bishop. Not I, Sir, but I am commanded by Oath

And Conscience, to speak Truth.

Arc. If your Truth should do me any harm, I shall never

Be in Charity with a Crozier's Staff, look to't.

Queen. My youngest Brother.

Cas. Worse and worse, my Brains.

[Exit.

Mac. Deliver'd to me an Infant with this Writing,

To which this Reverend Father is a Witness. (Child?

Lisan. This he whom we so long thought dead, a

Queen. But what should make my Father to trust him

To your Concealment? Give abroad his Death, and bury
An empty Coffin?

Mac. A Jealousie he had
Upon *Cassander*, whose ambitious Brain
He fear'd would make no Conscience to depose
His Son, to make *Lisimachus* King of *Epire*.

Queen. He made no Scruple to expose me then
To any Danger?

Mac. He secur'd you, Madam,
By an early Engagement of your Affection
To *Lisimachus*, exempt this Testimony;
Had he been *Arcadius*, and my Nephew,
I need not obtrude him on the State,
Your Love and Marriage had made him King
Without my trouble, and sav'd that Ambition,
There was Necessity to open now
His Birth and Title.

Phi. *Demetrius* alive!

Arc. What Riddles are these? Whom do they talk of?

Omni. Congratulate your Return to Life, and Honour,
'And as becomes us, with one Voice salute you,
Demetrius King of *Epire*.

Mac. I am no Uncle, Sir, this is your Sister,
I should have suffer'd Incest to have kept you
Longer i'th' Dark; love, and be happy both,
My Trust is now discharg'd.

Lisan. And we rejoice.

Arc. But do mock me, Gentlemen,
May I be bold upon your Words to say
I am Prince *Theodosius's* Son?

Mac. The King.

Arc. You'll justify it?

Sister, I am very glad to see you.

Sop. I am to find a Brother, and resign my Glory,
My Triumph is my Shame. [Exit.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Thine Ear, *Lisimachus*.

Arc. Gentlemen, I owe
Unto your Loves, as large Acknowledgment
As to my Birth, for this great Honour, and

My

My study shall be equal to be thought
Worthy of both.

Cas. Thou art turn'd Marble.

Lisim. There will be the less charge for my Monument.

Cas. This must not be, fit fast young King. [Exit.

Lisan. Your Sister, Sir, is gone.

Arc. My Sister should have been my Bride, that Name
Puts me in mind of *Polidora*, ha?

Lisander, Philocles, Gentlemen,

If you will have me think your Hearts allow me

Theodosius Son, oh quickly snatch some Wings,

Express it in your haste to *Polidora*,

Tell her what Title is new dropt from Heav'n

To make her rich; only created for me:

Give her the Ceremony of my Queen,

With all the State that may become our Bride,

Attend her to this Throne; Are you not there?

Yet stay, 'tis too much Pride to send for her,

We'll go our self, no Honour is enough

For *Polidora*, to redeem our fault,

Salute her gently from me, and, upon

Your Knee, present her with this Diadem,

'Tis our first gift; tell her *Demetrius* follows

To be her Guest, and give himself a Servant

To her chaste Bosome; bid her stretch her Hea t

To meet me, I am lost in Joy and Wonder. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cassander, Eubulus, and Soldier.

Cas. Where's the Captain of the Castle?

Sol. He'll attend your Honours presently.

Cas. Give him knowledge we expect him.

Sol. I shall, my Lord.

[Exit.

Cas. He is my Creature, fear not,
And shall run any course that we propound.

Eub. My Lord, I like the Substance of your Plot,

'Tis

'Tis promising, but Matters of this consequence
 Are not so easily perfect, and it does
 Concern our Heads to build upon secure
 Principles; though *Seleucus*, I confess,
 Carry a high and daring Spirit in him,
 'Tis hard to thrust upon the State new settled
 Any Impostor, and we know not yet
 Whether he'll undertake to play the Prince;
 Or if he should accept him, with what cunning
 He can behave himself.

Cas. My Lord, affairs
 Of such a glorious Nature, are half finish'd,
 When they begin with confidence.

Eub. Admit
 He want no Art, or Courage, it must rest
 Upon the People to receive his Title,
 And with what danger their uncertain Breath
 May flatter ours, *Demetrius* scarcely warm
 In the King's Seat, I may suspect.

Cas. That Reason
 Makes for our part, for if it be so probable
 That young *Demetrius* should be living, why
 May not we work them to believe, *Leonatus*,
 The eldest Son, was, by some trick, preserv'd,
 And now would claim his own: There were two Sons,
 Who in their Father's life we supposed dead,
 May not we find a Circumstance to make
 This seem as clear as t'other? Let the Vulgar
 Be once possesst, we'll carry *Epire* from
Demetrius, and the World.

Eub. I could be pleas'd
 To see my Son a King.

Enter Polecanus.

The Captain's here.

Polea. I wait your Lordships pleasure.

Cas. We come to visit your late Prisoner:
 I will not doubt, but you intreat him fairly,
 He will deserve it for himself, and you
 Be fortunate in any occasion,
 To have express'd your Service.

Polea.

Polea. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honourable Lord his Father, will
Instruct me to behave my self with all
Respects becoming me, to such a Son.

Caf. These things will least
Oblige you, but how bears he his Restraint?

Polea. As one whose Soul's above it.

Eub. Patiently?

Polea. With Contempt rather of the great Command
Which made him Prisoner; he will talk sometimes
So strangely to himself,

Eub. He's here.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Why was I born to be a Subject? 'tis
Soon answer'd, sure my Father was no Prince,
That's all: the same Ingredients use to make
A Man as active, though not Royal Blood
Went to my Composition, and I
Was gotten with as good a Will perhaps,
And my Birth cost my Mother as much Sorrow,
As I had been born an Emperor.

Caf. While I look
Upon him, something in his Face presents
A King indeed.

Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.

Caf. Whose Son we would pretend him,
This will advance our Plot,

Sel. 'Tis but a Name,
And mere Opinion, that prefers one Man
Above another, I'll imagine then
I am a Prince, or some brave thing on Earth,
And see what follows: But it must not be,
My single Voice will carry it, the name
Of King must be attended with a Troop
Of Acclamations, on whose airy Wings
He mounts, and once exalted, threatens Heav'n,
And all the Stars; how to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talk of, Men have rise
From a more cheap Nobility to Empires,

From

From dark Originals, and sordid Blood,
 Nay some that had no Fathers, Sons of the Earth,
 And flying People, have aspir'd to Kingdoms,
 Made Nations tremble, and have practis'd Frowns
 To awe the World, their Memory is glorious,
 And I would hug them in their Shades; but what's
 All this to me, that am I know not what,
 And less in Expectation?

Polea. Are you serious?

Cas. Will you assist, and run a Fate with us?

Polea. Command my Life, I owe it to your Favour.

Sel. *Arcadius* was once as far from being
 As I, and had we not so cunningly
 Been reconcil'd, or one, or both had gone
 To seek our Fortunes in another World;
 What's the Device now? If my Death be next,
 The Summons shall not make me once look pale.

Cas. Chide your too vain Suspicions, we bring
 A Life, and Liberty, with what else can make
 Thy Ambition happy, thou'st a glorious Flame,
 We come to advance it.

Sel. How?

Cas. Have but a Will,
 And be what thy own Thoughts dare prompt thee to,
 A King.

Sel. You do not mock me, Gentlemen?
 You are my Father, Sir.

Eub. This Minute shall
 Declare it, my *Seleucus*, our Heart's swell'd
 With Joy, with Duty rather, oh my Boy!

Sel. What's the Mystery?

Polea. You must be a King.

Cas. *Seleucus*, stay, thou art too incredulous,
 Let not our Faith and Study to exalt thee,
 Be so rewarded.

Eub. I pronounce thee King,
 Unless thy Spirit be turn'd Coward, and
 Thou faint to accept it.

Sel. King of what?

Cas. Of *Epire*.

Sel.

Sel. Although the Queen, since she sent me hither,
Were gone to Heav'n, I know not how
That Title could devolve to me.

Cas. We have
No Queen, since he that should have married her,
Is prov'd her youngest Brother, and now King
In his own Title.

Sel. Thank you, Gentlemen,
There's hope for me.

Cas. Why, you dare fight with him
And need be, for the Kingdom.

Sel. With *Arcadius*?
If you'll make Stakes, my Life against his Crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine Son,
And all the Courtiers one after another.

Cas. 'Two not come to that.

Sel. I am of your Lordship's mind, so fare you well.

Cas. Yet stay and hear.

Sel. What? that you have betray'd me:
Do, tell your King, my Life is grown a burden,
And I'll confess, and make your Souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this Battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poor Malice.

Omnes. No more, long live *Leonatus* King of *Epire*.

Sel. *Leonatus*, Who's that?

Cas. Be bold, and be a King, our Brains have been
Working to raise you to this height, here are
None but Friends, dare you but call your self
Leonatus, and but justifie with confidence
What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring
The Crown to your Head, we'll forfeit ours.

Eub. The State is in distraction, *Arcadius*
Is prov'd a King, there was an elder Brother,
If you dare but pronounce you are the same,
Forget you are my Son.

Polea. These are no trifles, Sir, all is plotted,
To assure your Greatness; if you will be wise,
And take the fair occasion that's presented.

Sel. *Arcadius*, you say, is lawful King,

And

And now to depose him, you would make me
An elder Brother, is't not so?

Cas. Most right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning.

Omnes. Upon our lives.

Sel. I'll venture mine, but with your Pardon,
Whose Brain was this? from whom took this Plot Life?

Eub. My Lord *Cassander*.

Sel. And you are of his Mind? and you? and think
This may be done?

Eub. The Destinies shall not cross us, if you have
Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it?

I am not us'd to compliment, I'll owe
My Life to you, my Fortunes to your Lordship,
Compose me as you please, and when you've made
Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally: One word, my Lord, I had rather
Live in the Prison still, than be a Propensity
To advance his Politick ends.

Eub. Have no suspicion.

Cas. So, so, I see *Demetrius* Heels already
Trip'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o'th' way,
Which gone, I can depose this at my leasure,
Being an Impostor; then my Son stands fair,
And may piece with the Princess. We lose time,
What think you, if we first surprize the Court?
While you command the Castle, we shall curb
All Opposition.

Eub. Let's proclaim him first.

I have some Faction, the People love me,
They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the Court.

Cas. Unless *Demetrius* yield himself, he bleeds.

Sel. Who dares call Treason Sin, when it succeeds?

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Sophia and Charilla.

Cha. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose
The greatness of your Soul, with the expence
Of too much Grief, for that which Providence
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a State
Above your tender bearing.

Sof.

Sop. Thou'rt a Fool,
And canst not reach the Spirit of a Lady,
Born great as I was, and made only less
By a too cruel Destiny, above
Our tender bearing: What goes richer to
The Composition of Man than ours?
Our Soul as free, and spacious; our Heart's
As great, our Will as large, each Thought as active,
And in this only Man more proud than we,
That would have us less capable of Empire;
But search the Stories, and the Name of Queen
Shines bright with Glory, and some Precedents
Above Man's Imitation.

Cha. I grant it,
For the Honour of our Sex, nor have you, Madam,
By any weakness, forfeited Command;
He that succeeds, in Justice, was before you,
And you have gain'd more, in a Royal Brother,
Than you could lose by your resign of *Epire*.

Sop. This I allow, *Charilla*, I ha' done;
'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me,
At the same time I feel a joy to know
My Brother living: no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Cha. Virtue forbid.

Sop. Canst find me out a Surgeon for that?

Cha. For what?

Sop. My bleeding Fame.

Cha. Oh do not injure
Your own clear Innocence.

Sop. Do not flatter me,
I have been guilty of an Act, will make
All Love in Women question'd, is not that
A blot upon a Virgin's Name? my Birth
Cannot extenuate my Shame, I am
Become the Stain of *Epire*.

Cha. 'Tis but
Your own Opinion, Madam, which presents
Something to fright your self, which cannot
Be in the same shape so horrid to our Sense.

Sop.

Sop. Thou wou'dst, but canst not appear ignorant :
Did not the Court, nay, the whole Kingdom, take
Notice, I lov'd *Lisimachus* ?

Cha. True, Madam.

Sop. No, I was false,
Though counsel'd by my Father to affect him,
I had my politick ends upon *Cassander*,
To be absolute Queen, flattering his Son with hopes
Of Love and Marriage, when that very Day
I blush to think I wrong'd *Lisimachus*,
That noble Gentleman, but Heav'n punish'd me;
For though to know *Demetrius* was a Blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my Dishonour?

Cha. Madam, you yet may recompence *Lisimachus*,
If you affect him now, you were not false
To him, whom then you lov'd not; if you can
Find any gentle Passion in your Soul
To entertain his Thought, no doubt his Heart,
Though sad, retains a noble Will to meet it;
His Love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one Storm.

Sop. He will not sure
Trust any Language from her Tongue that mock'd him,
Although my Soul doth weep for't, and is punish'd
To love him above the World.

Enter Lisimachus.

Cha. He's here,
As Fate would have him reconcil'd, be free,
And speak your Thoughts.

Lisim. If, Madam, I appear
Too bold, your Charity will sign my Pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the Duty of an humble Visit.

Sop. You do not mock me, Sir.

Lisim. I am confident
You think me not so lost to Manners, in
The knowledge of your Person, to bring with me
Such rudeness, I have nothing to present,
But a Heart full of wishes for your Health,
And what else may be added to your Happiness.

Sop.

Sop. I thought you had been sensible.

Lisim. How, Madam?

Sop. A Man of Understanding, can you spend
One Prayer for me, remembering the Dishonour
I have done *Lisimachus*?

Lisim. Nothing can deface that part of my
Religion in me, not to pray for you.

Sop. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too, indeed I have a Soul
Is full of Penitence, and something else,
If Blushing would allow to give't a Name.

Lisim. What, Madam?

Sop. Love, a Love that should redeem
My past Offence, and make me white again.

Lisim. I hope no Sadness can possess your Thoughts
For me, I am not worthy of this Sorrow,
But if you mean it any Satisfaction
For what your Will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange Overflow of Charity,
To keep me still alive; be your self, Madam,
And let no Cause of mine be guilty of
This Rape upon your Eyes, my Name's not worth
The least of all your Tears.

Sop. You think 'em counterfeit.

Lisim. Although I may
Suspect a Woman's Smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet Eyes; and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one Reply.

Sop. I wait it.

Lisim. I have now
Another Mistress.

Sop. Stay.

Lisim. To whom I have made,
Since your Revolt from me, a new chaste Vow,
Which not the second Malice of my Fate
Shall violate; and she deserves it, Madam,
Even for that wherein you are excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you,
Her Virtue, if she but maintain what now

She is Mistress of, beyond all Competition,
 So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,
 At least in my Esteem, I may offend,
 But Truth shall justify, I have not flatter'd her;
 I beg your Pardon, and to leave my Duty
 Upon your Hand, all that is good flow in you. [Exit.

Sop. Did he not say, *Charilla*, that he had
 Another Mistress?

Cha. Such a Sound, methought,
 Came from him.

Sop. Let's remove, here's too much Air,
 The sad Note multiplies.

Cha. Take Courage, Madam,
 And my Advice, he has another Mistress,
 If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him
 With entertaining twice as many Servants,
 And when he sees your Humour he'll return,
 And sue for any Livery; grieve for this.

Sop. It must be she, 'tis *Polidora* has
 Taken his Heart, she live my Rival,
 How does the Thought inflame me?

Cha. *Polidora*?

Sop. And yet she does but justly, and he too;
 I would have robb'd her of *Arcadius's* Heart,
 And they will both have this Revenge on me,
 But something will rebel. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius, Philocles and Lifander.

Dem. The House is desolate, none comes forth to meet
 She's slow to entertain us: *Philocles*, (us,
 I prithee tell me, did she wear no Cloud
 Upon her Brow, was't freely that she said
 We should be welcome.

Phi. To my Apprehension,
 Yet 'tis my Wonder she appears not.

Lifan. She, nor any other,
 Sure there's some Conceit
 To excuse it.

Dem. Stay, who's this? observe what follows?

Phi. Fortune? some Mask to entertain you, Sir.

Enter

*Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health
and Pleasure.*

For. Not yet? What Silence doth inhabit here?
No Preparation to bid Fortune welcome!
Fortune, the Genius of the World, have we
Descended from our Pride, and State, to come
So far attended with our Darlings, Youth,
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the Place? Call hither Fame.

Enter Fame.

Fame. What would great Fortune?

For. Know
Who dwells here.

Fame. Once more I report, great Queen,
This is the House of Love.

For. It cannot be,
This Place has too much Shade, and looks as if
It had been quite forgotten of the Spring,
And Sun-Beams Love, affect Society,
And Heat, here all is cold as the Hairs of Winter,
No Harmony, to catch the busie Ear
Of Passengers, no Object of Delight,
To take the wandring Eyes, no Song, no Groan
Of Lovers, no Complaint of Willow Garlands,
Love has a Beacon upon his Palace Top,
Of flaming Hearts, to call the weary Pilgrim
To Rest, and dwell with him, I see no Fire
To threaten, or to warm: Can Love dwell here?

Fame. If there be noble Love upon the World,
Trust Fame, and find it here.

For. Make good your Boast,
And bring him to us.

Dem. What does mean all this?

Lisan. I told you, Sir, we should have some Device.

Enter Love.

There's *Cupid* now, that little Gentleman,
Has troubled every Masque at Court this seven Year.

Dem. No more.

Love. Welcome to Love, how much you Honour me!
It had become me, that, upon your Summons,

I should have waited upon mighty Fortune;
But since you have vouchsafed to visit me,
All the Delights Love can invent, shall flow
To entertain you, Musick through the Air
Shoot your inticing Harmony.

For. We came to dance and revel with you.

Love. I am poor

In my Ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honour Love.

[Dance.

Enter Honour.

Hon. What Intrusion's this?
Whom do you seek here?

Love. 'Tis Honour.

For. He my Servant.

Love. Fortune is come to visit us.

Hon. And has

Corrupted Love: Is this thy Faith to her,
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus
To Fortune's Triumph? Take her giddy Wheel,
And be no more Companion to Honour;
I blush to know thee, who'll believe there can
Be Truth in Love hereafter?

Love. I have found

My Eyes, and see my Shame, and with it, this
Proud Sorceress, from whom, and all her Charms,
I flye again to Honour; be my Guard,
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast,
The Merit of a Name.

For. Despis'd? I shall
Remember this Affront.

Dem. What Moral's this?

[Exeunt.

Enter Honour with the Crown upon a mourning Cushion.
What melancholy Object strikes a sudden
Chillness through all my Veins, and turns me Ice?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first Pledge of her ensuing Greatness:
Why in this Mourning Livery, if she live
To whom I sent it? ha, what Shape of Sorrow?

Enter

Enter Polidora in Mourning.

It is not *Polidora*, she was fair
Enough, and wanted not the setting off
With such a Black: If thou be'st *Polidora*,
Why mourns my Love? It neither does become
Thy Fortune, nor my Joys.

Polid. But it becomes
My Griefs, this Habit fits a Funeral,
And it were Sin, my Lord, not to lament
A Friend new dead.

Dem. And I yet living? Can
A Sorrow enter but upon thy Garment,
Or discomplexion thy Attire, whilst I
Enjoy a Life for thee? Who can deserve,
Weigh'd with thy living Comforts, but a Piece
Of all this Ceremony? Give him a Name.

Polid. He was *Arcadius*.

Dem. *Arcadius*?

Polid. A Gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,
And does compel these poor and fruitless Drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his Hearse,
To embalm him twice.

Dem. And are you sure he's dead?

Polid. As sure as you're living, Sir; and yet
I did not close his Eyes, but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same *Arcadius*:
He was a Man so rich in all that's good,
At least I thought him so, so perfect in
The Rules of Honour, whom alone to imitate
Were Glory in a Prince; Nature her self,
Till his Creation, wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but tryal of the rest,
To mould him excellent.

Dem. And is he dead?

Come, shame him not with Praises, recollect
Thy scatter'd Hopes, and let me tell my best,
And dearest *Polidora*, that he lives,
Still lives to honour thee.

Polid. Lives, where?

Dem. Look here,
Am not I worth your Knowledge?

Polid. And my Duty;
You are *Demetrius*, King of *Epire*, Sir.
I could not easily mistake him so,
To whom I gave my Heart.

Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But still has fed upon thy Memory;
These Honours and Additions of State
Are lent me for thy sake, be not so strange,
Let me not lose my Entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the Height,
Beneath which, I did blush to ask thy Love.

Polid. Give me your Pardon, Sir: *Arcadius*,
At our last meeting, without Argument,
To move him more than his Affection to me,
Vow'd he did love me, lov'd me above all Women,
And to confirm his Heart was truly mine,
He wish'd, I tremble to remember it,
When he forsook his *Polidora's* Love,
That Heav'n might kill his Happiness on Earth:
Was not this nobly said? Did not this promise
A Truth to shame the Turtles?

Dem. And his Heart
Is still the same, and I thy constant Lover.

Polid. Give me your Leave, I pray: I would not say
Arcadius was perjur'd, but the same Day,
Forgetting all his Promises and Oaths,
While yet they hung upon his Lips, forsook me,
D'ye not remember this too? Gave his Faith
From me, transported with the Noise of Greatness,
And would be married to a Kingdom.

Dem. But Heav'n permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.

Polid. It was not Virtue
In him, for sure he found no Check, no Sting
In his own Bosome, but gave freely all
The Reins to blind Ambition.

Dem. I am wounded.
The Thought of thee i'th' Throng of all my Joys,
Like

Like Poison pour'd in *Nectar*, turns me frantick :
Dear, if *Arcadius* have made a Fault,
Let not *Demetrius* be punish'd for't,
He pleads that ever will be constant to thee.

Polid. Shall I believe Man's flatteries again,
Lose my sweet Rest, and Peace of Thought again,
Be drawn by you from the strait Paths of Virtue,
Into the Maze of Love?

Dem. I see Compassion in thy Eye, that chides me,
If I have either Soul, but what's contain'd
Within these Words, or if one Syllable
Of their full Force, be not made good by me,
May all relenting Thoughts in you take end,
And thy Disdain be doubled, from thy Pardon,
I'll count my Coronation; and that Hour
Fix with a Rubrick in my Calendar,
As an auspicious time, to entertain
Affairs of weight with Princes; think who now
Intreats thy Mercy, come, thou shalt be kind,
And divide Titles with me.

Polid. Hear me, Sir;
I lov'd you once for Virtue, and have not
A Thought so much unguarded, as to be won
From my Truth and Innocence, with any
Motives of State to affect you,
Your bright Temptation mourns while it stays here;
Nor can the Triumph of Glory, which made you
Forget me, so court my Opinion back.
Were you no King, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you, but 'tis now too late,
A low Obedience shall become me best:
May all the Joys I want
Still wait on you, if time hereafter tell you,
That Sorrow for your Fault hath struck me dead,
May one soft Tear drop from your Eye, in pity
Bedew my Hears, and I shall sleep securely:
I have but one Word more; for goodness sake,
For your own Honour, Sir, correct your Passion
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you [Exit.

Dem. Her Heart is frozen up, nor can warm Prayers
Thaw it to any Softness.

Phi. I'll fetch her, Sir, again.

Dem. Perfwade her not.

Phi. You give your Passion too much leave to triumph.
Seek in another what she denies.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Where's the King? Oh, Sir, you are undone,
A dangerous Treason is a-foot.

Dem. What Treason?

Mac. *Cassander* and *Eubulus* have proclaim'd
Another King, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder Brother, he that was,
But this Morning Prisoner in the Castle.

Dem. Ha?

Mac. The easie *Epirotes*
Gather in Multitudes to advance his Title,
They have seiz'd upon the Court, secure your Person,
Whilst we raise Power to curb this Insurrection.

Ant. Lose no time then.

Dem. We will not arm one Man,
Speak it again, have I a Brother living,
And must be no King?

Mac. What means your Grace?

Dem. This News doth speak me happy, it exalts
My Heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty Kingdoms.

Phi. Will you not, Sir, stand
Upon your Guard?

Dem. I'll stand upon my Honour,
Mercy relieves me.

Lisan. Will you lose the Kingdom?

Dem. The World's too poor to bribe me; leave
Me all, lest you extenuate my Fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your Council,
You shall not share one Scruple in the Honour;
Titles may set a Gloss upon our Name,
But Virtue only is the Soul of Fame.

Mac. He's strangely possess'd, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philocles, and Lifander.

Phi. **H**ere's a strange turn, *Lifander.*

Lifan. 'Tis a Kingdom
Easily purchas'd, who will trust the Faith
Of Multitudes?

Phi. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his Title to their Mercy,
The new King has Possession.

Lifan. And is like
To keep't; we are alone, what dost think of
This Innovation? Is't not a fine Jigg?
A precious cunning in the late Protector
To shuffle a new Prince into the State.

Phi. I know not how they have shuffled, but my head on't,
A false Card is turn'd up trump, but Fates look to't.

Enter Cassander and Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry it bravely?

Cas. Excellently.

Philocles, Lifander.

Phi. Lif. Your Lordship's Servants,
Are we not bound to Heav'n, for multiplying
These Blessings on the Kingdom.

Phi. Heav'n alone
Works Miracles, my Lord.

Lifan. I think your Lordship
Had as little hope once to see these Princes
Revive.

Phi. Here we must place our Thanks,
Next Providence, for preserving
So dear a Pledge.

Enter Leonatus attended.

Eub. The King.

Leo. It is our pleasure
The number of our Guard be doubled, give

A Largess to the Soldiers; but dismiss not
The Troops 'till we command.

Cas. May it please.

Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my Lord,
We have try'd your Faith.

Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?

Leo. My Lords and Gentlemen, to whose Faith we must
Owe next to Heav'n our Fortune, and our Safety,
After a tedious Eclipse, the Day
Is bright, and we invested in those Honours,
Our Blood and Birth did challenge.

Cas. May no time

Be registred in our Annals, that shall mention
One that had Life to oppose your Sacred Person.

Leo. Let them, whose Title's forg'd and flaw'd, suspect
Their State's Security, our Right to *Epire*
Heav'n is oblig'd to prosper; Treason has
No Face so black to fright it, all my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily
Manage the Province, and advance the Honour
Of our dear Country, and be confident,
If an expence of Blood may give addition
Of any Happiness to you, I shall
Offer my Heart the Sacrifice, and rejoice
To make my self a Ghost, to have inscrib'd
Upon my Marble, but whose cause I died for.

Eub. May Heav'n avert such danger.

Cas. Excellent Prince,

In whom we see the Copy of his Father,
None but the Son of *Theodosius*
Could have spoke thus.

Leo. We are pleas'd to interpret well,
Yet give me leave to say in my own Justice,
I have but express'd the promptness of my Soul
To serve you all, but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfy our mighty Charge, a weight
Would make an *Atlas* double, a King's Name
Doth sound harmoniously to Men at distance;
And those who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark, and out-skin of a Common-wealth,

Or State, have Eyes, but ravish'd with the Ceremony
That must attend a Prince, and understand not
What Cares allay the Glories of a Crown,
But good Kings find and feel the contrary:
You have try'd, my Lord, the burden, and can tell
It would require a Pilot of more Years
To steer this Kingdom, now impos'd on me,
By justice of my Birth.

Cas. I wish not Life,

But to partake those happy days, which must
Succeed these fair Proceedings, we are blest,
But, Sir, be sparing to your self, we shall
Hazard our Joys in you too soon, the burden
Of State Affairs impose upon your Council.
'Tis fitter that we waste our Lives, than you
Call Age too soon upon you with the trouble,
And cares that threaten such an Undertaking,
Preserve your Youth.

Leo. And chuse you our Protector,
Is't that you would conclude, my Lord? We will
Deserve our Subjects Faith for our own sake,
Not sit an idle Gazer at the Helm.

Enter Messenger.

Pbi. How observ'd you that,
Mark how *Cassander's* Planet-struck.

Eub. He might have look'd more calmly for all that,
I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled.

Leo. With what News travels his haste? I must secure
My self betimes, not be a King in jest,
And wear my Crown a Tenant to their Breath.

Cas. *Demetrius*, Sir, your Brother,
With other Traitors that oppose your Claims,
Are fled to the Castle of *Nestorius*,
And fortifie.

Mes. I said not so, my Lord.

Cas. I'll have it thought so, hence. [Exit Messen.]

Leo. Plant Forces to batter
The Walls, and in their ruin bring us word
They live not.

Eub. Good Sir, hear me.

Cas.

Cas. Let it work,
Were *Demetrius* dead, we easily might uncrown
This swoln Impostor, and my Son be fair
To piece with young *Sophia*, who I hear
Repents her late Affront.

Eub. Their Lives may do
You Service, let not Blood stain your beginnings;
The People not yet warm in their Allegiance,
May think it worth their Tumult to revenge it
With hazard of your self.

Leo. Who dares but think it?
Yet offer first our Mercy, if they yield;
Demetrius must not live, my Lord your counsel,
What if he were in Heav'n?

Cas. You have my consent,
You sha'not stay long after him.

Leo. *Sophia* is
Not my Sister,
To prevent all that may indanger us, we'll marry her;
That done, no matter though we stand discover'd,
For in her Title then we are King of *Epire*,
Without dispute,

Cas. Hum; in my Judgment, Sir,
That wo'not do so well.

Leo. What's your Opinion?

Cas. He countermines my Plot: Are you so cunning?

Leo. What's that you mutter, Sir?

Cas. I mutter, Sir?

Leo. Best say I am no King, but some Impostor
Rais'd up to gull the State.

Cas. Very fine! To have said within
Few hours you'd been no King, nor like to be,
Was not in the compass of High Treason,
I take it.

Eub. Restrain your Anger, the King's mov'd, speak not.

Cas. I will speak louder, do I not know him?
That self-same Hand that rais'd him to the Throne
Shall pluck him from it; is this my Reward?

Leo. Our Guard, to Prison with him,

Cas. Me to Prison?

Leo.

Leo. Off with his Head.

Cas. My Head?

Eub. Vouchsafe to hear me, great Sir:

Cas. How dares he be so insolent?

I ha' wrought my self into a fine condition,
D'ye know me, Gentlemen?

Pbi. Very well, my Lord;

How are we bound to Heav'n for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdom.

Leo. We allow it.

Eub. Counsel did never blast a Prince's Ear.

Leo. Convey him to the Sanctuary of Rebels,
Nestorius House, where our proud Brother has
Enscons'd himself, they'll entertain him lovingly,
He will be a good addition to the Traitors;
Obey me, or you dye for't; what are Kings,
When Subjects dare affront 'em?

Cas. I shall vex thy Soul for this.

Leo. Away with him: When Kings
Frown, let Offenders tremble: This flows not
From any Cruelty in my Nature, but
The Fate of an Usurper: he that will
Be confirm'd great without just Title to't,
Must lose Compassion, know what's good, not do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Polidora and her Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Princess *Sophia*.

Polid. I attend her Highness.

Enter Sophia.

How much your Grace honours your humble Servant.

Sop. I hope my Brother's well.

Polid. I hope so too, Madam.

Sop. Do you but hope? he came to be your Guest.

Polid. We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honour
This poor Roof with his Royal Presence, Madam.

Sop. I came to ask your Pardon, *Polidora*.

Polid. You never, Madam, trespass'd upon me,
Wrong not your Goodness.

Sop. I can be but penitent,
Unless you point me out some other way
To satisfy.

Polid.

Polid. Dear Madam, do not mock me.

Sop. There's no injury like that to love,
I find it now in my own Sufferings:
But though I would have robb'd thee of *Arcadius*,
Heav'n knew a way to reconcile your Hearts,
And punish me in those Joys you have found:
I read the Story of my loss of Honour,
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you
Have met your own again.

Polid. Whom do you mean?

Sop. My Brother.

Polid. He is found to himself and Honour,
He is my King, and though I must acknowledge
He was the Glory of my Thoughts, and I
Lov'd him, as you did, Madam, with desire
To be made his, Reason and Duty since
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wish of more
Than to be call'd his Subject.

Sop. Has he made
Himself less capable, by being King?

Pol. Of what?

Sop. Of your Affection?

Pol. With your pardon, Madam,
Love, in that Sense you mean, left *Polidora*
When he forsook *Arcadius*: I disclaim
All Ties between us, more than what a Name
Of King must challenge from my Obedience.

Sop. This does confirm my Jealousie, my Heart,
For my sake, Madam, has he lost his value?

Polid. Let me beseech your Grace, I may have leave
To answer in some other Cause, or Person:
This Argument but opens a sad wound
To make it bleed afresh; we may change this
Discourse: I would elect some Subject, whose
Praises may more delight your Ear than this
Can mine; let's talk of young *Lisimachus*.

Sop. Ha! my presaging Fears.

Pol. How does your Grace?

Sop.

Sop. Well, you were talking of *Lisimachus*,
Pray give me your Opinion of him.

Polid. Mine?

It will be much short of his Worth: I think him
A Gentleman so perfect in all Goodness,
That if there be one in the World deserves
The best of Women, Heav'n created him
To make her happy.

Sop. You have, in a little, Madam,
Express'd a Volume of Mankind, a Miracle;
But all have not the same degree of Faith,
He is but young.

Polid. What Mistress would desire
Her Servant old? he has both Spring to please
Her Eye, and Summer to return a Harvest.

Sop. He is black.

Polid. He sets a Beauty off more rich,
And she that's fair will love him; faint Complexions
Betray effeminate Minds, and love of change:
Two Beauties in a Bed, compound few Men;
He's not so fair to counterfeit a Woman,
Nor yet so black, but Blushes may betray
His Modesty.

Sop. His Proportion exceeds not.

Polid. That praises him, and a well compacted Frame
Speaks Temper, and sweet flow of Elements:
Vast Buildings are more oft for shew than use:
I would not have my Eyes put to the Travel
Of many Acres, e'er I could examine
A Man from Head to Foot; he has no great,
But he may boast, an elegant Composition.

Sop. I'll hear no more; you have so far out-done
My injuries to you, that I call back
My Penitence, and must tell *Polidora*,
This Revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in Soul to hear, and forgive this?
In what Shade do I live? or shall I think
I have not, at the lowest, enough Merit,
Setting aside my Birth, to poize with yours?
Forgive my modest Thoughts, if I rise up

In

In my own Defence, and tell this unjust Lady,
 So great a Winter hath not frozen yet
 My Check, but there's something Nature planted,
 That carries as much Bloom, and Spring upon't,
 As yours. What flame is in your Eye, but may
 Find competition here? (forgive again
 My Virgin Honour;) what is in your Lip
 To tice the enamour'd Soul, to dwell with more
 Ambition, than the yet unwither'd blush
 That speaks the Innocence of mine?

Enter Demetrius.

Oh Brother?

Dem. I'll talk with you anon, my *Polidora*,
 Allow thy Patience 'till my Breath recover,
 Which now comes laden with the richest news
 Thy Ear was ever blest with.

Sop. Both your Looks
 And Voice express some welcome Accident.

Dem. Guess what in wish could make me fortunate,
 And Heav'n hath dropt that on *Demetrius*.

Sop. What means this Extasie?

Dem. 'Twere sin to busie
 Thy Thoughts upon't, I'll tell thee that I could
 Retain some part; 'tis too wide a Joy
 To be express'd so soon, and yet it falls
 In a few Syllables, thou wo't scarce believe me,
 I am no King.

Sop. How's that!

Polid. Good Heav'n forbid.

Dem. Forbid? Heav'n has reliev'd me with a Mercy
 I knew not how to ask, I have, they say,
 An elder Brother living, crown'd already,
 I only keep my name *Demetrius*,
 Without desire of more addition,
 Than to return thy Servant.

Polid. You amaze me,
 Can you rejoice to be deposed?

Dem. It but
 Translates me to a fairer and better Kingdom
 In *Polidora*.

Polid.

Polid. Me?

Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no King, you could be drawn to love
Me again, that was consented to in Heav'n:
A Kingdom first betray'd my ambitious Soul
To forget thee; that, and the flattering Glories,
How willingly *Demetrius* does resign,
The Angels know: Thus naked without Titles
I throw me on thy Charity, and shall
Boast greater Empire to be thine again, than
To wear the Triumphs of the World upon me.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Be not so careless of your self, the People
Gather in multitudes to your Protection,
Offering their Lives and Fortunes, if they may
But see you, Sir, and hear you speak to 'em,
Accept their Duties, and in time prevent
Your Ruin.

Sop. Be not desperate, 'tis Counsel.

Dem. You trouble me with Noise; speak *Polidora*.

Polid. For your own sake preserve your self,
My Fears distract my Reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord *Lisimachus*,
With something that concerns your Safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

Mac. His Soul is honest; be not, Sir, a mad Man,
And for a Lady, give up all our freedoms. [*Exit.*]

Polid. I'll say any thing, hear *Lisimachus*.

Sop. Dear Brother hear him.

Enter Lisimachus.

Lisim. Sir, I come to yield
My self your Prisoner, if my Father have
Rais'd an Impostor to supplant your Title,
Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for,
I shall not only, by the tender of
My self, declare my Innocence, but either,
By my unworthy Life, secure your Person,
Or by what Death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected Treason.

Sop. Brave young Man:
Did not you hear him, Brother?

Lisim. I am not minded.

Polid. Be witness, Madam, I resign my Heart,
It never was another's; you declare
Too great a Satisfaction, I hope
This will destroy your Jealousie;
Remember now your Danger.

Dem. I despise it,
What Fate dares injure me?

Lisim. Yet hear me, Sir.

Sop. Forgive me, *Polidora*, you are happy,
My hopes are remov'd farther; I had thought
Lisimachus had meant you for his Mistress,
'Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealousy.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now 'tis too late,
You may be deaf, until the Cannon make
You find your Sense, we are shut up now by
A Troop of Horse, thank your self.

Polid. They will
Admit Conditions.

Sop. And allow us Quarter.

[*A shout within.*]

Polid. We are all lost.

Dem. Be comforted.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. News, my Lord *Cassander* sent by the new King
To bear us company.

Dem. Not as Prisoner?

Ant. It does appear no otherwise, the Soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise
Of Scorn, and Joy to see him so rewarded.

Dem. It cannot be.

Ant. You'll find it presently,
He curses the new King, talks Treason 'gainst him
As nimble as he were in's Shirt; he's here.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Oh let me beg until my Knees take root
I'th' Earth, Sir, can you pardon me?

Dem.

Dem. For what?

Cas. For Treason, desperate, most malicious Treason:
I have undone you, Sir.

Dem. It does appear
You had a Will.

Cas. I'll make you all the Recompence I can,
But e'er you kill me, hear me; know the Man,
Whom, I to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd
To your Throne, is an Impostor, a mere Counterfeit,
Eubulus's Son, [Exit Ant.

Dem. It is not then our Brother?

Cas. An insolent Usurper, proud, and bloody;
Seleucus, is no Leprosie upon me?

There is not Punishment enough in Nature
To quit my horrid Act, I have not in
My stock of Blood, to satisfy with weeping,
Nor could my Soul, though melted to a Flood
Within me, gush out Tears to wash my stain off.

Dem. How? an Impostor? what will become on's now?
We are at his Mercy.

Cas. Sir, the People's Hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see
I dare accuse my self, and suffer for it;
Have courage then young King, thy Fate cannot
Be long compell'd.

Dem. Rise, our Misfortune
Carries this good, although it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with Virtue, we'll expect
What Providence will do.

Cas. You are too merciful.

Lisim. Our Duties shall beg Heav'n still to preserve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our Enemy desires some Parley, Sir.

Lisim. 'Tis not amiss to hear their Proposition.

Polid. I'll wait upon you.

Dem. Thou art my Angel, and canst best instruct me,
Boldly present our selves, you'll with *Cassander*.

Cas. And in Death be blest

To find our Charity.

[Exit.

Sop. Lisimachus.

Lisim. Madam.

Sop. They will not miss your Presence, the small time
Is spent in asking of a question.

Lisim. I wait your Pleasure.

Sop. Sir, I have a Suit to you.

Lisim. To me? it must be granted.

Sop. If you have

Cancell'd your kind Opinion of me,
Deny me not to know, who hath succeeded
Sophia in your Heart, I beg the Name
Of your new Mistress.

Lis. You shall know her, Madam,
If but these Tumults cease, and Fate allow us
To see the Court again, I hope you'll bring
No Mutiny against her, but this is
No time to talk of Love, let me attend you.

Sop. I must expect, 'till you are pleas'd to satisfy
My poor request, conduct me at your pleasure. [Exit.]

*Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lisander,
and Philocles.*

Leo. They are too slow, dispatch new Messengers,
To intreat 'em fairly hither, I am extas'd;
Were you Witness for me too? Is it possible
I am what this affirms, true *Leonatus*,
And were you not my Father, was I given
In trust to you an Infant?

Eub. 'Tis a truth

Our Soul's bound to acknowledge, you supply'd
The Absence and Opinion of my Son.
Who died, but to make you my greater care
I know not of *Demetrius*, but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as *Epire* thought you were;
Your Father's Character doth want no Testimony,
Which but compar'd with what concerns *Demetrius*
Will prove it self King *Theodosius* Act,
Your Royal Father.

Bish. I am Subscrib'd to both his Legacies,
By Oath oblig'd to secresie, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the Trust.

Eub. *Cassander* had no thought you would prove thus,
To whose Policy I gave this Aim, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his Engine
To batter young *Demetrius*; for it was
Your Father's prudent Jealousie, that made him
Give out your early Deaths, as if his Soul
Prophecy'd his own first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you, to the unsafe Protection
Of one, whose Study would be to supplant
Your Right and make himself the King of *Epire*.

Bishop. Your Sister, fair *Sophia*, in your Father's
Life was design'd to marry with *Lisimachus*,
That guarded her; although she us'd some Art
To quit her Pupillage, and being absolute
Declar'd Love to *Demetrius*, which enforce'd
Macarius to discover first your Brother.

Leo. No more, lest you destroy again *Leonatus*,
With Wonder of his Fate; are they not come yet?
Something it was, I felt within my Envy

Of young *Demetrius*'s Fortune, there were Seeds
Scattered upon my Heart, that made it swell

With thought of Empire, Princes I see cannot
Be totally eclips'd; but wherefore stays

Demetrius and *Sophia*, at whose Names

A gentle Spirit walk'd upon my Blood?

Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, Cassander, and Lisimachus.

Eub. They are here.

Leo. Then thus I flie into their Bosoms,
Nature has rectify'd in me, *Demetrius*,
The Wandrings of Ambition; our dear Sister
You are amaz'd, I did expect it, read
Assurance there, the Day is big with Wonder.

Mac. What means all this?

Leo. *Lisimachus*, be dear to us,
Cassander, you are welcome too.

Cas. Not I,

I do not look for't, all this sha'not bribe
My Conscience to your Faction, and make
Me false again, *Seleucus* is no Son

Of *Theodorus*; my dear Countrymen
Correct your erring Duties, and to that,
Your lawful King, prostrate your selves, *Demetrius*
Doth challenge all your Knees.

Dem. All Love and Duty,
Flow from me to my Royal King, and Brother,
I am confirm'd.

Cas. You are too credulous;
What can betray your Faith so much?

Leo. *Sophia*, you appear sad, as if your Will
Gave no consent to this day's Happiness.

Sop. No Joy exceeds *Sophia*'s for your self.

Lisim. With your Pardon, Sir, I apprehend
A cause that makes her troubled, she desires
To know, what other Mistress, since her late
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct
My Faith and Service.

Leo. Another Mistress?

Lisim. Yes, Sir.

Leo. And does our Sister love *Lisimachus*?

Sop. Here's something would confess.

Leo. He must not dare
To affront *Sophia*.

Cas. How my Shame confounds me,
I beg your Justice, without pity on
My Age.

Leo. Your Penance shall be, to be faithful
To our State hereafter.

Omnes. May you live long and happy,
Leonatus, King of *Epire*.

Leo. But where's your other Mistress?

Lisim. Even here, Sir.

Leo. Our Sister? is this another Mistress, Sir?

Lisim. It holds

To prove my Thoughts were so when she began
Her Sorrow for neglecting me, that Sweetness
Deserv'd I should esteem her another Mistress,
Then when she cruelly forsook *Lisimachus*;
Your pardon, Madam, and receive a Heart
Proud with my first Devotions to serve you.

Sop. In this I am crown'd again, now mine for ever.

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily,

Joy to you both.

Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes,

Polidora's part of me.

Polid. He all my Blessing.

Leo. Heav'n pour full Joys upon you.

Mac. We are all blest,

There wants but one to fill your Arms.

Leo. My Mistress

And Wife shall be my Country, to which I

Was in my Birth contracted, your love since

Hath plaid the Priest to perfect what was Ceremony.

Though Kingdoms by just Titles prove our own,

The Subjects Hearts do best secure a Crown.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

THere is no Coronation to day,

Unless your gentle Votes do crown our Play :

If Smiles appear within each Lady's Eye,

Which are the leading Stars in this fair Sky,

Our solemn day sets glorious; for then

We hope by their sad influence, the Men

Will grace what they first shin'd on; make't appear,

(Both) how we please and bless our covetous Ear

With your Applause, more welcome than the Bells

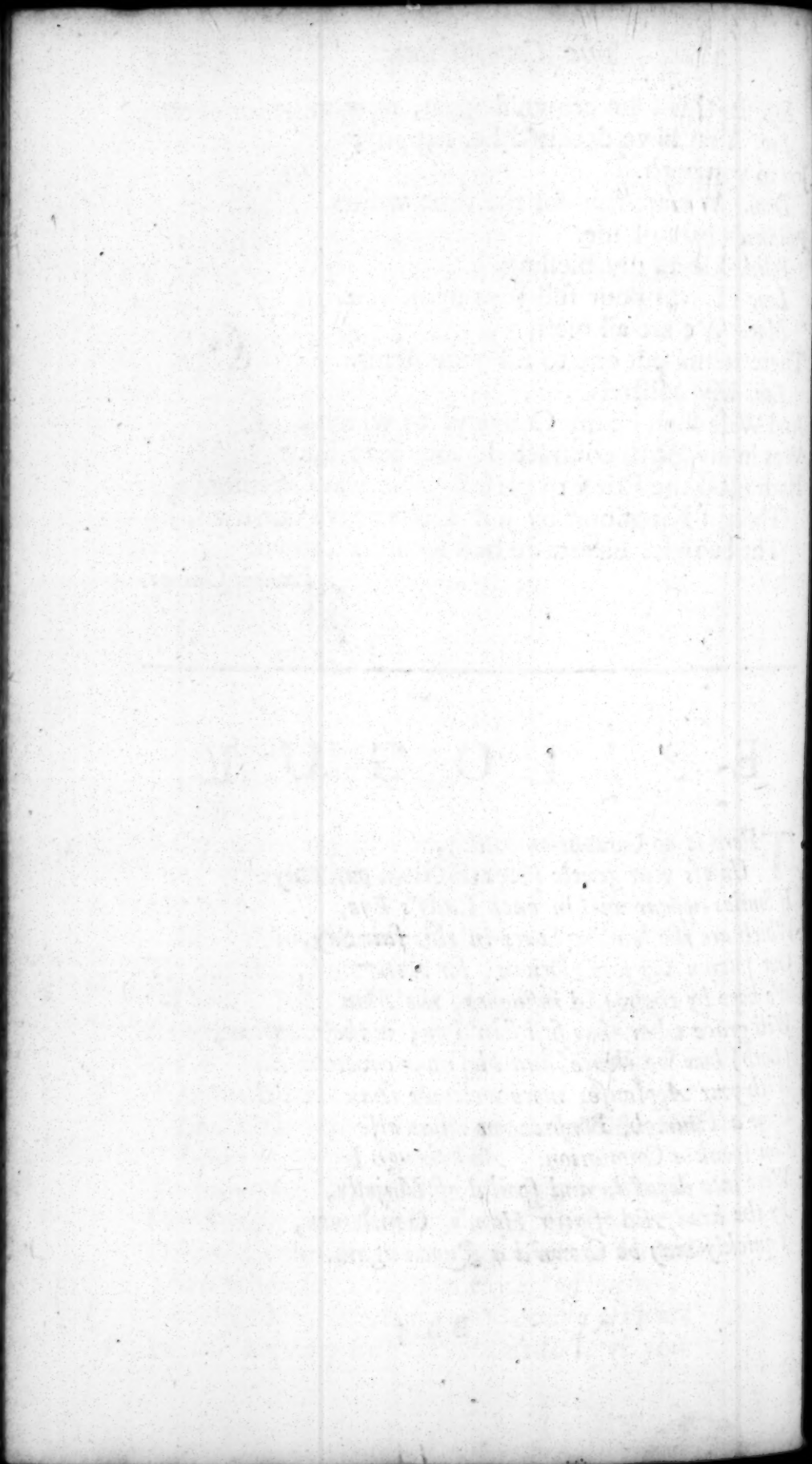
Upon a Triumph, Bonfires, or what else

Can speak a Coronation. And though I

Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of Majesty,

By the kind Aid of your Hands, Gentlemen,

I quickly may be Crown'd a Queen again.





The Coxcomb

THE
COXCOMB.

A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

THE
COXCOMB

A
COMEDY.



Printed by J. D. ...

PROLOGUE.

THIS Comedy long forgot, by some thought
dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her Head,
And to your noble Censures does present
Her outward Form, and inward Ornament.
Nor let this Smell of Arrogance, since 'tis known,
The Makers, that confest it for their own
Were this way skilful, and without the Crime
Of Flatteries I may say may please the Time;
The Work it self too, when it first came forth,
In the Opinion of Men of Worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among th' ignorant Multitude,
(That relish gross Food, better than a Dish
That's cook'd with Care, and serv'd into the Wish,
Of curious Pallats) wanting Wit and Strength,
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the Length;
That Fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be try'd
Before such Judges 'twill not be deny'd
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I,
But 'twill deserve to have free Liberty,
And give you Cause (and with Content) to say,
Their Care was good, that did revive this Play.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Ricardo, *a young Gentleman, in love with Viola.*
Antonio, *the Coxcomb Gentleman.*
Mercury, *Fellow-Traveller with Antonio.*
Uberto, } *Three merry Gentlemen, Friends to*
Pedro, } *Ricardo.*
Silvio, }
Valerio, *a Country Gentleman.*
Curio, *Kinsman to Antonio.*
Justice, *a shallow one.*
Andrugio, *Father to Viola.*
Alexander, *Servant to Mercury's Mother,*
Mark, *the Justice's Clerk.*
Rowland, *Servant to Andrugio.*
Tinker.
Constable.
Watch.
Drawer.
Musicians.

W O M E N.

Viola, *Daughter to Andrugio.*
Maria, *Wife to Antonio.*
A Country Woman, Mother to Mercury.
Nan and } *Milk Maids.*
Madge, }
Dorothy, *the Tinker's Trull.*

Scene England, France.

T H E



T H E
C O X C O M B.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

R I C A R D O.



E T us make use of this stollen Privacy,
And not lose time in Protestation, Mistress,
For 'twere in me a kind of Breach of Faith,
To say again I love you.

Viol. Sweet, speak softly,

For tho' the Venture of your Love to me
Meet with a willing, and a full Return :
Should it arrive unto my Father's Knowledge,
This were our last Discourse.

Ric. How shall he know it?

Viol. His watching Cares are such, for my Advancement,
That every where his Eye is fix'd upon me;
This Night that does afford us some small Freedom,
At the Request and much Intreaty of
The Mistress of the House, was hardly given me;
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath Spies upon me; yet I know not
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully (though to entertain
Another Thought of you, would be my Death)
I should adventure on his utmost Anger.

Ric. Why do you think I can be false?

Viol. No Faith,
You've an honest Face, but if you should——

Ric.

Ric. Let all the stor'd Vengeance of Heav'n's Justice-----

Viol. No more, I do believe you, the Dance ended,
Which this free Woman's Guests have vow'd to have
E'er they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the Jewels, Chains, and Gold are trusted
Unto my Custody, and at the next Corner
To my Father's House, before one at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me.

Lich. I desire

No Bond beyond your Promise, let's go in,
To talk thus much before the Door, may breed
Suspicion.

Enter Mercury and Antonio talking.

Viol. Here are Company too.

Ric. Away,

Those Powers that prosper true and honest Loves
Will bless our Undertakings.

Viol. 'Tis my Wish, Sir. [Exit Ric. and Viol.]

Mer. Nay, Sir, excuse me, I have drawn you to
Too much Expence already in my Travel;
And you have been too forward in your Love,
To make my Wants your own, allow me Manners
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The Bond in which your Courtesies have ty'd me,
By still consuming you; give me leave
To take mine own Ways now, and I shall often,
With Willingness, come to visit you, and then thank you.

Ant. By this Hand I could be angry, what do you think
Must we that have so long time been as one, (me?)
Seen Cities, Countries, Kingdoms, and their Wonders;
Been Bed-fellows, and in our various Journey
Mixt all our Observations, part (as if
We were two Carriers at two several Ways,
And as the Fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or Compliment, or Ceremony?
In Travellers, that know transalpine Garbs,
Though our Designs are ne'er so serious, Friend,
It were a capital Crime, it must not be;
Nay, what is more, you shall not; you e'er long
Shall see my House, and find what I call mine
Is wholly at your Service.

Mer.

Mer. 'Tis this tires me;

Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my Will lay in the Choice; but 'tis not so,
My Friends and Kindred that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest Hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my Love
After my Travel; then mine own Honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent Means
To keep me in my Quality and Rank,
At my Return, to tire another's Bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty; pardon me.

Ant. I will not, cannot, to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my Friend
Be burthensome to me? For this Excuse
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me,
By a Traveller's Faith you should not, I have said,
And then you know my Humour, there's no contending.

Mer. Is there no way to 'scape this Inundation?
I shall be drown'd with Folly if I go:
And after nine Days, Men may take me up,
With my Gall broken.

Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?

Mer. Wou'd you wou'd spare me.

Ant. By this Light I cannot,
By all that may be sworn by.

Mer. Patience help me,
And Heav'n grant his Folly be not catching,
If it be, the Town's undone; I now would give
A reasonable Sum of Gold to any Sheriff,
That would but lay an Execution on me,
And free me from his Company; while he was abroad,
His want of Wit and Language kept him dumb?
But Balaam's Ass will speak now, without spurring.

Ant. Speak, have I won you?—

Enter Servant and Musician.

Mer. You are not to be resisted.

Ser. Be ready I intreat you, the Dance done,
Besides a liberal Reward I have,
A Bottle of Sherry in my Power shall beget
New Crotchets in your Heads.

Music.

Musi. Tush, fear not us, we'll do our Parts.

Ser. Go in.

Ant. I know this Fellow.

Belong you to the House?

Ser. I serve the Mistress.

Ant. Pretty and short; pray you, Sir, then inform her,
Two Gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd,
With her fair Presence.

Ser. She shall know so much,
This is a merry Night with us, and forbid not
Welcome to any that looks like a Man:
I'll guide you the way.

Ant. Nay, follow, I have a Trick in't. [Exit.]

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Ricardo, Maria, Pedro,
Portia, Viola, *with others.*

Uber. Come, where's this Masque? fairest, for our Cheer,
Our Thanks and Service, may you long survive,
To joy in many of these Nights.

Mar. I thank you.

Uber. We must have Musick too, or else you give us
But half a Welcome.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, excuse me.

Sil. By no Means, Lady.

Uber. We'll crown our liberal Feast,
With some delightful Strain fitting your Love
And this good Company.

Mar. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the Excuse of want of Skill,
Or be, or nice, or curious; every Year
I celebrate my Marriage Night, and will
'Till I see my absent Husband.

Uber. 'Tis fit Freedom,

Sil. Ricardo, thou art dull——

Enter Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter,
When I have had a Heat.

Mar. Now Sir, the News?

Ser. Mistress, there are two Gentlemen.

Mar. Where?

Ser. Complimenting who should first enter.

Mar.

Mar. What are they?

Ser. Heav'n knows, but for their strangeness, have you never seen a Cat wash her Face?

Uber. Yes.

Ser. Just such a stir they keep, if you make but haste, You may see 'em yet before they enter.

Enter Antonio and Mercury.

Mer. Let 'em be what they will, I'll keep them fair Entertain, and gentle welcome.

Ant. It shall be so.

Mer. Then let it be your Pleasure.

Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have Fine sport anon.

Mer. A fair Society, do you know these Gentlewomen?

Ant. Yes.

Mer. What are they?

(*is Viola.*)

Ant. The second is a Neighbour's Daughter, her Name There is my Kinsman's Wife, *Portia* her Name, and a Friend too.

Mer. Let her——What's she that leads the Dance?

1 Ser. A Gentlewoman.

Mer. I see that.

1 Ser. Indeed?

Mer. What?

1 Ser. A Gentlewoman.

Mer. Udsfoot, good Sir, what's she that leads the Dance?

2 Ser. My Mistress.

Mer. What else?

2 Ser. My Mistress, Sir.

Mer. Your Mistress? A Pox on you, What a fry of Fools are here? I see 'tis Treason to understand in this House: If Nature were not better to them, than they can be to themselves, they would scant hit their Mouths: My Mistress? Is there any one with so much Wit in's Head, that can tell me at the first sight, what Gentlewoman that is that leads the Dance?

Ant. 'Tis my Wife.

Mer. Hum.

Ant. How dost thou like her?

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Cc

Mer.

Mar.

Mer. Well, a pretty Gentlewoman

Ant. Prethee be quiet.

Mer. I would I could:

Let never any hereafter that's a Man,
That has Afflictions in him and free Passions,
Receive the least tie from such a Fool as this is, (truly
That holds so sweet a Wife, 'tis lamentable to consider
What Right he robs himself of, and what Wrong
He doth the Youth of such a Gentlewoman;
That knows her Beauty is no longer hers,
Than Men will please to make it so, and use it,
Neither of which lies freely in a Husband:

Oh what have I done, what have I done, Coxcomb?

If I had never seen, or never tasted

The goodness of this Kix, I had been a made Man,

But now to make a Cuckold is a Sin.

Against all forgiveness, worse than a Murther;

I have a Wolf by the Ears, and am bitten both ways.

Ant. How now Friend, what are you thinking of?

Mer. Nothing concerning you, I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I'll have no going, Sir.

Mer. Then good Sir, give me leave to go to Bed,
I am very weary, and ill-temper'd.

Ant. You shall presently, the Dance is done.

1 Ser. Mistress, these are the Gentlemen.

Mar. My Husband's welcome home, dear Sir. (one,

Mer. She's fair still, oh that I were a Knave, or durst be
For thy sake, Coxcomb; he that invented Honesty, un-
did me. ('tis well thought,

Ant. I thought you had not known me, you're merry,
And how is't with these worthy Gentlemen?

Uber. and Sil. We are glad to see you here again.

Ant. Oh Gent, what ha' you lost? But get you into
Travels,

There you may learn, I cannot say what hidden Virtues.

Mer. Hidden from you I am sure,
My Blood boils like a Furnace,
She's a fair one. (sic,

Ant. Pray entertain this Gentleman with all the Courte-
Fitting my most especial Friend.

Mar.

Mar. What this poor House may yield,
To make you welcome, dear Sir, command
Without more Compliment.

Mer. I thank you:

She's wise, and speaks well too, oh what a Blessing
Is gone by me, ne'er to be recovered?

Well, 'twas an old shame the Devil laid up for me, and
now has hit me home; if there be any ways to be dishonest,
and save my self yet, — No, it must not be, why should
I be a Fool too — Yet those Eyes would tempt another
Adam, how they call to me, and tell me — S'foot, they
shall not tell me any thing. Sir, will you walk in?

Ant. How is't, Signior?

Mer. Crazie a little.

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

What's in my Power, pray make use of, Sir. (sure?)

Mer. 'Tis that must do me good, she does not mock me
And't please you nothing, my Disease is only weariness.

Uber. Come Gentlemen, we'll not keep you from your
Beds too long.

Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you far from
your Lodging.

Sil. Well.

[*Exe. Manent Ant. Mar. and Mer.*

Ant. Come my dear *Mercury*, I'll bring you to your
Chamber, and then I am for you *Maria*, thou art a new
Wife to me now, and thou shalt find it e'er I sleep.

Mer. And I an old Ass to my self, mine own Rod whips
me, — Good Sir, no more of this, 'tis tedious, you are
the best Guide in your own House — go Sir —

[*Exe. Ant. and Mar.*

This Fool and his fair Wife have made me frantick;
From two such Phyficks for the Soul, deliver me. [*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo, Uberto, Pedro, and Silvio.

Uber. Well you must have this Wench then.

Ric. I hope so, I am much o'th' Bow-hand else.

Ped. Wou'd I were hang'd, 'tis a good loving little Fool,
that dares venture her self upon a Coast she never knew
yet, but these Women, when they are once thirteen,
God'speed the Plough.

Sil. Faith they'll venture further for their Lading, than a Merchant, and through as many Storms, but they'll be fraughted, they are made like Carracks, only Strength and Storage.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk.

Sil. We do so, but tell me *Ricardo*, wo't thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? Why, what should I do with her?

Ped. Pox, I thought we should have all shares in her, like lawful Prize.

Ric. No by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me, I Launch'd her at my own Charge, without Partners, and

Uber. What's the Hour? (so I'll keep her.

Ric. Twelve.

Uber. What shall we do the while? 'Tis yet scarce eleven.

Sil. There's no standing here, is not this the place?

Ric. Yes.

Ped. And to go back unto her Father's House, may breed Suspicion:

Let's slip into a Tavern for an hour, 'tis very cold.

Uber. Content, there is one hard by, a quart of burnt Sack will recover us, I am as cold as *Christmas*, this stealing Flesh in the frosty Weather, may be sweet i' th' eating, but sure the Woodmen have no great catch on't; shall's go?

Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of a Tavern, what shall we do there now? Lose the Hour and our selves too.

Uber. Lose a Pudding; what dost thou talk of the Hour; will one Quart muzzle us? Have we not Ears to hear, and Tongues to ask the Drawers, but we must stand here like Bawds to watch the Minutes?

Sil. Prethee content thy self, we shall scout here, as though we went a haying, and have some mangley Prentice, that cannot sleep for scratching, over-hear us; Come, will you go Sirs? When your Love fury is a little frozen, you'll come to us.

Ric. Will you drink but one Quart then?

Ped. No more I'faith.

Sil. Content.

Ric. Why then, have with you, but let's be very

Uber. (watchful.

Uber. As watchful as the Belman; come, I'll lead, because I hate good Manners, they are too tedious. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Viola with a Key, and a little Casket.

Viola. The Night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my Virtue and my self hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear that which I wish,
Some Company, and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful Ears to Night,
Than ever did the shrill and sacred Bell
That rang me to my Prayers; the House will rise
When I unlock the Door, were it by Day
I am bold enough, but then a thousand Eyes
Warn me from going, might not Heav'n have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst Lovers met, and yet the Sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough, to steal this Key
Out of my Father's Chamber, and dare yet
Venture upon mine Enemy, the Night,
Arm'd only with my Love, to meet my Friend.
Alas how valiant, and how fraid at once
Love makes a Virgin? I will throw this Key
Back through a Window, I have Wealth enough
In Jewels with me, if I hold his Love
I steal 'em for; farewell my place of Birth,
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard Men say,
These Household Gods, I do beseech them look
To this my charge, bless it from Thieves and Fire,
And keep, till happily my Love I win,
Me from thy Door, and hold my Father in. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a Candle.

Ric. No more for God's sake, how is the Night, Boy?

Draw. Faith, Sir, 'tis very late.

Uber. Faith, Sir, you lie, is this your Jack i'th' Clock-house? Will you strike, Sir? Give's some more Sack, you

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good *Uberto* go, (Varlet. I am monstrous hot with Wine.

Uber. Quench it again with Love: Gentlemen I will drink one Health more, and then if my Legs say me not shame,

shamefully nay, I will go with you, give me a singular Quart.

Draw. Of what Wine, Sir?

Uber. Of Sack, you that speak confusion at the Bar, of Sack, I say, and every one his Quart, what a Devil let's be merry.

Draw. You shall, Sir.

[Exit.

Ped. We will, Sir, and a dried Tongue.

Sil. And an Olive, Boy, and a whole bunch of Fidlers, my Head swims plaguily, 'uds pretious I shall be claw'd.

Enter Drawer with four Quarts of Wine.

Ric. Pray go, I can drink no more, think on your Promise, 'tis Midnight, Gentlemen.

Uber. O that it were dum Midnight now, not a word more, every Man on's Knees, and betake himself to his Saint, here's to your Wench, Signior, all this, and then

Ric. I cannot drink it.

(away.

Ped. 'Tis a Toy, a Toy, away wo't.

Uber. Now dare I speak any thing, to any Body living, come, where's the fault? Off with it.

Ric. I have broke my Wind, call you this Sack? — I wonder who made it? He was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work, Is it gone round?

Uber. 'Tis at the last, out of my way, good Boy, Is the Moon up yet?

Draw. Yes, Sir.

Uber. Where is she, Boy?

Draw. There, Sir.

Uber. We shall have Rain and Thunder, Boy.

Draw. When, Sir?

Uber. I cannot tell, but sure we shall, Boy.

Draw. The Gentleman is Wine-wise.

Uber. Drawer?

Draw. Here, Sir.

Uber. Can you procure?

Draw. What, Sir?

(Boy?

Uber. A Whore, or two or three, as need shall serve,

Sil. Ay, a good Whore were worth Mony, Boy.

Draw. I protest Sir, we are altogether unprovided.

Ric.

Ric. The more's the pity, Boy, can you not 'vize us where, my Child?

Ped. Why where were you brought up, Boy? No inckling of a Whore? No aim, my Boy?

Uber. It cannot sink in my Head now, that thou should'st marry, why should'st thou marry, tell me?

Ric. I marry? I'll be hang'd first; some more Wine Boy.

Sil. Is she not a Whore translated? An she be, let's repair to her.

Ric. I cannot tell, she may be an Offender; but Signior *Silvio*, I shall scratch your Head, indeed I shall.

Sil. Judge me, I do but jest with thee, what an she were inverted with her Heels upward, like a Traitor's Coat? What care I?

Uber. I, hang her, shall we fall out for her?

Ric. I am a little angry, but these Wenches, did you not talk of Wenches?

Sil. Boy, lend me your Candle.

Draw. Why, Sir?

Sil. To set fire to your rotten Ceiling, you'll keep no Whores, Rogues, no good Members.

Draw. Whores, Sir?

Sil. Ay, Whores Sir, do you think we come to lie with your Hogsheds?

Ric. I must beat the Watch, I have long'd for't any time this three Weeks.

Sil. We'll beat the Town too, and thou wilt, we are proof Boy; shall we kill any Body?

Ric. No, but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uber. *Sil.* Now must I kill one, I cannot avoid it, Boy, easily afore there with your Candle; where's your Mistress?

Draw. A-bed, Sir.

Sil. With whom?

Draw. With my Master.

Uber. You lie Boy, she's better brought up than to lye with her Husband, has he not cast his Head yet? Next Year he will be a Velvet-headed Cuckold. [Exeunt.]

Draw. You are a merry Gentleman, there Sir, take hold.

Enter Viola.

Viol. This is the place, I have out-told the Clock
For haste, he is not here. *Ricardo?* No:
Now every Power that loves and is belov'd,
Keep me from shame to Night, for all you know
Each Thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As Flesh and Blood can hold: I cannot back;
I threw the Key within, and e'er I raise
My Father up, to see his Daughter's shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern Wind,
That it is gentler than the curling West,
If it will blow me Dead; but he will come;
I'faith 'tis cold; if he deceive me thus,
A Woman will not easily trust a Man. Hark, What's that?

Sil. within. Thou'rt over long at thy Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
thou art over long at the Pot, *Tom.*

Viol. Bless me! Who's that?

Ped. within. Whoo!

Uber. within. There Boys.

Viol. Darkness be thou my cover, I must fly,
To thee I haste for help——

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Drawer with a Torch.

Viol. They have a Light,
Wind, if thou lovest a Virgin, blow it out,
And I will never shut a Window more,
To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy.

Draw. Sir.

Ric. Why Boy.

Draw. What say you, Sir?

Ric. Why Boy? Art thou drunk, Boy?

Draw. What would you, Sir?

Ric. Why very good, where are we?

Uber. Ay, that's the Point.

Draw. Why Sir, you will be at your Lodging presently.

Ric. I'll go to no Lodging, Boy.

Draw. Whither will you go then, Sir?

Ric. I'll go no farther.

Draw. For God's sake, Sir, do not stay here all Night.

Ric.

Ric. No more I will not, Boy, lay me down, and rowl me to a Whore.

Uber. And me.

Ped. There spoke an——

Sil. Then set your Foot to my Foot, and up Tails all.

Viol. That is *Ricardo*, what a Noise they make?

'Tis ill done on 'em; here, Sirs, *Ricardo*?

Ric. What's that Boy?

Draw. 'Tis a Wench, Sir, pray Gentlemen come away.

Viol. O my dear Love! How doest thou?

Ric. Faith sweet Heart, even as thou seest.

Ped. Where's thy Wench?

Uber. Where's this Bed-worm?

Viol. Speak softly for the love of Heav'n.

Draw. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the Gentlemen, now you see they're drunk, or I'll call the Watch, and lay you fast enough.

Viol. Alas, What are you? or, What do you mean? Sweet love, where's the Place?

Ric. Marry sweet love, e'en here, lie down, I'll feece

Viol. Good God! What mean you? (thce.

Ped. I'll have the Wench.

Uber. If you can get her.

Sil. No, I'll lie with the Wench to Night, and she shall be yours to Morrow.

Ped. Let go the Wench.

Sil. Let you go the Wrench.

Viol. O Gentleman, as you had Mothers!

Uber. They had no Mothers; they are the Sons of

Ric. Let that be maintain'd. (Bitches.

Sil. Marry then.

Viol. Oh blefs me Heav'n!

Uber. How many is there on's?

Ric. About five.

Uber. Why then let's fight three to three.

Sil. Content. [Draw and fall down.

Draw. The Watch? the Watch? the Watch? Where are you? [Exit.

Ric. Where are these Cowards? [Exit.

Ped. There's the Whore.

Viol.

Viol. I never saw a drunken Man before,
But these I think are so.

Sil. Oh!

Ped. I mist you narrowly there.

Viol. My state is such, I know not how to think
A Prayer fit for me, only I could move,
That never Maiden more might be in Love. [Exit.

Enter Drawer, Constable and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, Boy?

Draw. Make no such haste, Sir, they are no Runners.

Ub. I am hurt, but that's all one, I shall light upon
some of ye.

Pedro, thou art a tall Gentlemen, let me kiss thee.

Watch. My Friend.

Uber. Your Friend? you lie. (Fleas.

Ric. Stand further off, the Watch, you are full of

Const. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make
you quiet.

Ric. Nay, good Mr. Constable, be not so rigorous.

Uber. Mr. Constable, lend me thy Hand of Justice.

Const. That I will, Sir. (stice so blind

Uber. Fy Mr. Constable, What golls you have? is Ju-
Y' cannot see to wash your Hands? I cry you Mercy, Sir;
Your Gloves are on.

Draw. Now you are up, Sir, Will you go to Bed?

Ped. I'll truckle here, Boy, give me another Pillow.

Draw. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?

Ped. Yes. (be going Mr. Constable,

Draw. There hold him two of ye, now they are up,

Ric. And this way, and that way, *Tom.*

Uber. And here away, and there away, *Tom.*

Sil. This is the right way, the other's the wrong.

Ped. Th' other's the wrong.

All. Thou art over-long at the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*

Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet Constable, whoop! ha Boys.

Const. This Wine hunts in their Heads.

Ric. Give me the Bill, for I'll be the Sergeant.

Const. Look to him, Sirs.

Ric. Keep your Ranks, you Rascals, keep your Ranks.

[Exeunt.
A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. I Cannot sleep for thinking of this Afs's Wife,
I'll be gone presently, there's no staying here,
with this Devil about me? ho, this is the House of Sleep,
ho? again there, 'sfoot, the darkness, and this love to-
gether, will make me Lunatick; ho?

*Enter a Servingman above unready.**Ser.* Who calls there?*Mer.* Pray take the Pains to rise and light a Candle.*Ser.* Presently.

Mer. Was ever Man but I in such a Stocks? well,
this shall be a warning to me, and a fair one too, how
I betray my self to such a Dance, by way of Benefit.

*Enter Servingman.**Ser.* Did you call?

Mer. Yes, pray do me the kindness, Sir, to let me
out, and not enquire why, for I must needs be gone.

Ser. Not to Night, I hope, Sir.

Mer. Good Sir, to Night, I would not have troubled
you else, pray let it be so.

Ser. Alas, Sir, my Master will be offended.*Mer.* That I have Business? no I warrant ye.*Ser.* Good Sir, take your Rest.*Mer.* Pray my good Friend let me appoint my own*Ser.* Yes, Sir. (Rest.*Mer.* Then shew me the way out, I'll consider you.*Ser.* Good Lord, Sir.

Mer. If I had not an excellent temper'd Patience,
now should I break this Fellow's Head, and make him
understand 'twere necessary; the only Plague of this House
is the unhandsome love of Servants, that ne'er do their
Duty in the right Place, but when they muster before
Dinner, and sweep the Table with a wooden Dagger,
and then they are troublesome too, to all Men's Shoul-
ders; the Woodcock's flesht again, now I shall have a
new stir.

Enter

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who how now Friend? What do you up so late? Are you well? Do you want any thing? pray speak.

Mer. Only the cause I rise for.

Ant. What Knaves are these? What do you want? why Sirrah?

Mer. Nothing i'th' World, but the Keys to let me out of Doors; I must be gone, be not against it, for you cannot stay me.

Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry Jest.

Mer. If there be any Mirth in't, make you use on't, but I must go.

Ant. Why, for loves sake?

Mer. 'Twill benefit your Understanding nothing to know the cause, pray go to Bed, I'll trouble your Man only.

Ant. Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason to curse you, and you knew all, my Wife's up, and coming down too.

Mer. Alas, it will be a trouble, pray go up to her, and let me disturb no more, 'tis unmannerly.

Enter Maria, as out of her Bed.

Ant. She's here already: Sweet Heart, how say you by this Gentleman? he would away at Midnight.

Mar. That I am sure he will not.

Mer. Indeed I must.

Mar. Good Sir, let not your homely Entertainment press you to leave your Bed at midnight; if you want, what my House or our Town may afford you, make it your own fault if you call not for it; pray go to Bed again; let me compel you, I am sure you have no Power to deny a Woman; the Air is piercing, and to a Body beaten with long travel, 'twill prove an ill Physician.

Mer. If she speak longer I shall be a Knave, as rank as ever sweat for't; Sir, if you will send your Wife up presently, I will either stay with you, d'ye mark me, or deliver you so just a cause, that you your self shall thrust me out of Doors, both suddenly and willingly.

Ant.

Ant. I would fain hear that 'faith, pray thee go up Sweet-Heart, I have half perswaded him, besides, he hath some private Business with me.

Mar. Good Night, Sir, and what Content you would have, I wish with you. [Exit.

Mer. Could any Man that had a Back ask more! O me! O me! (go?

Ant. Now deal directly with me: Why should you

Mer. If you be wise do not enquire the Cause, 'twill trouble you.

Ant. Why? prithee why?

Mer. 'Faith I would not have you know it, let me go, 'twill be far better for you.

Ant. Who's that, that knocks there? is't not at the Street Door?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Ant. Who's there, cannot you speak?

Viol. within. A poor distressed Maid, for God's sake let me in.

Mer. Let her in and me out together, 'tis but one labour, 'tis Pity she should stand i'th' Street, it seems she knows you.

Ant. There she shall stand for me; you are Ignorant, this is a common Custom of the Rogues that lie about the loose Parts of the City.

Mer. As how?

Ant. To knock at Doors in dead time of Night, and use some feigned Voice to raise Compassion, and when the Doors are open, in they rush, and cut the Throats of all, and take the Booty; we cannot be too careful.

Viol. within. As ever you had Pity let me in, I am undone else.

Ant. Who are you?

Viol. My name is *Viola*, a Gentlewoman that ill Chance hath distressed, you know my Father.

Mer. Alas of God we'll let her in, 'tis one of the Gentlewomen were here i'th' Evening, I know her by her Name, poor Soul, she's cold I warrant her, let her have my warm Bed, and I'll take her Fortune; come, pray come.

Ant.

Ant. It is not *Viola*, that's certain, she went home to her Father's, I am sure.

Viol. Will not you be so good to let me in?

Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away, if you stay a little longer: She's gone I warrant her, now let me know your cause, for I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.

Mer. Since you are so Importunate, I'll tell you, I love your Wife extreamly.

Ant. Very well.

Mer. And so well that I dare not stay.

Ant. Why?

Mer. For wronging you, I know I am Flesh and Blood, and you have done me Friendships infinite and often, that must require me Honest, and a true Man, and I will be so, or I'll break my Heart.

Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.

Mer. No, though I wou'd be good, I am no Saint, nor is it safe to try me, I deal plainly.

Ant. Come, I dare try you, do the best you can.

Mer. You shall not; when I am right again, I'll come and see you, till when, I'll use all Countries, and all Means, but I will lose this Folly, 'tis a Devil.

Ant. Is there no way to stay you?

Mer. No, unless you will have me such a Villain to you, as all Men shall spit at me.

Ant. Do's she know you love her?

Mer. No, I hope not, that were Recompence fit for a Rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithful Friend, I am that Man and I may glory in't, this is he, that *ipse*, he that passes all Christendom for Goodness, he shall not overgo me in his Friendship, 'twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first, I am resolv'd, go thy ways, a Wife will never part us, I have consider'd, and I find her nothing to such a Friend as thou art; I'll speak a bold word, take your time and woo her, you have overcome me clearly, and do what's fitting with her, you conceive me, I am glad at Heart you love her; by this light, ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from it, if you had spoken

ken sooner, sure you had been serv'd; Sir, you are not every Man, now to your Task, I give you free leave, and the Sin is mine if there be any in it.

Mer. He will be hang'd before he makes this good, he cannot be so innocent a Coxcomb, he can tell ten sure. If I had never known you as I have done, I might be one, as others perhaps sooner, but now 'tis impossible, there's too much Good between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best Man —— I can say no more, I am so over-joy'd, you must stay this Night, and in the Morning go as early as you please, I have a Toy for you.

Mer. I thought this Pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice, And it must be hard by too, do you mark me?

Mer. Why, What's the matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Mer. Why? what thing?

Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not peevish. We two will be —— you would little think it; as famous for our Friendship ——

Mer. How?

Ant. If Heav'n please, as ever *Damon* was, and *Pythias*; or *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, or any two that ever were; do you conceive me yet?

Mer. No, by my troth, Sir; he will not help me up sure.

Ant. You shall anon; and for our Names, I think they shall live after us, and be remember'd while there is a story; or I'll lose my aim.

Mer. What a Vengeance ails he? How do you?

Ant. Yes Faith, we two will be such Friends, as the World shall ring of.

Mer. And why is all this?

Ant. You shall enjoy my Wife.

Mer. Away, away.

Ant. The Wonder must begin, so I have cast it, 'twill be scurvy else, you shall not stir a Foot in't, pray be quiet 'till I have made it perfect.

Mer.

Mer. What shall a Man do with this wretched Fellow? there is no Mercy to be used towards him, he is not capable of any Pity, he will in spight of course be a Cuckold, and who can help it? Must it begin so needs, Sir?———Think again.

Ant. Yes marry must it, and I my self will woe this Woman for you; do you perceive it now? ha?

Mer. Yes, now I have a little sight i'th' matter; O that thy Head should be so monstrous, that all thy Servants Hats may hang upon't! But do you mean to do this?

Ant. Yes certain, I will woe her, and for you, strive not against it, 'tis the Overthrow of the best Plot that ever was then.

Mer. Nay, I'll assure you, Sir, I'll do no harm, you have too much about you of your own.

Ant. Have you thought of a Place yet?

Mer. A Place?

Ant. Ay a Place where you will bide, prethee no more of this Modesty, 'tis foolish, and we were not determin'd to be absolute Friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Mer. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.

Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting Glory; I have the better of him, that's my Comfort, good Night.

[Exit.

Mer. Good Night; well go thy ways, thou art the tydiest Wittall this Day I think above Ground, and yet thy end for all this must be motly.

[Exit.

Enter a Tinker with a Cord, and Dorothy.

Tink. 'Tis better cold; a Plague upon these Rogues, how wary they are grown? not a Door open now, but double barr'd; not a Window, but up with a case of Wood like a Spice-box, and their Locks unpickable; the very Smiths that were half Ventures, drink penitent, single Ale, this is the Iron Age, the Ballad sings of; well, I shall meet with some of your loose Linnen yet, good Fellows must not starve; here's he shall shew God-a-mighty's Dog-bolts, if this hold.

Dor. Faith thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault, thou art as sweet a Thief, that Sin excepted,

as

as ever suffer'd, that's a proud Word, and I'll maintain it.

Tin. Come, prethee let's shog off, and browze an hour or two, there's Ale will make a Cat speak, at the Harrow; we shall get nothing now, without we batter, 'tis grown too near Morning, the Rogues sleep sober, and are watchful.

Dor. We want a Boy extreamly for this Function, kept under for a Year, with Milk, and Knot-grass; in my time I have seen a Boy do wonders; *Robin* the red Tinker had a Boy, rest his Soul, he suffer'd this time four Years, for two Spoons, and a Pewter Candlestick, that sweet Man had a Boy, as I am Curstend Whore, would have run through a Cat-hole, he would have boulted such a piece of Linnen in an Evening——

Tin. Well, we will have a Boy, prethee let's go, I am vengeance cold I tell thee.

Dor. I'll be hang'd before I stir without some purchase, by these ten Bones, I'll turn She-ape, and untile a House, but I'll have it, it may be I have a humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tin. Peace, you flead Whore, thou hast a Mouth like a Blood-hound, here comes a Night-shade.

Dor. A Gentlewoman Whore, by this Darknes I'll case her to the Skin.

Tin. Peace, I say.

Viol. What Fear have I endur'd this dismal Night?

And what Disgrace, if I were seen and known?

In which this Darknes only is my Friend,

That only has undone me; a thousand Curses

Light on my easie, foolish, childish Love,

That durst so lightly lay a Confidence

Upon a Man, so many being false;

My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy, I must lie down.

Tin. What's this? A Prayer, or a Homily, or a Ballad of good Counsel? She has a Gown, I am sure.

Dor. Knock out her Brains, and then she'll ne'er bite.

Tin. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet: You? Woman?

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Viol.

Viol. For God's sake what are you?

Tin. One of the Grooms of your Wardrobe, come, uncase, uncase; by'r Lady a good Kersey.

Viol. Pray do not hurt me, Sir.

Dor. Let's have no Pity, for if you do, here's that shall cut your Whistle.

Viol. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable as you can make me any way.

Dor. That shall be try'd.

Viol. Here, take my Gown, if that will do you Pleasure.

Tin. Yes marry will it, look in the Pockets *Doll*, there may be Birds.

Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them, I'll have this Hat, and this Ruff too, I like it, now will I flourish like a Lady brave, I faith, Boy.

Viol. You're so gentle People to my seeming, That by my truth I could live with you.

Tin. Could you so? A pretty young round Wench, well Blooded, I am for her, Thieves.

Dor. But by this I am not, cool your Codpiece, Rogue, or I'll clap a Spell upon't, shall take your Edge off with a very Vengeance.

Tin. Peace, Horse-flesh, Peace, I'll cast off my Amazon, she has walk'd too long, and is indeed Notorious, she'll fight and scould, and drink like one of the Worthies.

Dor. Uds precious you young contagious Whore, must you be ticeing? And, is your Flesh so rank, Sir, that two may live upon't? I am glad to hear your Cortalls grown so lusty; he was dry founder'd t'other Day, whee my pamper'd Jade of *Asia*.

Viol. Good Woman do not hurt me, I am sorry that I have given any cause of Anger.

Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by this Steel I'll tell thee, though I trust for Company; now could I eat her broil'd, or any way, without Vinegar, must have her Nose. (Woman)

Viol. By any thing you love best, good Sir, good

Tin. Why her Nose, *Dorothy*?

Dor. If I have it not, and presently warm, I lose that go withal.

Tin.

Tin. Wou'd the Devil had that thou goest withal, and thee together, for sure he got thy Whelps if thou hast any, she's thy dear Dad, Whore! Put up your Cut-purse; an I take my Switch up, 'twill be a black time with you else, sheath your Bung Whore.

Dor. Will you bind her? We shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.

Tin. Come, I must bind you, not a word, no crying.

Viol. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tin. Hurt her not, if thou dost, by Ale and Beer, I'll clout thy old bald Brain-Pan with a piece of Brass, you Bitch incarnate.

[*Exeunt Tinker and Dorothy.*]

Viol. O Heav'n, to what am I reserv'd, that knew not Through all my childish Hours and Actions, More Sin, than poor Imagination, And too much loving of a faithless Man? For which I'm paid, and so, that not the Day That now is rising to protect the harmless, And give the innocent a Sanctuary From Thieves and Spoilers, can deliver me From Shame, at least Suspicion——

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down the Horses easily, I'll walk a-foot till I be down the Hill, 'tis very early, I shall reach home betimes. How now, who's there?

Viol. Night, that was ever Friend to Lovers, yet Has rais'd some weary Soul, that hates his Bed, To come and see me Blush, and then laugh at me.

Val. H'ad a rude Heart that did this.

Viol. Gentle Sir, If you have that which honest Men call Pity, And be as far from evil as you shew; Help a poor Maid, that this Night by bad Fortune Has been thus us'd by Robbers.

Val. A Pox upon his Heart that would not help thee, this Thief was half a Lawyer by his Bands. How long have you been tied here?

Viol. Alas, this hour, and with Cold and Fear am almost perish'd.

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Val.

Val. Where were the Watch the while? Good sober Gent. they were like careful Members of the City, drawing in diligent Ale, and singing Catches, while Mr. Constable contriv'd the Toasts: These Fellows would be more severely punish'd than wandring Gipsies, that every Statute whips; for if they had every one two Eyes apiece more, three Pots would put them out.

Viol. I cannot tell, I found no Christian to give me Succour.

Val. When they take a Thief, I'll take *Ostend* again; the Whoresons drink Opium in their Ale, and then they sleep like Tops; as for their Bills, they only serve to reach down Bacon to make Rashers on; now let me know whom I have done this Courtesie too, that I may thank my early rising for it?

Viol. Sir, all I am, you see.

Val. You have a Name I'm sure, and a Kindred, a Father, Friend, or something that must own you; she's a handsome young Wench; what Rogues were these to Rob her?

Viol. Sir, you see all I dare reveal,
And as you are a Gentleman press me no further;
For there begins a Grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger Heart than I have in me,
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing,
For your own goodness sake desire it not.

Val. If you would not have me enquire that, how do you live then?

Viol. How I have liv'd, is still one Question,
Which must not be resolv'd——
How I desire to live, is in your liking,
So worthy an Opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking? How I pray thee? Tell me, i'faith I'll do you any good lies in my Power; she has an Eye would raise a Bed-rid Man; come, leave your Fear, and tell me, that's a good Wench.

Viol. Sir, I would serve——

Val. Who would'st thou serve? Do not weep and tell me.

Viol.

Viol. Faith, Sir, even some good Woman, and such a Wife, if you be married, I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou art young and tender, let me see thy Hand, this was ne'er made to wash, or wind up Water, beat Cloaths, or rub a Floor, by this Light, for one use that shall be nameless, 'tis the best wanton Hand that e'er I lookt on.

Viol. Dare you accept me, Sir, my Heart is honest, Among your virtuous charitable Deeds, This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a Chamber?

Viol. In a Chamber, Sir?

Val. I mean, wait there upon a Gentlewoman. How quick she is, I like that mainly too; I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength like a besieged Town, for I know I shall have the Enemy afore me within a Week.

Viol. Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty Laces, Dress a Head handsome, teach young Gentlewomen, For in all these I have a little Knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well, no doubt I shall encrease that Knowledge. I like her better still, how she provokes me; pretty young Maid, you shall serve a good Gentlewoman, though I say't, that will not be unwilling you should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Viol. I am the happier.

Val. My Man shall make some shift to carry you behind him, can you ride well?

Viol. But I'll hold fast for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you. I'll work her as I go, I know she's Wax, now, at this time could I beget a Worthy on this Wench,

Viol. Sir, for this Gentleness, may Heav'n requite you tenfold.

Val. 'Tis a good Wench, however others use thee, be sure I'll be a loving Master to thee; come. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antonio like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.

Ant. I hope I am wild enough for being known, I have writ a Letter here, and in it have abus'd my self most bitterly, yet all my Fear is not enough, for that must do it,

it, that must lay it on, I'll win her out i' th' Flint, 'twill be more famous; now for my Language.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Now, Sir, who would you speak with?

Ant. Where be thy Mastres Man? I would speak with her,

I have a Letter.

Ser. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No, by my trot, and fait, canst thou not Man.

Ser. Well, S r, I'll call her to you, pray shake your Ears without a little. *[Exit Servingman.]*

Ant. Cran a Cree do it quickly; this Rebel Tongue sticks in my Teeth worse than a tough Hen, sure it was ne'er known at *Babel*, for they sold no Apples, and this was made for certain at the first planting of Orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter Maria, and Servingman.

Mar. What's he wou'd speak with me?

Ser. A kill kenny Ring, there he stands, Madam.

Mar. What would you have with me, Friend?

Ant. He has a Letter for other Women, wilt thou read

Mar. From whence? (it?)

Ant. De Crosse Creeft from my Master.

Mer. Who is your Master?

Ant. I pray do you look.

Mar. Do you know this Fellow?

Ser. No Madam, not I, more than an *Irish* Footman; stand further Friend, I do not like your Rope-runners, what Stalion Rogues are these, to wear such Dowsets, the very Cotton may commit Adultery.

Mar. I cannot find whose Hand this should be, I'll read, *To the beauteous Wife of Don Antonio*: Sure this is some blind Scribe——well now, What follows?

Ant. Pray God it take, I have given her that will stir her Conscience, how it works with her; Hope, if it be thy Will, let the Flesh have it.

Mar. This is the most abhor'd, intollerable Knavery, that ever Slave entertain'd, sure there is more than thine own Head in this Villany, it goes like practis'd Mischief; dis-

disabled in his Body? O good God, as I live he lies fearfully, and basely, ha? I should know that Jewel, 'tis my Husband, come hither that, are you an *Irish* Man?

Ant. Sweet Woman a Cree I am an *Irish* Man.

Mar. Now I know it perfectly; is this your Trick, Sir? I'll trick you for it; how long have you serv'd this Gentleman?

Ant. Please thee a little Day, O my *Mac dermond* put me to my Mastree, 'tis don I know.

Mar. By my Faith he speaks as well as if he had been lousy for the Language a Year or two; well, Sir, you had been better have kept your own Shape as I will use you, what have I done that should deserve this Trial? I never made him Cuckold, to my Knowledge. Sirrah come hither.

Ant. Now will she send some Jewel, or some Letter, I know her Mind as well; I shall be famous.

Mar. Take this *Irish* Bawd here.

Ant. How?

Mar. And kick him till his Breeches and Breech be of one colour, a bright blue both.

Ant. I may be well swing'd thus, for I dare not reveal my self, I hope she does not mean it, O hone, O hone, O St. *Patrick*, O a Cree, O sweet Woman.

Mar. No, turn him, and kick him o' t'other side, that's well.

Ant. O good waiting Man, I beseech thee good waiting Man, a Pox fire your Legs.

Mar. You Rogue, you Enemy to all, but little Breeches, How darest thou come to me with such a Letter?

Ant. Prethee pity the poor *Irish* Man, all this makes for me, if I win her yet, I am still more glorious.

Mar. Now could I weep at what I have done, but I'll harden my Heart again, go shut him up, till my Husband comes home, yet thus much e'er ye go, Sirrah thatch'd Head, would'st not thou be whipt, and think it Justice? Well *Aquavite* Barrel, I will bounce you.

Ant. I pray you do, I beseech you be not angry.

Mar. O you hobby-headed Rascal, I'll have you flead, and Trossers made of thy Skin to tumble in, go away with

with him, let him see no Sun, till my Husband come home:
Sir, I shall meet with you for your Knavery, I fear it not.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go? I do not like this.

Mar. Away with him.

Ser. Come, I'll lead you in by your Jack-a-lent Hair,
go quietly, or I'll make your Crupper crack.

Mar. And do you hear me, Sirrah? And when you
have done, make my Coach ready.

Ser. Yes forsooth. [*Exit Servingman with Antonio.*]

Mar. Lock him up safe enough, I'll to this Gentleman,
I know the reason of all this Business, for I do suspect it;
if he have this Plot, I'll ring him such a Peal, shall make
his Ears deaf for a Month at least. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ricardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak temper'd Head,
That will be mad with Drink, endure the Wrong
That I have done a Virgin, and my Love?
Be mad, for so thou oughtest, or I will beat
The Walls and Trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy Memory out, or Madness in;
But sure I never lov'd fair *Viola*,
I never lov'd my Father, nor my Mother,
Or any thing but Drink; had I had Love,
Nay, had I known so much Charity
As would have sav'd an Infant from the Fire;
I had been Naked, raving in the Street;
With half a Face, gashing my self with Knives,
Two hours e'er this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, and Uberto.

Ped. Good Morrow, Sir.

Ric. Good Morrow Gentlemen, shall we go dring again?
I have my Wits.

Ped. So have I, but they are unsetled ones, would I
had some Porridge.

Ric. The Tavern Boy was here this Morning with me,
And told me, that there was a Gentlewoman,
Which he took for a Whore, that hung on me:
For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Ped. I faith nor I.

Uber. I have a glimmering of some such thing.

Ric.

Ric. Was it you, *Silvio*,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you or *Pedro*.

Ped. I know not who.

Sil. We are all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated; come *Silvio*,
Shall we go drink again, come Gentlemen,
Why do you stay, let's never leave off now,
Whil'st we have Wine, and Throats, I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that?
For Heav'n fake come and drink; when I am nam'd,
Men shall make answer, Which *Ricardo* mean you?
The excellent Drinker? I will have it so,
Will you go drink?

Sil. We drunk too much too lately.

Ric. Why there is then the less behind to drink,
Let's end it all, dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the Wine the World can yield,
And then drink it off, then take the Fruits o'th' Earth,
Distil the Juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the Rain before it fall to Ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow;
We'll set our Mouths to Springs, and drink them off,
And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last Night.
We will not give unto the Poor a drop
Of all this Drink, but when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their Tears off too.
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture,
In this large Globe, but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it Elemental Earth,
Merely by drinking.

Ped. Is't flattery to tell you, you are mad?

Ric. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a Man;
He that will have me, lay my Goods and Lands,
My Life down for him, need no more, but say,
Ricardo thou art mad, and then all these
Are at his Service, then he pleases me,

And

And makes me think that I had Virtue in me,
 That I had Love and Tenderneſs of Heart,
 That though I have committed ſuch a fault,
 As never Creature did, yet running mad,
 As honeſt Men ſhould do for ſuch a Crime,
 I have expreſt ſome Worth, though it be late;
 But I alas have none of theſe in me,
 But keep my Wits ſtill like a frozen Man,
 That had no fire within him.

Sil. Nay, good *Ricardo* leave this wild Talk, and ſend a Letter to her, I'll deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpoſe; perhaps ſhe's loſt laſt Night,
 Or ſhe got home again, ſhe's now ſo ſtrictly
 Look'd to, the Wind can ſcarce come to her; or admit
 She were her ſelf, if ſhe would hear from me,
 From me unworthy, that have uſ'd her thus,
 She were ſo fooliſh, that ſhe were no more
 To be belov'd.

Euter Andrugio, and *Servant with a Night-gown.*

Ser. Sir, we have found this Night-gown ſhe took

Ric. Where? where? ſpeak quickly. (with her.

Ser. Searching in the Suburbs, we found a Tinker
 and his Whore that had it in a Tap-houſe, whom we
 apprehended, and they confeſt they ſtole it from her.

Ric. And murder'd her?

Sil. What ail you Man?

Ric. Why all this doth not make me mad.

Sil. It does, you would not offer this elſe, good *Pedro* look to his Sword.

Ser. They do deny the killing of her, but ſwore they
 left her tied to a Tree, in the Fields, next thoſe Suburbs
 that are without our Lady's Gate, near Day, and by the
 Road, ſo that ſome Paſſenger muſt needs unty her quickly.

And. The will of Heav'n be done: Sir, I will only
 entreat you this, that as you were the greateſt Occaſion
 of her loſs, that you will be pleaſed to urge your Friends,
 and be your ſelf earneſt in the Search of her; if ſhe be
 found, ſhe is yours, if ſhe pleaſe; I my ſelf only ſee
 theſe People better examin'd, and after follow ſome
 way in ſearch. God keep you Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Sil.

Sil. Alas good Man !

Ric. What think you now of me ? I think this Lump
Is nothing but a Piece of Flegm congeal'd
Without a Soul, for where there's so much Spirit
As would but warm a Flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow, and flame in this dull Heart,
And run like molten Gold through every Sin,
Till it could burst these Walls, and fly away.
Shall I intreat you all to take your Horses,
And search this Innocent ?

Ped. With all our Hearts.

Ric. Do not divide your selves till you come there,
Where they say she was ty'd, I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my Sword good *Pedro*, I will do
No harm, believe me, with it, I am now
Far better temper'd; if I were not so,
I have enow besides. God keep you all,
And send us good Success.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mercury, and Servant.

Mer. WHO is it? can you tell ?

Ser. By my Troth, Sir, I know not, but
'tis a Gentlewoman.

Mer. A Gentleman, I'll lay my Life, yon Puppy h'as
sent his Wife to me ; if he have, fling up the Bed.

Ser. Here she is, Sir.

Enter Maria with a Letter.

Mar. I am glad I found you, Sir; there, take your
Letter, and keep it till you have another Friend to
wrong, 'tis too malicious false to make me Sin, you have
provoked me to be that I love not, a Talker, and you
shall hear me.

Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a Huswife, that from four hours Knowledge
You might presume to offer to my Credit

This

This rude and ruffian Tryal ? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you Tokens,
That might concern Assurance, you are a Fool.

Mer. I cannot blame you now, I see this Letter,
Though you be angry, yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong,
My worst Affections hate——

Mar. Did not you send it ?

Mer. No, upon my Faith, which is more, I understand it not; the Hand is as far from my Knowledge, as the Malice.

Mar. This is strange.

Mer. It is so, and had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,

Had I, that have receiv'd such Courtesies, and owe so many Thanks, done this base Office.

Mar. Your Name is at it.

Mer. Yes, but not my Nature, and I shall hate my Name worse than the manner, for this base broking; you are wise and virtuous, remove this fault from me; for on the love I bear to Truth and Goodness, this Letter dare not name me for the Author.

Mar. Now I perceive my Husband's Knavery, if any Man can but find where he has been, I will go with this Gentleman whatsoever comes on't; and as I mean to carry it, both he and the World shall think it fit, and thank me for it.

Mer. I must confess I loved you at first, however this made me leave your House unmannerly, that might provoke me to do something ill, both to your Honour and my Faith, and not to write this Letter, which I hold so truly wicked, that I will not think on't.

Mar. I do believe you, and since I see you are free, my words were not meant to you; but this is not the half of my Affliction.

Mer. 'Tis pity you should know more Vexation; may I enquire?

Mar. Faith, Sir, I fear I have lost my Husband.

Mer. Your Husband ? it cannot be: I pity her, how she's vext?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Mar. How now? What news? nay speak, for we must know.

Ser. Faith I have found at length, by chance, where he has been.

Mar. Where?

Ser. In a blind Out-house in the Suburbs, pray God all be well with him.

Mar. Why?

Ser. There are his Cloaths, but, what's become of him, I cannot yet enquire.

Mar. I am glad of this; sure they have murther'd him, what shall I do?

Mer. Be not so grieved, before you know the Truth, you have time enough to weep, this is the sudden'st Mischief; did you not bring an Officer to search there, where you say you found his Cloaths?

Ser. Yes, and we searcht it, and charg'd the Fellow with him; but he, like a Rogue, stubborn Rogue, made answer, he knew not where he was; he had been there, but where he was now, he could not tell: I tell you true, I fear him.

Mar. Are all my Hopes and Longings to enjoy him, After this three Years travel, come to this?

Ser. It is the rankest House in all the City, the most cursed roguish Bawdy-house. Hell fire it.

Mer. This is the worst I heard yet; will you go home? I'll bear you Company, and give you the best help I may: this being here will wrong you.

Mar. As you are a Gentleman, and as you lov'd your dead Friend, let me not go home, that will but heap one Sorrow on another.

Mer. Why propose any thing and I'll perform't; I am at my Wits end too.

Ser. So am I, O my dear Master!

Mer. Peace, you great Fool.

Mar. Then good Sir, carry me to some retir'd place, far from the sight of this unhappy City, whether you will indeed, so it be far enough.

Mer.

Mer. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better to go home,
And try what may be done yet, he may be at home afore you, who can tell?

Mar. O no, I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd; tell me not of going home, you murder me too.

Mer. Well, since it pleases you to have it so, I will no more perswade you to go home, I'll be your Guide in the Country, as your Grief doth command me, I have a Mother dwelling from this Place some 20 Miles; the House though homely, yet able to shew something like a welcome; thither I'll see you safe with all your Sorrows.

Mar. With all the speed that may be thought upon; I have a Coach here ready, good Sir, quickly; I'll fit you, my fine Husband.

Mer. It shall be so; if this Fellow be dead, I see no band of any other Man, to tie me from my will, and I will follow her with such careful Service, that she shall either be my Love, or Wife. Will you walk in?

Mar. I thank you, Sir, but one word with my Man, and I am ready; keep the *Irish* Fellow safe, as you love you Life, for he I fear has a deep Hand in this, then search again, and get out warrants for that naughty Man, that keeps the bad House, that he may answer it, if you find the Body, give it due Burial; farewell. You shall hear from me, keep all safe. [Exeunt.]

Ser. O my sweet Master!

Antonio knocking within.

Ant. within. Man-a-cree, the Devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here? I prethee now let me go seek my Master, I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you hear Man-a-cree, I'll cree your Coxcomb, and you keep not still, down you Rogue.

Ant. Good sweet fact Serving-man, let me out I beseech de, and by my trot I will give dye Worship two Shillings in good argot, to buy dye Worship Pippines.

Ser. This Rogue thinks all the worth of Man consists in Peepins; by this light I'll beat Rebellion out of you for ever. *Ant.*

Ant. Wilt thou not hear me Man? is fet; I'll give thee all I have about me.

Ser. I thank you, Sir, so I may have picking work.

Ant. Here is five Shillings Man.

Ser. Here is a Cudgel, a very good one.

Enter two Servingmen.

2 Ser. How now, what's the matter? Where's the *Irishman*.

1 Ser. There, a wyth take him, he makes more Noise alone there, than ten Lawyers can do with double, and a scurvy Case.

2 Ser. Let him out, I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me some drink, O hone? I am very dry Man.

2 Ser. You shall have that shall quench your Thirst, my Friend.

Ant. Fate dost thou mean Man?

2 Ser. Even a good tough Halter.

Ant. A Halter? O hone!

2 Ser. Sirrah, you are a mischievous Rogue, that's the Truth.

Ant. No, fet I am not.

1 Ser. Shall I knock out his Brains? I have kill'd Dogs have been worth three of him for all Uses.

2 Ser. Sirrah, the Truth on't is, you must with me to a Justice. O *Roger, Roger*.

1 Ser. Why, what's the matter, *William*?

2 Ser. Heavy news *Roger*, heavy News; God com-

1 Ser. What is't Man? (fort us.

Ant. What's the matter now? I am ev'n weary of this way, would I were out on't.

1 Ser. My Master sure is murder'd, *Roger*, and this cursed Rogue,

I fear, has had a hand in't.

Ant. No, fet not.

1 Ser. Stand away, I'll kick't out of him: come Sirrah, mount, I'll make you Dance, you Rascal, kill my Master? If thy Breech were Cannon proof, having this good cause on my side, I would encounter it; hold fair; *Shamrocke*.

Ant.

Ant. Why how now, Sirs? you will not murder me

2 Ser. Bless us, *Roger!* (indeed.)

Ant. Nay, I am no Spirit.

2 Ser. How do you, Sir? this is my very Master.

Ant. Why well enough yet, but you have a heavy foot of your own; Where's my Wife?

1 Ser. Alas poor sorrowful Gentlewoman, she thinks you are dead, and has given o'er House-keeping.

Ant. Whither is she gone then?

1 Ser. Into the Country with the Gentleman, your Friend, Sir, to see if she can wear her Sorrows out there; she weeps and takes on too too——

Ant. This falls out pat; I shall be everlasting for a Name: Do you hear? upon your Lives and Faiths to me, not one word I am living, but let the same Report pass along, that I am murther'd still; I am made for ever.

1 Ser. Why, Sir?

Ant. I have a Cause, Sir, that's enough for you; well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much; for any thing I know I will not trouble him this Week at least, no, let them take their way one of another.

1 Ser. Sir, Will you be still an *Irishman*?

Ant. Yes, a while.

2 Ser. But your Worship will be beaten no more?

Ant. No, I thank you *William*.

1 Ser. It Truth, Sir, if it must be so, I'll do it better than a Stranger.

Ant. Go, you are Knaves both, but I forgive you: I am almost mad with the Apprehension of what I shall be; not a word I charge you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Valerio, and Viola.

Val. Come, pretty Soul, we now are near our home,
And whilst our Horses are walkt down the Hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this Close:
The Foot-way is more pleasant, 'tis a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of Love;
Art not thou so too? ha?

Viol. Nay, there are living things empty of Love,
Or I had not been here; but for my self,

Alas;

Alas, I have too much.

Val. It cannot be, that so much Beauty, so much Youth and Grace, should have too much of Love. (know.

Viol. Pray what is Love? For I am full of that I do not

Val. Why, Love fair Maid is an extream Desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd;
To ask the reason why thou art in Love,
Or what might be the noblest end in Love,
Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'er the Heart,
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy Thoughts would
Like a thrice married Widow, full of ends, (be
And void of all Compassion, and to fright thee
From such Enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen; the knowing what Love is,
Would make thee six and forty.

Viol. Would it would make me nothing; I have heard
Scholars affirm, the World's upheld by Love,
But I believe, Women maintain all this,
For there's no Love in Men.

Val. Yes, in some Men.

Viol. I know them not.

Val. Why, there is Love in me.

Viol. There's Charity I am sure towards me. (Maid,

Val. And Love; which I will now express, my pretty
I dare not bring thee home, my Wife is foul,
And therefore envious, she is very old,
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,
A Subject fit for her unlucky Vices
To work upon, she never will endure thee.

Viol. She may endure,
If she be ought but Devil, all the Friendship
That I will hold with you; can she endure
I should be thankful to you? May I pray
For you and her, will she be brought to think.
That all the honest Industry I have,
Deserves brown Bread? If this may be endur'd
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping Child,
E'er she fall out with me.

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E c

Val.

Val. But trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

Viol. How fell you in Love with such a Creature?

Val. I never lov'd her.

Viol. And yet married her?

Val. She was a rich one.

(then too.

Viol. And you swore, I warrant you, she was a fair one

Val. Or believe me, I think I had not had her.

Viol. Are you Men all such? Wou'd you wou'd wall us
Where all we Women that are innocent (in a place,
Might live together.

Val. Do not weep at this,
Although I dare not for some weighty Reason
Displease my Wife, yet I forget not thee.

Viol. What will you do with me?

Val. Thou shalt be plac'd
At my Man's House, and have such Food and Raiment
As can be bought with Mony: These white Hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,
As thou say'st they were wont, teaching the Strings
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.

Viol. I thank you, Sir, but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my Labour get me means to live.

Val. But fair one, you, I know do so much hate
A foul Ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.

Viol. I will work as much out as I can, and take as little,
That you shall have as duely paid to you
As ever Servant did.

Val. But give me now a trial on't, I may believe
We are alone, shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stolen away
From my too clamorous Wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or two with thee.

Viol. Is this the Love you mean? You would have that
Is not in me to give, you would have Lust.

Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the Word,
'Tis Lust I wish indeed.

Viol. And by my Troth I have it not, for Heav'n's sake
use me kindly.

Though

Though I be good, and shew perhaps a Monster,
As this World goes.

Val. I do

But speak to thee, thy Answers are thy own,
I compel none, but if you refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me; alas good Soul,
What profit can thy Work bring me?

Viol. But I fear, I pray go, for Lust they say, will grow
Outragious, being deny'd; I give you thanks
For all your Courtesies, and there's a Jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the Robbers, pray you leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor Innocent,
And Heav'n will bless you for it.

Val. Pretty Maid, I am no Rober, nor no Ravisher,
I pray thee keep thy Jewel, I have done
No wrong to thee; though thou beest virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.

Viol. No Sir, for God's sake, if you know an honest Man
in all these Countries, give me some directions to find him
out.

Val. More honest than my self, good sooth I do not
know; I would have lain with thee, with thy consent,
and who would not in all these Parts, is past my Memo-
ry; I am sorry for thee, farewell gentle Maid, God keep
thee safe. [Exit.]

Viol. I thank you Sir, and you;
Woman, they say, was only made of Man,
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike;
It may be all the best was cut away
To make the Woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him. I'll sit me down and weep,
All things have cast me from 'em but the Earth;
The Evening comes, and every little Flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter two Milk-maids with Pails.

Nan. Good Madge let's rest a little, by my Troth I
am weary, this new Pail is a plaguy heavy one, would

Tom were hang'd for chusing it, 'tis the untoward'st Fool in a Country.

Madge. With all my Heart, and I thank you too, *Nan*.

Viol. What true contented Happiness dwells here, More than in Cities? Wou'd to God my Father Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up To Milk, and do as they do; methinks 'Tis a Life that I wou'd chuse, if I were now To tell my time again, above a Prince's; Maids, for Charity Give a poor Wench one draught of Milk, That Weariness and Hunger have nigh famish'd.

Nan. If I had but one Cow's Milk in all the World, you should have some on't; there, drink more, the Cheese shall pay for it; alas poor Heart, she's dry.

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?

Viol. No, would I did.

Nan. *Madge*, if she does not look like my Cousin *Sue* o' th' Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another——

Madge. Nay, *Sue* has a hazle Eye, I know *Sue* well, and by your leave, not so trim a Body neither, this is a feat bodied thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces close by the Mass I warrant you, and so does *Sue* too.

Viol. I thank you for your Gentleness, fair Maids.

Nan. Drink again, pray thee.

Viol. I am satisfied, and Heav'n reward thee for't; yet thus far I will compel you to accept these trifles, Toys only that express my thanks, for greater worth I'm sure they have not in them; indeed you shall, I found 'em as I came.

Nan. *Madge*, look you here, *Madge*.

Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you, mine's all Gold, and painted, and a precious Stone in't; I warrant it cost a Crown, Wench.

Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one, that e'er I saw.

Viol. One favour you must do me more, for you are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, Sister.

Viol

Viol. Only to send me to some honest place, where I may find a Service.

Nan. Uds me, our *Dorothy* went away but last Week, and I know my Mistress wants a Maid, and why may she not be plac'd there? This is a likely Wench, I tell you truly, and a good Wench I warrant her.

Madge. And 'tis a hard case if we that have serv'd four Years apiece, cannot bring in one Servant, we will prefer her; hark you Sister, pray what's your Name?

Viol. Melvia.

Nan. A feat Name i'faith, and can you milk a Cow? And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.

Viol. I shall learn quickly,

Man. And dress a House with Flowers? And serve a Pig? This you must do, for we deal in the Dairy, and make a Bed or two?

Viol. I hope I shall.

Nan. But be sure to keep the Men out, they will mar all that you make else, I know that by my self; for I have been so touz'd among 'em in my Days; come you shall e'en home with us, and be our Fellow, our House is so honest, and we serve a very good Woman, and a Gentlewoman, and we live as merrily, and Dance a good Days after Even-song: Our Wake shall be on *Sunday*; do you know what a Wake is? We have mighty cheer then, and such a Coil, 'twould bless ye; you must not be bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madge. Let's home for God's sake, my Mistress thinks by this time we are lost; come, we'll have a care of you I warrant you; but you must tell my Mistress where you were Born, and every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things you can devise, for she loves those extremely, 'tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not so scrupulous; you must be our Sister, and love us best, and tell us every thing, and when cold Weather comes, we'll lye together; will you do this?

Viol. Yes.

Nan. Then home again o' God's Name, can you go apace?

Viol. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pedro, and Uberto, severally.

Ped. **H**OW now, any good News yet?
Sil. Faith not any yet.

Ped. This comes o' tipling; would 'twere Treason and't please God, to drink more than three Draughts at a Meal.

Sil. When did you see *Ricardo*?

Ped. I crost him twice to Day.

Sil. You have heard of a young Wench that was seen last.

Ped. Yes.

Sil. Has *Richard* heard of this?

Ped. Yes, and I think he's ridden after; farewell, I'll have another round.

Sil. If you hear any thing, pray spare no Horse-flesh, I'll do the like.

Ped. Do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ricardo, and Valerio.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you by all descriptions.

Val. 'Tis so,

I took her up indeed, the manner how
 You have heard already, and what she had about her,
 As Jewels, Gold, and other trifling things:
 And what my end was, which because she slighted,
 I left her there i' th' Fields.

Ric. Left i' th' Fields? Could any but a Rogue,
 That had despis'd Humanity and Goodness,
 Heav'n's Law and Credit, and had set himself
 To lose his noblest part, and be a Beast,
 Have left so innocent unmatch'd a Virtue
 To the rude Mercy of a Wilderness?

Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my House,
 I do not use to have such Language given
 Within my Doors to me; for your Wench,
 You may go seek her with more Patience,
 She's tame enough, I warrant you.

Ric.

Ric. Pray forgive me.

I do confess my much forgetfulness;
And weigh my Words no farther, I beseech you,
Then a mere madness, for such a Grief has seiz'd me
So strong and deadly, as a Punishment,
And a just one too,
That 'tis a general wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter; yet let me tell you thus much,
'Twas a fault for leaving her
So in the Fields.

Val. Sir, I will think so now, and credit me,
You have so wrought me with your Grief, that I
Do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a Bed this Night here,
To Morrow I'll bring you where I left her.

Ric. I thank you; now shall I be so unworthy
To think upon a Bed, or Ease, or Comfort,
And have my Heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of Friends,
And all good Comforts else, unless some Tree
Whose speechless Charity must better ours,
With which the bitter East Winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a Day? Shall she be thus,
And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid.
No, Night and bitter Coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the Dews that hang upon thy Locks,
Showers, Hails, Snows, Frosts, and two-edged Winds that
The Maiden Blossoms, I provoke you all, (prime
And dare expose this Body to your sharpness,
Till I be made a Land-mark.

Val. Will you then stay and eat with me?

Ric. You're angry with me, I know you're angry,
You would not bid me eat else; my poor Mistress,
For ought I know thou'rt famish'd, for what else
Can the Fields yield thee, and the stubborn Season,
That yet holds in the Fruit? Good gentle Sir,
Think not ill Manners in me for denying
Your offer'd Meat, for sure I cannot eat
While I do think she wants; well I'm a Rascal,

A Villain, Slave, that only was begotten
To murder Women, and of them the best.

Val. This is a strange Affliction.

If you'll accept no greater Courtesie, yet drink, Sir.

Ric. Now I am sure you hate me, and you knew
What kind of Man I am, as indeed 'tis fit
That every Man should know me to avoid me.
If you have Peace within you, Sir, or Goodnes
Name that abhor'd word Drink no more unto me,
You had safer strike me.

I pray you do not, if you love me do not.

Val. Sir, I mean no ill by it.

Ric. It may be so,

Nor let me see

None Sir, if you love Heav'n;

You know not what Offence it is unto me,

Nor good now do not ask me why:

And I warn you once again, let no Man else speak of't,
I fear your Servants will be prating to me.

Val. Why Sir, what ail you?

Ric. I hate Drink, there's the end on't,
And that Man that drinks with Meat is damn'd,
Without an age of Prayers and Repentance,
And there's a hazard too; good Sir, no more:
If you will do me a free Courtesie,
That I shall know for one, go take your Horse,
And bring me to the place where you left her.

Val. Since you are so importunate, I will;
But I will wish Sir, you had staid to Night;
Upon my Credit you shall see no Drink.

Ric. Be gone, the hearing of it makes my giddy.
Sir, will you be intreated to forbear it,
I shall be mad else.

Val. I pray no more of that, I am quiet,
I'll but walk in, and away straight.

Ric. Now I thank you,
But what you do, do in a twinkling, Sir.

Val. As soon as may be.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mother, Viola, and two Mild-maids.

Moth. Is this the Wench you have brought me? some Catch, I warrant.

How daringly she looks upon the matter?

Madge. Yes forsooth, this is the Maiden.

Moth. Come hither, wou'd you serve?

Viol. If it shall please you to accept my Service, I hope I shall do something that shall like you, though it be but Truth, and often praying for you.

Moth. You are very curious of your Hand methinks, You preserve it so with Gloves, let me see it; I marry, here's a Hand of March-pane, Wenches, This pretty Palm never knew Sorrow yet; How soft it is I warrant you, and supple: O' my word, this is fitter for a Pocket to filch withal Than to work withal; I fear me little one, You are no better than you should be; go to.

Viol. My Conscience yet is but one Witness to me, And that Heav'n knows, is of mine Innocence, 'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough, The time that I have led, yet never taught me What 'twas to break a Sleep, or to be weary.

Moth. You can say well; if you be mine, Wench, you must do well too, for words are but flow Workers, yet so much hope I have of you, that I'll take you, so you'll be diligent, and do your Duty; how now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a Messenger come from your Son, That brings you word he is return'd from Travel, And will be here this Night.

Moth. Now joy upon thee for it, thou art ever A bringer of good Tidings, there, drink that; In troth thou hast much contented me: My Son? Lord how thou hast pleas'd me, shall I see my Son Yet e'er I die? take care my House be handsome, And the new Stools set out, and Boughs and Rushes, And Flowers for the Window, and the *Turky* Carpet, And the great parcel Salt, *Nan*, with the Cruets, And prethee *Alexander* go to the Cook, And bid him spare for nothing, my Son's come home; Who's

Who's come with him ?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a Gentlewoman.

Moth. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not, but such a one there is, he says.

Moth. Pray God he have not cast away himself
Upon some Snout-fair piece, I do not like it.

Alex. No sure, my Master has more Discretion.

Moth. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome,
Sirs to your Tasks, and shew this little Novice
How to bestir her self, I'll sort out things. *[Exit.*

Madge. We will forsooth, I can tell you, my Mistress
is a stirring Woman.

Nan. Lord how she'll talk sometime? 'tis the maddest
Cricket——

Viol. Methinks she talks well, and shews a great deal
of good Huswivery, pray let me deck the Chambers,
shall I?

Nan. Yes, you shall, but do not scorn to be advis'd,
Sister, for there belongs more to that, than you are a-
ware on; why should you venture so fondly upon the
strowing? there's mighty matters in them I'll assure you,
and in the spreading of a Bough-pot, you may miss, if
you were ten Years elder, if you take not a special care
before you.

Viol. I will learn willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young Master
hath been?

Madge. Faith I know not, beyond the Sea, where
they are born without Noses.

Nan. Bless us! without Noses? how do they do for
Handkerchiefs?

Madge. So *Richard* says, and Sirrah, their Feet stand
in their Foreheads.

Nan. That's fine by my Troth, these Men have pesti-
lent running Heads then; do they speak as we do?

Madge. No, they never speak.

Nan. Are they cursend?

Madge. No, they call them Infidels, I know not what *(they are.*

Nan. Sirrah, we shall have fine courting now my
young Master is come home, were you never courted,
Sister? *Viol.*

Viol. Alas, I know it not.

Madge. What is that courting, Sirrah?

Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted Chamber, you know the Party *Madge*, faith he courted finely.

Madge. Pray thee what is't?

Nan. Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat figent with me, faith 'tis fine Sport, this courting.

Alex. within. Where be the Maids there?

Madge. We shall be hang'd anon, away good Wenches, and have a care you dight things handiome, I will look over you. [Exeunt.

Enter Mercury and Maria.

Mer. If your Sorrow will give you so far Leave, pray think your self most welcome to this Place, for so upon my Life you are, and for your own fair sake, take truce awhile with these immoderate Mournings.

Mar. I thank you, Sir, I shall do what I may; Pray lead me to a Chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Mer. Presently,
Before your blessing Mother, I intreat ye
To know this Gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The virtuous Wife of him that was my self
In all my Travels. [Kneels.

Moth. Indeed she is most welcome, so are you Son,
Now all my Blessing on thee, thou hast made me
Younger by twenty Years, than I was yesterday:
Will you walk in? what ails this Gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well, good Gentlewoman.

Mer. You fear right.

Moth. She has fasted over long,
You shall have Supper presently o'th' Board.

Mer. She will not Eat; I can assure you Mother,
For Gods sake let your Maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming Chamber,
Fit for a Woman of her Being, and
As soon as may be,
I know she's very ill, and wou'd have Rest.

Moth.

Moth. There is one ready for her, the blue Chamber.

Mer. 'Tis well, I'll lead you to your Chamber Door,
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, Mistress.

Mar. I thank you, Sir, good rest to every one,
You'll see me once again to Night, I hope? [*Exit.*

Mer. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, Lady.

Moth. Where are these Maids? attend upon the Gentlewoman, and see she want no good thing in the House: Goodnight with all my Heart forsooth. Good Lord how you are grown, is he not, *Alexander*?

Alex. Yes truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked.

Mer. An ill Weed, Mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, Sir, an ill Weed grows apace.

Mer. *Alexander* the sharp, you take very quickly.

Moth. Nay, I can tell you, *Alexander* will do it, do you read *Madcap* still?

Alex. Sometimes forsooth.

Moth. But faith Son, what Countries have you travell'd?

Mer. Why many, Mother, as they lay before me, *France, Spain, Italy* and *Germany*, and other Provinces, that I am sure you are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Moth. And can you these Tongues perfectly?

Mer. Of some a little, Mother.

Moth. Pray spout some *French*, Son.

Mer. You understand it not, and to your Ears 'twill go like an unshod Cart upon the Stones, only a rough unhandsome sound.

Moth. I would fain hear some *French*.

Alex. Good Sir, speak some *French* to my Mistress.

Mer. At your intreaty, *Alexander*, I will, who shall I speak to?

Alex. If your Worship will do me the favour, Sir, to me.

Mer. *Monsieur, Poultron, Coukew, Culliane, Besay, Man cur.*

Alex. Awe *Monsieur*.

Moth. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine indeed, God's blessing on thy Heart Son, by my troth thou art grown a proper Gentleman, cullen and pullen, good God what awkward words they use beyond the Seas? ha, ha, ha?

Alex. Did not I answer right.

Mer.

Mer. Yes, good *Alexander*, if you had done so too. But good Mother, I am very hungry, and have rid far to Day, and am fasting.

Morb. You shall have your Supper presently, my sweet Son.

Mer. As soon as you please, which once ended, I'll go and visit yon sick Gentlewoman.

Morb. Come then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antonio like a Post, with a Letter.

Ant. I have ridden like a Fury, to make up this work, and I will do it bravely, e'er I leave it; this is the House I am sure.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. Who wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Ant. Marry Sir, I would speak with a Gentlewoman, came this Night late here from the City, I have some Letters of Importance to her; I am a Post, Sir, and would be dispatch'd in haste.

Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em? for the truth is, she's ill, and in her Chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me, I must needs speak with her, my Business is so weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.

Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her; pray God the Grief of my imagined Death spoil not what I intend, I hope it will not.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble, Yet if your Business be so urgent, you may come up and speak with her.

Ant. I thank you Sir, I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What should this fellow be i'th' Name of Heaven, that comes with such post Business? sure my Husband hath reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me. Are you the Post, my Friend?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Yes, forsooth Mistress.

Mar. What good News hast thou brought me, gentle Post?

For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant.

Ant. I would you had less, Mistress, I could wish it, beshrew my Heart she moves me cruelly.

Mar. Have I found you once more, Jugler? well Jewel, thou hast only Virtue in thee, of all I read of yet; what Ears has this Ass to betray him with? well, what's your Business then?

Ant. I have brought a Letter from your Servant, Mistress, in haste.

Mar. Pray give it me, I hope the best still.

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it, Well, if the Spirits of the dead do walk, I shall Hear more of this one hundred Years hence.

By any means you must have special care, for now the City is possess'd for certain, my Master is made away, which for ought I know is truth indeed; good Mistress leave your Grief, and see your Danger, and let that wife and noble Gentleman with whom you are, be your right hand in all things.

Now do I know I have the better on't, by the languishing of her Eye at this near instant, 'tis still simming in her Blood, in coining somewhat to turn *Mercury*, I know it.

Mar. He is my Husbaud, and 'tis reasonable he should command in all things, since he will be an Ass against the Hair, at his own Peril be it, in the Morn you shall have a Pacquet, till when I must intreat you stay, you shall not lose by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, Mistress; I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Mar. Do, and seek out the Gentleman of the House, bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who, Mr. *Mercury*?

Mar. Do you know him, Post?

Ant. Only by sight forsooth, now I remember your Servant will'd me to let you know he is the only Man, you and your Fortunes are now to rest upon.

Mar. Prethee no more, I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now, I am made for ever. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Good Night, I am provided for you, my fine Youth. [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Mother, beating Viola and Alexander with a broken Glass.

Moth. I'll make thee have more care.

Viol. Good Mistress pardon me.

Moth. Thou'lt ne'er be good I warrant thee, can your fine Fingers hold no faster?

Viol. Indeed it was against my will.

Moth. *Alexander*, let's see the Glass, as I am true kirsome Woman, it is one of the chrystal Glasses my Cousin sent me, and the Baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended; *Alexander*, can *Humphrey* mend this, think you?

Alex. No truly, this will ne'er be mended.

Viol. Truly I meant but to wash it for the Gentlewoman that is sick above, and shaking out the Water, knockt it against the Pail side.

Moth. Did you so? be sure I'll stop it, 'twill make a good gap in your Quarter's Wages, I can tell you.

Viol. I pray forgive me, and let me have no Wages this first Quarter.

Moth. Go whimling, and fetch two or three grating Loaves out of the Kitching, to make Ginger-bread of, 'tis such an untoward thing. [*Exit Viola.*]

Alex. She's somewhat simple indeed, she knew not what a Kimnel was, she wants good Nurture mightily.

Moth. My Son tells me, *Alexander*, that this young Widow means to sojourn here, she offers largely for her Board, I may offer her good Cheer, prethee make a step i'th' Morning down to the Parsonage for some Pigeons? what are you mad there? What Noise is that? are you at Bowls within? why do you whine?

Enter Viola weeping.

Viol. I have done another fault, I beseech you sweet Mistress forgive me.

Moth. What's the matter?

Viol. As I was reaching for the Bread that lay upon the Shelf, I have thrown down the minc'd Meat, that should have made the Pies to Morrow.

Moth. Get thee out of my House, thou filthy destroying Harlot, thou, I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

Viol.

Viol. Good Mistress, beat me rather for my fault, as much as it deserves, I do not know whither to go.

Morb. No I warrant thee, out of my Doors.

Viol. Indeed I'll mend, I pray speak you for me.

Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but the Pie-meat, I would have spoke for thee, but I cannot find in my Heart now.

Morb. Art thou here yet? I think I must have an Officer to thrust thee out of my Doors, must I?

Viol. Why, you may stop this in my Wages too, For God's sake do, I'll find my self this Year; And let me stay. (thee out of my Doors.

Mer. Thou't spoil ten times as much, I'll Cudgel

Viol. I am assur'd you are more merciful, Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

Morb. Dost thou dispute with me? *Alexander*, carry the prating Hilding forth.

Viol. Good Mistress hear me, I have here a Jewel My Mother left me, and 'tis something worth: Receive it, and when all my faults together Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth, Till then I pray you keep me.

Morb. What Giggombob have we here? pray God you have not pilfred this somewhere; th'art such a pulling thing, wipe your Eyes, and rise, go your ways; *Alexander*, bid the Cook mince some more Meat, come, and get you to Bed quickly, that you may up betime i'th' Morning a milking, or you and I shall fall out worse yet.

[*Ex. Morb. and Alex.*

Viol. She has hurt my Arm; I am afraid she is a very angry Woman, but bless him Heav'n that did me the most wrong, I am afraid *Antonio's* Wife should see me, she will know me.

Morb. within. Melvia.

Viol. I am coming, she's not angry again I hope. [*Exit.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Now what am I the better for enjoying This Woman that I lov'd so? all I find, That I before imagined to be happy: Now I have done, it turns to nothing else But a poor, pitied, and a base Repentance.

Uds-

Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with my self:
 Why should a Man, that has Discourse and Reason,
 And knows how near he loses all in these things,
 Covet to have his Wishes satisfied;
 Which when they are, are nothing but the shame.
 I do begin to loath this Woman strangely,
 And I think justly too, that durst adventure,
 Flinging away her Modesty, to take
 A Stranger to her Bed, her Husband's Body
 Being scarce cold in the Earth, for her content
 It was no more to take my Senses with,
 Than if I had an idle Dream in Sleep:
 Yet I have made her Promises, which grieves me,
 And I must keep 'em too, I think she hunts me:
 The Devil cannot keep these Women off,
 When they are fletcherd once.

Enter Maria in Night Attire.

Mar. To Bed for God's sake Sir, why do you stay here?
 Some are up i' th' House, I heard the Wife,
 Good dear Sweet-heart to Bed.

Mer. Why, I am going: Why do you follow me?
 You would not have it known I hope, pray get you
 Back to your Chamber, the Door's hard by for me,
 Let me alone: I warrant you this it is
 To thresh well, I have got a Customer,
 Will you go to Bed?

Mar. Will you?

Mer. Yes, I am going.

Mar. Then remember your Promise you made to
 marry me.

Mer. I will, but it is your fault, that it came
 To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
 For out of Honesty I offer'd you
 To marry you first, why did you slack that Offer?

Mar. Alas I told you the inconvenience of it,
 And what wrong it would appear to the World,
 If I had married in such Post-haste
 After his Death: Beside, the foolish People
 Wou'd have been bold to have thought we had lain toge-
 ther in his time, and like enough imagin'd

We two had murther'd him.

Mer. I love her Tongue yet,
If I were a Saint,
A gilded Saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my Holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o' th' Kalender,
And if I stay longer talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I shall forget my self again;
I feel the Devil
Ready to hold my Stirrop; pray to Bed, good Night.

Wife. This Kiss, good Night sweet Love,
And Peace go with thee, thou hast prov'd thy self
The honestest Man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet Sin as People please to call it,
Of lying with another's Wife; and I,
I think the honestest Woman without blushing,
That ever lay with another Man. I sent my Husband
Into a Cellar, Post, fearing, and justly,
He should have known him, which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.
Well, now this Plot is perfect, let him brag on't.

[Exit

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Justice and Curio with a Paper.

Just. Birlady Sir, you have rid hard that you have.
Cur. They that have Business, must do so,
take it.

Just. You say true, when set you out, my Friend?

Cur. About ten a Clock, and I have rid all Night.

Just. By the Mass you are tough indeed, I have seen th
Days I would have rid too with the proudest of them, an
fling dirt in their Faces, and I have don't with this foolish
Boy, Sir, many a time; but what can last always? T
don't

done, 'tis done now, Sir, Age, Care, and Office, bring us to our Footcloaths, the more the pity.

Cur. I believe that, Sir, but will it please you to read the Business?

Just. My Friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

Cur. Would I could too Sir, for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it, do you say?

Cur. Sir, from the City.

Just. Oh from the City, 'tis a reverend Place.

Cur. And his Justice be as short as his Memory, A Dudgeon Dagger will serve him to mow down Sin What clod-pole Commissioner is this? (withal;

Just. And by my Faith, govern'd by worthy Members, Discreet and upright.

Cur. Sir, they are beholding to you, you have given some of them a Commendation, they were not worthy of this twenty Years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning, I have found you Sir, i'faith, you are a Wag, away, fie now I'll read your Letter.

Cur. Pray do Sir; what a misery 'tis To have an urgent Business wait the Justice Of such an old Tuff-taffata that knows not, Nor can be brought to understand more Sense, Than how to restore suppress Ale-houses, And have his Man compound small Trespasses, For ten Groats.

Just. Sir, it seems here your business is of a deeper Circumstance than I conceiv'd it for; what do you mean, Sir?

Cur. 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your Worship.

Just. It shall not be i'faith Friend, here I have it, That one *Antonio* a Gentleman, I take it so, Yes, it is so, a Gentleman is lately thought to Have been made away, and by my Faith, upon a Pearls Ground too, if you consider; well, there's Knavery in't, I see that without Spectacles.

Cur. Sure this Fellow deals in Revelation, he's so hidden, Go thy ways, thou wilt stick a Bench Spit as formally, And shew thy Agot, and hatch'd Chain, As well as the best of them.

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Cur. What, Sir?

Just. That he was murdered.

Cur. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Cur. Nor how it is suppos'd.

Just. No, nor I care not two-pence, those are Toys, and yet I verily believe he was murdered, as sure as I believe thou art a Man, I never fail'd in these things yet, were a Man that's beaten to these matters, Experience is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not: Pray let me ask you one thing, why do you come to me?

Cur. Because the Letter is addrest to you, being the nearest Justice.

Just. The nearest? Is that all?

Cur. I think it be Sir, I would be loth you should be the wisest.

Just. Well Sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it; yet if it had come to me by Name, I know not, but I think it had been as soon dispatch'd as by another, and with as round a Wisdom, ay, and as happily, but that's all one: I have born this Place this thirty Years, and upwards, and with sufficient Credit, and they may when they please know me better; to the nearest? Well.

Cur. Sir, it is not my fault, for had I known you sooner——

Just. I thank you Sir, I know it.

Cur. I'll be sworn you should have plaid for any business now.

Just. And further, they have specified unto me, his Wife is sorely suspected in this matter, as a main Cause.

Cur. I think she be Sir, for no other Cause can be yet found.

Just. And one *Mercury* a Traveller, with whom they say directly she is run away, and as they think this way.

Cur. I knew all this before.

Just. Well Sir, this *Mercury* I know, and his breeding, a Neighbour's Child hard by; you have been happy, Sir, in coming hither.

Cur.

Cur. Then you know where to have him, Sir?

Just. I do Sir, he dwells near me.

Cur. I doubt your Worship dwells near a Knave then.

Just. I think so, pray put on: But 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless People are now given,
And how base Virtue is accounted with them
That should be all in all, as says a wise Man.

I tell you Sir, and it is true, that there have been such
Murthers, and of late Days, as 'twould make your very
Heart bleed in you, and some of them as I shall be enabled,
I will tell you, it fell out of late Days.

Cur. It may be so, but will it please you to proceed
in this?

Just. An honest Weaver, and as good a Workman as
e'er shot Shuttle, and as close, but every Man must die; this
honest Weaver being a little mellow in his Ale, that was
the Evidence *verbatim*, Sir, God bless the Mark, sprung
his Neck just in this place; well *Jarvis*, thou hadst
Wrongs, and if I live some of the best shall sweat for t;
then a Wench——

Cur. But Sir, you have forgot my Business.

Just. A sober pretty Maid about seventeen they say,
certainly, however 'tis shuffled, she burst her self, and
fondly, if it be so, with Fumety at a Churching, but I
think the Devil had another Agent in't; either of which,
if I can catch, shall stretch for't.

Cur. This is a mad Justice that will hang the Devil;
but I would you would be short in this, before that other
Notice can be given.

Just. Sir, I will do discreetly what is fitting; what,
Antonio?

Ant. within. Your Worship.

Just. Put on your best Coat, and let your Fellow *Mark*
go to the Constable, and bid him aid me with all the
speed he can, and all the Power, and provide Pen and
Ink to take their Confessions, and my long Sword: I
cannot tell what Danger we may meet with; you'll go
with us?

Cur. Yes, what else? I came to that end to accuse both
Parties.

Just. May I crave what you are?

Cur. Faith Sir, one that to be known would not profit you, more than a near Kinsman of the dead *Antonio's*.

Just. 'Tis well, I am sorry for my Neighbour, truly that he had no more grace, 'twill kill his Mother; she's a good old Woman, will you walk in? I'll but put my Cloak on, and my Chain off, and a clean Band, and have my Shoes blackt over, and shift my Jerkin, and we'll to our business, and you shall see how I can bolt these matters.

Cur. As soon as't please you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Valerio, and Ricardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the Maid Alone last Night, drying her tender Eyes, Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we Men, That take the name of Civil to our selves? If she had set her Foot upon an Earth Where People live that we call barbarous; Though they had had no House to bring her to, They would have spoil'd the Glory that the Spring Has deckt the Trees in, and with willing Hands Have torn their Branches down, and every Man Would have become a Builder for her sake. What time left you her there?

Val. I left her, when the Sun had so much to set, As he is now got from his place of rise.

Ric. So near the Night she could not wander far; Fair *Viola!*

Val. It is in vain to call, she sought a House Without all question.

Ric. Peace, fair *Viola!*

Fair *Viola!* Who would have left her here On such a Ground? If you had meant to lose her, You might have found there were no Ecchoes here To take her Name, and carry it about, When her true Lover came to Mourn for her, Till all the neighbouring Valleys and the Hills, Resounded *Viola*,
And such a Place

You

You should have chose——

You pity us because

The Dew a little wets our Feet,

Unworthy far to seek her in the wet;

And what becomes of her? where wandred she,

With two showers raining on her, from her Eyes

Continually, abundantly, from which

There's neither Tree nor House to shelter her?

Will you go with me to Travel?

Val. Whither?

Ric. Over all the World.

Val. Noby my Faith, I'll make a shorter Journey
When I do travel.

Ric. But there's no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Ric. It is to search the Earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of Men,
As wicked as our selves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard to find out those.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better, for what brave Villany
Might we four do? We would not keep together,
For every one has Treachery enough
Fortwenty Countries; one should trouble *Asia*,
Another should sow strife in *Africa*;
But you should play the Knave, at home in *Europe*,
And for *America* let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honefter,
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find my self aright.

Ric. If you had any spark of Honesty,
You would not think that honefter than I,
Were a Praise high enough to serve your turn:
If Men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in Kalenders for Saints;
And Bones of Murderers would work Miracles.
I am a kind of Knave, of Knave so much
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else——
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter two Milk-maids and Viola with Pails.

Val. That last is she, 'tis she.

Ric. Let us away, we shall infect her, let her have the Wind,

And we will kneel down here.

Viol. Wenches away, for here are Men

Val. Fair Maid, I pray you stay.

Viol. Alas, again? (her go.

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her? I pray heartily let

Val. with all my Heart, I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away then, for the purest Bodies

Will soonest take Infection, stand away,

But for infecting her my self, by Heav'n,

I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viol. I know that Voice and Face.

Val. You are finely mad, goodbwy Sir, now you are here together, I'll leave you so, God send you good luck, both, when you are soberer, you'll give me thanks. [Exit.

Madge. Wilt thou go Milk? Come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madge. She nods; she's asleep.

Nan. What, wert up so early?

Madge. I think yon Man's mad to kneel there, nay come come away, uds Body, *Nan*, help, she looks black i' th' Face, she's in a sound. (nan.

Nan. And you be a Man, come hither, and help a Wo-

Ric. Come hither? You are a Fool.

Nan. And you a Knave and a Beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither, 'twas my being now so near That made her swoond, and you are wicked People, Or you wou'd do so too; my Venom Eyes Strike Innocency dead at such a distance, Here I'll kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou'rt a prating Ass, there's no Goodness in thee, I warrant, how dost thou?

Vio. Why? Well.

Madge. Art thou able to go?

Viol. No, pray go you and milk, if I be able to come I'll follow you, if not, I'll sit here Till you come back.

Nan.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild Fool.

Viol. I know him well, I warrant thee he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, *Nan.*

[*Exeunt Maids.*]

Ric. How do you? be not fearful, for I hold my Hands Before my Mouth, and speak, and so My Breath can never blast you.

Viol. 'Twas enough to use me ill, though you had never sought me to mock me, why kneel you so far off, were not that Gesture better us'd in Prayer? had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep, till Heav'n and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock, nor lives there such a Villain That can do any thing contemptible To you; but I do kneel, because it is An Action very fit and reverent, In presence of so pure a Creature, And so far off, as fearful to offend One too much wrong'd already.

Viol. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come So far as hither, to ask Pardon for't; Which I could willingly afford to come To you, to grant; good Sir, if you have A better Love, may you be blest together, She shall not wish you better than I will. I but offend you, there are all the Jewels I stole, and all the Love I ever had, I leave behind with you, I'll carry none To give another; may the next Maid you try Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I.

Ric. Do not leave me yet for all my fault, Search out the next things to impossible, And put me on them, when they are effected, I may with better Modesty receive Forgiveness from you.

Viol. I will set no Penance, To gain the great Forgiveness you desire, But to come hither and take me and it; Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant, That you will be content to be forgiven.

Ric.

Ric. Nay, I will come since you'll have it so,
 And since you please to pardon me I hope
 Free from Infection, here I am by you;
 A careless Man, a breaker of my Faith,
 A lothsome Drunkard; and in that wild Fury,
 A hunter after Whores; I do beseech you,
 To pardon all these Faults, and take me up
 An honest, sober, and a faithful Man.

Viol. For Heav'n's sake, urge your Faults no more,
 All the Forgiveness I can make you, is, (but mend;
 To love you, which I will do, and desire
 Nothing but Love again, which if I have not
 Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh Women, that some one of you will take
 An everlasting Pen into your Hands,
 And grave in Paper, which the writ shall make
 More lasting than the marble Monuments,
 Your matchless Virtues to Posterities;
 Which the defective race of envious Man
 Strive to conceal.

Viol. Methinks I would not now for any thing,
 But you had mist me, I have made a story
 Will serve to waste many a Winter's fire,
 When we are old, I'll tell my Daughters then,
 The Miseries their Mother had in love;
 And say, my Girls be wiser, yet I would not
 Have had more Wit my self. Take up those Jewels,
 For I think I hear my Fellows coming.

Enter the Milk-maids with their Pails.

Madge. How dost thou now? (home?

Viol. Why, very well I thank you, 'tis late, shall I haste

Nan. I prethee we shall be shent soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing Man go with us?

Viol. I prethee speak well of him, on my word
 He's an honest Man.

Nan. There was never any so on's Complexion, a
 Gentleman?

I'd be asham'd to have such a foul Mouth. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and his Man Rowland.

Moth. How now *Alexander*, what Gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed forsooth I know not, I found him at the Market full of woe, crying a lost Daughter, and telling all her Tokens to the People, and what you wot? by all Subscription in the World, it should be our new Maid *Melvia*, one would little think it, therefore I was bold to tell him of her, Mistress.

Moth. *Melvia*? It cannot be, Fool, alas you know she is a poor Wench, and I took her in upon mere Charity.

And. So seem'd my Daughter when she went away, as she had made her self.

Moth. What Stature was your Child of, Sir?

And. Not high, and of a brown Complexion, Her Hair aborn, a round Face, which some Friends that flattered me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still *Melvia*, Mistress, that's the Truth on't.

Moth. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our Town, for a Hand and a Foot, I shall never see thy Fellow.

Moth. But had she not such Toys, as Bracelets, Rings, and Jewels?

And. She was something bold indeed, to take such things that Night she left me.

Moth. Then belike she run away?

And. Though she be one I love, I dare not lye, she did indeed.

Moth. What think you of this Jewel?

And. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine, you have made me a new Man, I thank you for it.

Moth. Nay, and she be given to filching, there is your Jewel, I am clear on't; but by your leave, Sir, you shall answer me for what is lost since she came hither, I can tell you, there lye things scattering in every Place about the House.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst old Gentlewoman to my Mistress, and the most malicious, the Devil a good word will she give a Servant, that's her old

old Rule; and God be thanked, they'll give her as few, there is perfect love on both Sides, it yearns my Heart to see the Wench misconstrued, a careful Soul she is, I'll be sworn for her, and when she's gone, let them say what they will, they may cast their Caps at such another.

And. What you have lost by her, with all my Heart I'll see you double paid for; you have sav'd, With your kind Pity, two that must not live Unless it be to thank you; take this Jewel, This strikes off none of her Offences, Mistress, Would I might see her.

Moth. *Alexander*, run, and bid her make haste home, she's at the milking Close; but tell her not by any means who's here, I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have a Posset yet at parting, that's my Comfort, and one round, or else I'll lose my Will. [*Exit.*]

And. You shall find *Silvio*, *Uberto* and *Pedro* enquiring for the Wench at the next Town, tell them she is found, and where I am, and with the favour of this Gentlewoman, desire them to come hither.

Moth. I pray do, they shall be all welcome. *Exit Ser.*

Enter Justice, Curio, and Mark.

Just. By your leave Forsooth, you shall see me find the Parties by a slight.

Moth. Who's that, Mr. Justice? how do you, Sir?

Just. Why, very well, and busie, where's your Son?

Moth. He's within, Sir.

Just. Hum, and how does the young Woman my Cousin, that came down with him.

Moth. She's above, as a Woman in her case may be.

Just. You have confest it? then Sirrah call in the Officers; she's no Cousin of mine; a mere trick to discover all.

Moth. To discover? what?

Enter Mark and Officers.

Just. You shall know that anon; I think I have overreached you; oh welcome, enter the House, and by Vertue of my Warrant which you have there, seize upon the Bodily Persons of those Names are there written, to Wit, one *Mercury*, and the Wife of one *Antonio*.

Moth.

Moth. For what?

Just. Away I say,

This Gentleman shall certifie you for what. [*Ex. Officer.*

Moth. He can accuse my Son of nothing, he came from Travel but within these two Days?

Just. There hangs a Tale.

Moth. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time, but especially now, Sir; will you favour me so much, as to let me know of what you accuse him?

Cur. Upon Suspicion of Murther.

Moth. Murther? I defie thee.

Cur. I pray God he may prove himself innocent.

Just. Fie, say not so, you shew your self to be no good Common-wealths Man; for the more are hang'd, the better 'tis for the Common-wealth.

Moth. By this Rule you were best hang your self.

Just. I forgive your honest Mirth ever: Oh welcome, welcome *Mark*.

Enter Mark and Officers, with Mercury and Maria.

Your Pen, Ink, and Paper, to take their Examinations.

Mer. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand, let them stand quietly, whilst they are examin'd.

Mar. What will you examine us of?

Just. Of *Antonio's* Murther.

Mer. Why, he was my Friend.

Mar. He was my Husband.

Just. The more shame for you both; *Mark*, your Pen and Ink.

Moth. Pray God all be well, I never knew any of these Travellers come to good; I beseech you, Sir, be favourable to my Son.

Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content, I would it were come to that?

Mer. For God's sake Mother, why kneel you to such a Pig-brib'd fellow? he has surfeited of Geese, and they have put him into a fit of Justice, let him do his worst.

Just. Is your Paper ready?

Mark. I am ready, Sir.

Enter

Enter Antonio.

Just. Accuse them, Sir, I command thee to lay down Accusations against these Persons, in behalf of the State, and first look upon the Parties to be accus'd, and deliver your Name

Cur. My Name is *Curio*, my murdered Kinsman, If he were living now, I should not know him, 'Tis so long since we saw one another.

Ant. My Cousin *Curio*?

Cur. But thus much from the Mouths of his Servants, and others, whose Examinations I have in writing about me, I can accuse them of; this *Mercury*, the last Night, but this last, lay in *Antonio's* House, and in the Night he rose, raising *Antonio*, where privately they were in talk an Hour, to what end I know not; but of likelihood, finding *Antonio's* House not a fit Place to murder him in, he suffered him to go to Bed again, but in the Morning early he train'd him I think forth, after which time he never saw his home; his Cloaths were found near the Place where *Mercury* was, and the People at first denyed they saw him; but at last he made a frivolous Tale, that there he shifted him into a Footman's Habit; but in short, the next hour this Woman went to *Mercury* and in her Coach they posted hither; true Accusations, I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more? we need no more: Sirrah, be drawing their Mittimus before we hear their Answer. What say you, Sir? are you guilty of this Murther?

Mer. No, Sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess, it will be the better for you.

Mer. If I were guilty, your Rhetorick could not fetch it forth; but though I am innocent, I confess, that if I were a Stander-by, these Circumstances urg'd, which are true, would make me doubtless believe the accused Parties to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a Stander-by, for so you see he is, doth doubtlessly believe the accused Parties, which is himself, to be guilty.

Mer.

Mer. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down I say, we'll try that.

Mer. I care not what you write, pray God you did not kill him for my Love, though I am free from this, we both deserve——

Mar. Govern your Tongue I pray you, all is well, my Husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper, sever them quickly I say, Officers, why do you let them prompt one another? Gentlewoman, what say you to this, are not you guilty?

Mar. No, as I hope for Mercy.

Just. But are not those Circumstances true, that this Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?

Mar. They are, and what you do with me, I care not, Since he is dead, in whom was all my care: You knew him not.

Just. No, an't been better for you too, and you had never been known him.

Mar. Why then you did not know the Worlds chief Joy, His face so Manly as it had been made To fright the World, yet he so sweetly temper'd, That he would make himself a natural Fool, To do a noble kindness for a Friend. He was a Man whose Name I'll not out-live, Longer than Heav'n, whose Will must be obey'd, Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit thy Kindness.

Just. Before me, she has made the Tears stand in mine Eyes, but I must be austere: Gentlewoman, you must confess this Murder.

Mar. I cannot, Sir, I did it not, but I desire to see those Examinations which this Gentleman acknowledges to have about him, for but late last Night I receiv'd Letters from the City, yet I heard of no Confession, then.

Just. You shall see them time enough I warrant you, but Letters you say you had, where are those Letters?

Mar. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone? whither are they gone? How have you dispos'd of 'em?

Mar.

Mar. Why, Sir, they are for Womens matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?

Mar. A Man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em?

Mar. A Post.

Just. A Post? there is some great haste sure, aha, where is that Post?

Mar. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so? bring hither that Post, I am afraid that Post will prove a Knave; come hither Post, what? what can you say concerning the Murder of *Antonio*?

Ant. What's that to you?

Just. Oh Post, you have no Answer ready, have you? I'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have, you examine an honest Gentleman and Gentlewoman here, 'tis pity such Fools as you should be i'th' Commission.

Just. Say you so Post, take away that Post, whip him and bring him again quickly, I'll hamper you Post.

Mer. 'Tis *Antonio*, I know him now as well; what an irregular Fool is this?

Ant. Whip me? hold off.

Mar. Oh good Sir, whip him, by his murmuring he should know something of my Husband's Death, that may quit me; for God's sake fetch't out.

Just. Whip him I say.

Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?

Mar. Oh my lov'd Husband.

Mer. My most worthy Friend? where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for Joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now, and shall not Law then have her Course?

And. It shall have no other Course than it has, I think.

Just. It shall have other Course before I go, or I'll beat my Brains, and I say it was not honestly done of him to discover himself, before the Parties accus'd were executed,

executed, that Law might have had her Course, for then the Kingdom flourishes.

Ant. But such a Wife as thou, had never any Man, and such a Friend as he, believe me Wife, shall never be; good Wife, love my Friend, Friend love my Wife, hark Friend.

Just. Mark, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear the Peace of somebody.

Mark. Yes, Sir.

Ant. By my Troth I am sorry my Wife is so obstinate, sooth, if I could yet do thee any good, I wou'd, faith I wou'd.

Mer. I thank you Sir, I have lost that Passion.

Ant. Cousin *Curio*, you and I must be better acquainted.

Cur. It is my Wish, Sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since we saw, we were but Children then, but you have shew'd your self an honest Man to me.

Cur. I would be ever so.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Morb. Look you, who's there?

Ant. Say nothing to me, for thy Peace is made.

Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that you are her Father, you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a Wrong,
But love where you have most Injury.

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this Year; there's a Tinker and a Whore yet, the Cryer said, that Robb'd her, and are in Prison, I hope they shall be hang'd.

Ant. No, truly Sir, they have broke Prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter, then the Jaylor shall be hang'd.

Ant. You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir, 'twas known to be against his Will, and he hath got his Pardon, I think for nothing, but if it doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. Mark, up with your Papers, away.

Mer. Oh you shall stay Dinner, I have a Couple of brawling Neighbours, that I'll assure you will not agree, and you shall have the hearing of their Matter.

Just. With all my Heart.

Mer. Go, Gentlemen, go in.

Ric. Oh *Viola*, that no succeeding Age
Might lose the Memory of what thou wert;
But such an overswayed Sex is yours,
That all the virtuous Actions you can do,
Are but as Men will call them; and I swear,
'Tis my Belief, that Women want but ways
To praise their Deeds, but Men want Deeds to praise.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

TIS ended, but my Hopes and Fears begin,
Nor can it be imputed as a Sin
In me to wish it Favour; if this Night
To the Judicious it hath giv'n Delight,
I have my Ends; and may such, for their Grace
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every Place.



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The Sea Voyage

vol. 6. p.

THE
SEA-VOYAGE.

A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Albert *a French Pirate, in Love with Aminta.*
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry Gentleman, Friend to*
Albert.
Master of the Ship, an honest merry Man.
Lamure, *an Usuring Merchant.*
Franville, *a Vain-glorious Gallant.*
Morillat, *a shallow-brain'd Gentleman.*
Boatswain, an honest Man.
Sebastian, *a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to*
Rosellia.
Nicusa, *Nephew to Sebastian; both cast upon a Desert*
Island.
Raimond, *Brother to Aminta.*
Surgeon.
Sailors.

W O M E N.

Aminta, *Mistress to Albert, a noble French Virgin.*
Rosellia, *Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*
Clarinda, *Daughter to Rosellia, in Love with Albert.*
Hippolita, } *Three Ladies, Members of the Female Com-*
Crocale, } *mon-wealth.*
Juletta, }

The SCENE, First at Sea, then in the
Desart Islands.

THE



T H E
S E A - V O Y A G E .

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Master and two Sailors:

M A S T E R .



A Y her aloof, the Sea grows dangerous,
How it spits against the Clouds, how it
capers,

And how the fiery Element frights it back:
There be Devils dancing in the Air I think;
I saw a *Dolphin* hang i'th' Horns o'th' Moon

Shot from a Wave; hey day, hey day,

How she kicks and yerks?

Down with the Main Mast, lay her at Hull,

Farle up all her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

1 Sail. She'll never brook it, Master;

She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.

Mast. Hang her.

Can she not buffet with a Storm a little?

How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.

2 Sail. We have discover'd the Land, Sir,

Pray let's make in; she's so Drunk else,

She may chance to cast up all her Lading.

1 Sail. Stand in, stand in, we are all lost else, lost
and perish'd.

Mast. Steer her a Star-board there.

2 Sail. Bear in with all the Sail we can, see Master See, what a clap of Thunder there is,
What a face of Heav'n, how dreadfully it looks?

Mast. Thou Rascal, thou fearful Rogue, thou hast been I see't in thy Face, thou hast been mumbling, (Praying; When we are split, you Slave; is this a time, To discourage our Friends with your cold Orizons? Call up the Boatswain; how it storms; holla.

Boatsf. What shall we do, Master?
Cast over all her Lading? She will not swim An hour else.

Enter Albert, Franville, Lamure, Tibalt du Pont,
and Morillat.

Mast. The Storm is loud,
We cannot hear one another;
What's the Coast?

Boatsf. We know not ye, shall we make in?

Alb. What comfort, Sailors?
I never saw, since I have known the Sea,
(Which has been this twenty Years) so rude a Tempest:
In what State are we?

Mast. Dangerous enough Captain,
We have sprung five Leaks, and no little ones;
Still rage; besides, her Ribs are open,
Her Rudder almost spent; prepare your selves,
And have good Courages, Death comes but once,
And let him come in all his Frights.

Alb. Is't not possible,
To make in to th' Land? 'Tis here before us.

Mor. Here hard by, Sir.

Mast. Death is nearer, Gentlemen.
Yet do not cry, let's die like Men.

Tib. Shall's hoise the Boat out,
And go all at one cast? The more the merrier.

Enter Aminta.

Mast. You are too hasty Monsieur,
Do ye long to be i' th' Fish-market before your time?
Hold her up there.

Amin. Oh miserable Fortune,
Nothing but Horror sounding in mine Ears,

No minute to promise to my frightened Soul,

Tib. Peace Woman,

We ha' Storms enough already; no more howling.

Amin. Gentle Master.

Mast. Clap this Woman under Hatches.

Alb. Prethee speak mildly to her.

Amin. Can no help?

Mast. None, that I know.

Amin. No Promise from your Goodness.

Mast. Am I a God? For Heav'n's sake stow this Wo-

Tib. Go, take your gilt Prayer-Book, (man;
And to your Business; wink and die,
There's an old Haddock stays for ye.

Amin. Must I die here in all the Frights and Terrors,
The thousand several Shapes Death triumphs in?
No Friend to counsel me?

Alb. Have Peace, sweet Mistress.

Amin. No Kindreds Tears upon me? Oh! My Country?
No gentle Hand to close mine Eyes?

Alb. Be comforted, Heav'n has the same
Power still, and the same Mercy.

Amin. Oh, that Wave will devour me.

Mast. Carry her down, Captain,
Or by these Hands I'll give no more direction,
Let the Ship sink or swim; we ha ne'er better luck,
When we ha' such stowage as these Trinkets with us;
These sweet Sin-breeders, how can Heav'n smile on us,
When such a burthen of Iniquity
Lies tumbling like a Potion in our Ship's Belly? [Exit.

Tib. Away with her, and if she have a Prayer,
That's fit for such an Hour, let her say't quickly,
And seriously. [Exit.

Alb. Come, I see it clear, Lady, come in,
And take some comfort. I'll stay with ye.

Amin. Where should I stay? To what end should I hope,
Am not I circled round with Misery?
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me:
Oh Monsieur *Albert*, how am I bound to curse ye,
If Curses could redeem me? How to hate ye?
You forc'd me from my quiet, from my Friends;

Even from their Arms, that were as dear to me,
 As Day-light is, or Comfort to the wretched;
 You forc'd my Friends from their peaceful Rest,
 Some your relentless Sword gave their last Groans;
 Would I had there been numbred,
 And to Fortune's never satisfied Afflictions
 Ye turn'd my Brother; and those few Friends I'd left,
 Like desperate Creatures, to their own Fears
 And the World's stubborn Pities: Oh merciless!

Alb. Sweet Mistress.

Amin. And whither they are wandring to avoid ye,
 Or whether dead, and no kind Earth to cover 'em;
 Was this a Lover's Part? But Heav'n has found ye,
 And in his loudest Voice, his Voice of Thunder,
 And in the Mutiny of his deep Wonders,
 He tells ye now, ye weep too late.

Alb. Let these Tears tell how I honour ye;
 Ye know, dear Lady, since ye are mine,
 How truly I have lov'd ye, how sanctimoniously
 Observ'd your Honour; not one lascivious Word,
 Not one touch, Lady; no, not a hope that might not render
 The unpolluted Servant of your Chastity; (me
 For you I put to Sea, to seek your Brother,
 Your Captain, yet your Slave, that his Redemption,
 If he be living, where the Sun has Circuit,
 May expiate your Rigour, and my Rashness.

Amin. The Storm grows greater, what shall we do?

Alb. Let's in,

And ask Heav'n's Mercy; my strong Mind yet presages,
 Through all these Dangers, we shall see a Day yet
 Shall crown your pious Hopes, and my fair Wishes. [*Exit.*

Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain.

Mastr. It must all over-board,

Boatsf. It clears to Sea-ward Master,
 Fling o'er the Lading there, and let's lighten her;
 All the Meat, and the Cakes, we are all gone else;
 That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up;
 Yet save some little Bisket for the Lady,
 Till we come to the Land.

Lam.

Lam. Must my Goods over too ?
 Why honest Master, here lies all my Mony ;
 The Mony I ha' wrackt by Usury,
 To buy new Lands and Lordships in new Countries,
 'Cause I was banish'd from mine own,
 I ha' been this twenty Years a raising it.

Tib. Out with it :
 The Devils are got together by the Ears, who shall have
 And here they quarrel in the Clouds. (it;

Lam. I am undone, Sir.

Tib. And be undone, 'tis better than we.

Lam. Oh save one Chest of Plate.

Tib. Away with it lustily, Sailors ;
 It was some Pawn that he has got unjustly ;
 Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't ;

Mast. Over with the Trunks too.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Take mine, and spare not.

Mast. We must over with all.

Fran. Will ye throw away my Lordship,
 That I sold, put it into Cloaths and Necessaries,
 To go to Sea with ?

Tib. Over with it ; I love to see a Lordship sink ;
 Sir, you left no Wood upon't, to Buoy it up ;
 You might ha' sav'd it else.

Fran. I am undone for ever. (happy ?

Alb. Why, we are all undone ; would you be only

Lam. Sir, you may lose too.

Tib. Thou liest ; I ha' nothing but my Skin,
 And Cloaths ; my Sword here, and my self ;
 Two Crowns in my Pocket ; two pair of Cards ;
 And three false Dice : I can swim like a Fish,
 Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

Boats. In with her of all Hands. (all ;

Mast. Come Gentlemen, come Captain, ye must help
 My Life now for the Land,
 'Tis high, and rocky, and full of Perils.

Alb. However let's attempt it.

Mast. Then cheer lustily my Hearts.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Seb. Yes, 'tis a Ship, I see it now, a tall Ship,
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance ;
Heav'n's mercy, what a wretched Day has here been?

Nic. To still and quiet Minds that knew no Misery,
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary ;
Heav'n has no Storm in store, nor Earth no Terror,
That can seem new to us.

Seb. 'Tis true *Nicusa*, if Fortune were determin'd
To be wanton, and would wipe out the Stories
Of Mens Miseries ; yet we two living,
We could cross her purpose ; for 'tis impossible
She should cure us, we are so excellent in our Afflictions ;
It would be more than Glory to her Blindness,
And stile her Power beyond her Pride, to quit us.

Nic. Do they live still?

Seb. Yes, and make to Harbour.

Nic. Most miserable Men ; I grieve their Fortunes.

Seb. How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd
They leap from one Calamity to another ; (em?
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their Sorrows.
What shouts of Joy they make? (ence

Nic. Alas poor Wretches, had they but once Experi-
Of this Island, they'd turn their Tunes to Wailings.

Seb. Nay, to Curses,
That ever they set foot on such Calamities ;
Here's nothing but Rocks and Barrenness,
Hunger and Cold to eat ; here's no Vineyards
To cheer the Heart of Man, no Christal Rivers,
After his Labour, to refresh his Body,
If he be feeble ; nothing to restore him,
But heav'nly hopes : Nature that made those Remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our Distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the Place, and barren.

Nic. Oh Uncle, yet a little Memory of what we were,
'Twill be a little Comfort in our Calamities ;
When we were seated in our blessed Homes,
How happy in our Kindreds, in our Families,
In all our Fortunes?

Seb.

Seb. Curse on those *French* Pirats, that displanted us,
That flung us from that Happiness we found there;
Constrain'd us to Sea, to save our Lives, Honours, and our
With all we had, our Kinsmen, and our Jewels, (Riches,
In hope to find some Place free from such Robbers,
Where a mighty Storm sever'd our Barks,
That, where my Wife, my Daughter
And my noble Ladies that went with her,
Virgins and loving Souls, to scape those Pirats.

Nic. They are yet living; such Goodness cannot perish.

Seb. But never to me, Cousin;
Never to me again; what bears their Flag-staves?

Nic. The Arms of *France* sure;
Nay, do not start, we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a Cordial now, come when it will.

Seb. They get to shore apace, they'll fly as fast (there?
When once they find the Place; what's that which swims

Nic. A strong young Man, Sir, with a handsome Wo-
Hanging about his Neck. (man

Seb. That shews some Honour;
May thy brave Charity, what e'er thou art,
Be spoken in a Place that may renown thee,
And not die here.

Nic. The Boat it seems turn'd over,
So forced to their shifts, yet all are landed:
They're Pirates on my Life.

Seb. They will not Rob us;
For none will take out Misery for Riches:
Come Cousin, let's descend, and try their Pities;
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island
With the same Shadows still, that must grow shorter. [Ex.

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure,

Master, Franville, Surgeon, and Sailors.

Tib. Wet come ashore my Mates, we are safe arrived yet.

Maft. Thanks to Heav'n's Goodness, no Man lost;
The Ship rides fair too, and her Leaks in good Plight.

Alb. The Weather's turn'd more courteous;
How does my Dear?

Alas, how weak she is, and wet?

Amin.

Amin. I am glad yet, I scap'd with Life;
Which certain, noble Captain, next to Heav'n's Goodness,
I must thank you for, and which is more,
Acknowledge your dear Tenderness, your firm Love
To your unworthy Mistress, and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh Opinions,
Those cruel unkind Thoughts, I heapt upon ye;
Farther than that, I must forget your Injuries,
So far I am ty'd and fetter'd to your Service,
Believe me, I will learn to Love.

Alb. I thank ye, Madam,
And it shall be my Practice to serve.
What cheer, Companions?

Tib. No great cheer, Sir, a piece of souc'd Bisket,
And half a hard Egg; for the Sea has taken order,
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, Captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I'm dry;
Come Surgeon, out with your Clister-pipe,
And strike a Galliard.

Alb. What a brave Day again?
And what fair Weather, after so foul a Storm?

Lam. Ay, an't pleas'd the Master he might ha' seen
This Weather, and ha' sav'd our Goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em, we have our Lives and

Lam. I must think on 'em, and think (Healts.
'Twas most maliciously done to undo me.

Fran. And me too, I lost all;
I ha'n't another Shirt to put upon me, nor Cloaths,
But these poor Rags; I had fifteen fair Suits,
The worst was cut upon Taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost, give me thy Hand,
Is thy Skin whole? art thou not purl'd with Scabs?
No antient Monuments of Madam *Venus*?
Thou hast a Suit then will pose the cunning'st Tailor,
That will never turn Fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy Executors, the Worms, uncase thee,
They take off glorious Suits, *Franville*: thou art happy,
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no Brokers,
No Alchymists to turn 'em into Mettal;
Nor leather'd Captains, with Ladies to adore 'em;

Wilt

Wilt thou see a Dog-fish rise in one of thy brave Doublets,
And tumble like a Tub to make thee merry,
Or an old Haddock rise with thy hatch'd Sword
Thou paid'st a hundred Crowns for?
A Mermaid in a Mantle of your Worship's,
Or a Dolphin in your double Ruff?

Fran. Ye are merry, but if I take it thus,
If I be foisted and jeer'd out of my Goods.

Lam. Nor I, I vow thee.

Nor Master, nor Mate, I see your cunning.

Alb. Oh be not angry, Gentlemen.

Moril. Yes Sir, we have Reason:
And some Friends I can make.

Maft. What I did, Gentlemen, was for the general
If ye aim at me, I am not so tame. (Safety.

Tib. Pray take my Counsel, Gallants,
Fight not till the Surgeon be well,
He's damnable Sea-sick, and may spoil all;
Besides he has lost his Fiddlestick, and the best
Box of Bores-grease; why do you make such Faces,
And hand your Sword?

Alb. Who would ye fight with, Gentlemen?
Who has done ye wrong? for shame be better temper'd.
No sooner come to give Thanks for our Safeties,
But we must raise new civil Broils amongst us, (us?
Inflame those angry Powers, to shower new Vengeance on
What can we expect for these unmanly Murmurs,
These strong Temptations of their holy Pities,
But Plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful,
That the singing Storms are Slumbers to it?

Tib. Be Men, and rule your Minds;
If you will needs fight, Gentlemen,
And think to raise new Riches by your Valours,
Have at ye, I have little else to do now,
I have said my Prayers; you say you have lost,
And make your loss your Quarrel,
And grumble at my Captain here, and the Master,
Two worthy Persons, indeed too worthy for such Rascals,
Thou Galloon Gallant, and Mammon you
That build on golden Mountains, thou Mony-Maggot;
Come,

Come, all draw your Swords, ye say ye are miserable.

Alb. Nay, hold good *Tibalt*.

Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em;

I'll make ye ten times worse, I will not leave 'em;
For look ye, fighting is as nourishing to me as eating,
I was born quarrelling.

Mast. Pray, Sir.

Tib. I will not leave 'em Skins to cover 'em;
Do ye grumble, when ye are well, ye Rogues?

Mast. Noble *Du-pont*.

Tib. Ye have Cloaths now; and ye prate.

Amin. Pray Gentlemen, for my sake be at Peace.
Let it become me to make all Friends.

Fran. You have stopt our Angers, Lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well; 'tis very well; there's half a Bisket,
Break't amongst ye all, and thank my Bounty.
This is Cloaths and Plate too; come, no more Quarrelling.

Amin. But ha! what things are these,
Are they human Creatures?

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Tib. I have heard of Sea-Calves.

Alb. They are no Shadows sure, they have Legs and

Tib. They hang but lightly on though. *(Arms.)*

Amin. How they look, are they Mens Faces?

Tib. They have Horse-tails growing to 'em.
Goodly long Manes.

Amin. Alas what sunk Eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frightened!
Sure they are wretched Men.

Tib. Where are their Wardrobes?
Look ye *Franville*, here are a couple of Courtiers.

Amin. They kneel, alas poor Souls.

Alb. What are ye? speak; are ye alive,
Or wandring Shadows, that find no Peace on Earth,
Till ye reveal some hidden Secret?

Seb. We are Men as you are,
Only our Miseries make us seem Monsters;
If ever Pity dwelt in noble Hearts——

Alb. We understand 'em too; pray mark 'em, Gentle-
Seb.

(men.)
Seb.

Seb. Or that Heav'n is pleas'd with human Charity;
If ever ye have heard the Name of Friendship,
Or suffered in your selves the least Afflictions,
Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And Mothers that have wept for your Misfortunes,
Have Mercy on our Miseries.

Alb. Stand up, Wretches;
Speak boldly, and have release.

Nic. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed Name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this Island.

Alb. Speak; what are ye?

Seb. As you are, Gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own Calamities,
And turn your Eyes wild with perpetual Weepings;
These many Years in this most wretched Island
We two have liv'd; the scorn and game of Fortune;
Bless your selves from it, Noble Gentlemen;
The greatest Plagues that human Nature suffers
Are seated here, Wildness and Wants innumerable.

Alb. How came ye hither?

Nic. In a Ship as you do, and you might have been,
Had not Heav'n preserv'd ye for some more noble use,
Wrackt desperately; our Men, and all consum'd,
But we two; that still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged Threads of our Misfortunes.

Alb. Is there no Meat above?

Seb. Nor Meat nor Quiet;
No Summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor Autumn, to make full the Reaper's Hands;
The Earth obdurate to the Tears of Heav'n,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd Weeds.
No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves, no Beasts;
All that were made for Man's use, flie this Desert;
No airy Fowl dares make his flight over it,
It is so Ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature,
Roots of malignant Tastes, foul standing Waters;
Sometimes we find a fulsome Sea-root,
And that's a Delicate? a Rat sometimes,

And

And that we hunt like Princes in their Pleasure;
And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

Amin. For Heav'n's sake let's aboard.

Alb. D'ye know no farther? (Place inhabited;

Nic. Yes, we have sometimes seen the shadow of a
And heard the Noise of Hunters;
And have attempted to find it, so far as a River,
Deep, flow, and dangerous, fenced with high Rocks,
We have gone; but not able to atchieve that Hazard,
Return to our old Miseries.

If this sad Story may deserve your Pities. (Miseries.

Alb. Ye shall aboard with us, we will relieve your

Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this Benefit,
No Gentlemen, we'll pay for our Deliverance;
Look ye that plough the Seas for Wealth and Pleasures,
That out-run Day and Night with your Ambitions,
Look on those heaps, they seem hard ragged Quarries;
Remove 'em, and view 'em fully.

Mast. Oh Heav'n, they are Gold and Jewels.

Seb. Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

Mor. And here another,

All perfect Gold. (Carvers.

Alb. Stand farther off, you must not be your own

Lam. We have shares, and deep ones.

Fran. Yes Sir, we'll maintain't: ho Fellow Sailors.

Lam. Stand all to your Freedoms;

I'll have all this.

Fran. And I this.

Tib. You shall be hang'd first.

Lam. My Losses shall be made good.

Fran. So shall mine, or with my Sword I'll do't;

All that will share with us, assist us.

Tib. Captain, let's set in.

Alb. This Mony will undo us, undo us all.

Seb. This Gold was the Overthrow of my Happiness;
I had Command too, when I landed here,
And lead young, high, and noble Spirits under me,
This cursed Gold enticing 'em, they set upon their Captain,
On me that own'd this Wealth, and this poor Gentleman,
Gave us no few Wounds, forc'd us from our own;
And

And then their civil Swords, who should be Owners,
And who Lords over all, turn'd against their own Lives,
First in their Rage consum'd the Ship,
That poor part of the Ship that scap'd the first Wrack,
Next their Lives by heaps; Oh be you wise and careful.

Lam. We'll ha' more: Sirrah, come shew it. (of.

Fran. Or ten times worse Afflictions than thou speak'st

Alb. Nay, and ye will be Dogs. [Beats 'em out.

Tib. Let me come, Captain:

This Golden Age must have an Iron ending.

Have at the Bunch. [He beats 'em off. Exit.

Amin. Oh *Albert*; Oh Gentlemen, Oh Friends. [Exit.

Seb. Come noble Nephew, if we stay here we die,
Here rides their Ship, yet all are gone to th' Spoil,
Let's make a quick use.

Nic. Away dear Uncle.

Seb. This Gold was our Overthrow.

Nic. It may now be our Happiness. [Exeunt.

Enter Tibalt and the rest.

Tib. You shall have Gold, yes, I'll cram it int' ye;
You shall be your own Carvers; yes, I'll carve ye.

Mor. I am sore, I pray hear Reason.

Tib. I'll hear none.

Coverous base Minds have no Reason;
I am hurt my self; but whilst I have a Leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded Souls; how d'ye, Captain?
Ye bleed apace, curse on the Causers on't;
Ye do not faint?

Alb. No, no, I am not so happy.

Tib. D'ye howl, nay, ye deserve it:

Base greedy Rogues; come, shall we make an end of 'em?

Alb. They are our Country-men, for Heav'ns sake spare
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now. ('em.
[Aminta above.

Amin. Oh Captain, Captain.

Alb. Whose Voice is that?

Tib. The Lady's. (Captain,

Amin. Look Captain, look; ye are undone: Poor
We are all undone, all, all: We are all miserable,
Mad wilful Men, ye are undone; your Ship, your Ship.

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H h

Alb.

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She's under Sail, and floating;
See where she flies, see to your shames, you Wretches:
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you Gold.

[*Lamure and Franville goe up to see the Ship.*

1 Sail. They have cut the Cables,
And got her out; the Tide too has befriended 'em.

Mast. Where are the Sailors that kept her?

Boatsf. Here, here in the Mutiny, to take up Mony,
And left no Creature, left the Boat ashore too;
This Gold, this damn'd enticing Gold.

2 Sail. How the Wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our Furies?

Lam. Come back, good old Men.

Fran. Good honest Men, come back.

Tib. The Wind's against ye, speak louder.

Lam. Ye shall have all your Gold again; they see us.

Tib. Hold up your Hands, and kneel,
And howl ye Block-heads, they'll have Compassion on ye;
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely, ye have deserv'd it,
D'ye look like Dogs now?

Are your mighty Courages abated?

Alb. I bleed apace, *Tibalt.*

Tib. Retire Sir, and make the best use of our Miseries.
They but begin now.

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Are ye alive still?

Alb. Yes, Sweet.

Tib. Help him off, Lady;
And wrap him warm in your Arms, (somely,
Here's something that's comfortable; off with him hand-
I'll come to ye straight, but vex these Rascals a little.

[*Exe. Albert and Aminta.*

Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

Tib. Here's a Pestle of a *Porrige*, Sir,
'Tis excellent Meat, with four Sauce;
And here's two Chains, suppose 'em *Saufages*;
Then there wants Mustard,
But the fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently.

Lam.

Lam. Oh for that Surgeon, I shall die else.

Tib. Faith there he lies in the same pickle too.

Sur. My Salves and all my Instruments are lost;
And I am hurt and starv'd:
Good Sir, seek for some Herbs.

Tib. Here's Herb-graceless, will that serve?
Gentlemen, will ye go to Supper?

All. Where's the Meat?

Tib. Where's the Meat? What a Veal Voice is there?

Fran. Would we had it, Sir, or any thing else.

Tib. I would now cut your Throat you Dog,
But that I wo't do you such a courtesie;
To take you from the benefit of starving,
Oh! what a Comfort will your Worship have some three
Days hence?

Yethings beneath Pity, Famine shall be your Harbinger,
You must not look for Down-beds here,
Nor Hangings; though I could wish ye strong ones;
Yet there be many lightsome cool Star-chambers,
Open to every sweet Air, I'll assure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye;
Your first course is serv'd, expect the second. [Exit.

Fran. A vengeance on these Jewels.

Lam. Oh! this curst Gold. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Albert, and Aminta.

Alb. **A** Las dear Soul, ye faint.

Amin. You speak the Language
Which I should use to you, Heav'n knows, my Weakness
Is not for what I suffer in my self,
But to imagine what you endure, and to what Fate
Your cruel Stars reserve ye.

Alb. Do not add to my Afflictions
By your tender Pities, sure we have chang'd Sexes;
You bear Calamity with a Fortitude
Would become a Man; I like a weak Girl, suffer.

H h 2

Amin.

Amin. Oh, but your Wounds,
How fearfully they gape? And every one
To me is a Sepulchre: If I lov'd truly,
(Wise Men affirm, that true Love can do Wonders,)
These bath'd in my warm Tears would soon be cur'd,
And leave no Orifice behind; pray give me leave
To play the Surgeon, and bind 'em up;
The raw Air rankles 'em.

Alb. Sweet, we want Means.

Amin. Love can supply all Wants.

Alb. What have ye done, Sweet?

Oh Sacrilege to Beauty, there's no Hair
Of these pure Locks, by which the greatest King
Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.

Amin. Oh *Albert*, I offer this Sacrifice of Service
To the Altar of your staid Temperance, and still adore it:
When with a violent Hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the Doer; but now I consider,
How long I was in your Power, and with what Honour
You entertain'd me, it being seldom seen,
That Youth, and heat of Blood, cou'd e'er prescribe
Laws to it self; your Goodness is the *Leibe*
In which I drown your Injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye: How do you, Sir?
Receive you the least ease from my Service?
If you do, I am largely recompenc'd.

Alb. You good Angels,
That are engag'd, when Man's Ability fails,
To reward Goodness, look upon this Lady;
Though Hunger gripes my croaking Entrails,
Yet when I kiss these Rubies, methinks
I'm at a Banquet, a refreshing Banquet;
Speak my bless'd one, art not Hungry?

Amin. Indeed I could eat, to bear you Company.

Alb. Blush, unkind Nature,
If thou hast Power, or Being, to hear
Thy self, and by such Innocence, accus'd,
Must print a thousand kinds of Shame, upon
Thy various Face: Canst thou supply a Drunkard,
And with a prodigal Hand reach choice of Wines,

Til

Alb. Till now I ne'er was wretched.
My best *Amintha*, I swear by Goodness,
'Tis not Hope, nor Fear, of my self, that invites me
To this Extream; 'tis to supply thy wants: And believe me,
H h 3 Though

Though Pleasure met me in most ravishing Forms,
And Happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would not eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my Fortunes.

Amin. Oh but your Absence.

Alb. Suppose it but a Dream, and as you may,
Endeavour to take Rest; and when that Sleep
Deceives your Hunger with imagin'd Food,
Think you have sent me for Discovery
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be Queen of.
And now ye Powers, that e'er heard Lovers Prayers,
Or cherish'd pure Affection, look on him
That is your Votary; and make it known,
Against all stops, you can defend your own. [Exit.]

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, and Juletta.

Hip. How did we lose *Clarinda*? (take foil,

Cro. When we believ'd the Stag was spent, and would
The sight of the black Lake, which we suppos'd
He chose for his last Refuge, frighted him more
Than we that did pursue him.

Jul. That's usual; for Death it self is not so terrible
To any Beast of Chase.

Hip. Since we liv'd here, we ne'er could force one to it.

Cro. 'Tis so dreadful,

Birds that with their Pinions cleave the Air
Dare not fly over it; when the Stag turn'd Head,
And we, eventir'd with Labour, *Clarinda*, as if
She were made of Air and Fire,
And had no part of Earth in her, eagerly pursu'd him;
Nor need we fear her safety, this Place yields not
Fawns nor Satyrs, or more lustful Men;
Here we live secure,

And have among our selves a Common-wealth,
Which in our selves begun, with us must end.

Jul. Ay, there's the misery.

Cro. But being alone,

Allow me freedom but to speak my Thoughts;
The strictness of our Governess, that forbids us,
On pain of Death, the sight and use of Men,

Is more than Tyranny; for her self, she's past
Those youthful Heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young Maids long for; and her Daughter
The fair *Clarinda*, though in few Years
Improv'd in height and large proportion,
Came here so young,

That scarce remembring that she had a Father,
She never dreams of Man; and should she see one,
In my Opinion, 'twould appear a strange Beast to her.

Jul. 'Tis not so with us.

Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made
For this single Life; nor do I love Hunting so,
But that I had rather be the Chase my self.

Cro. By *Venus* (out upon me) I should have sworn
By *Diana*, I am of thy mind too Wench;
And though I have ta'en an Oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of Man,
Every hour something tells me I am forsworn;
For I confess, Imagination helps me sometimes,
And that's all is left for us to feed on,
We might starve else, for if I have any Pleasure
In this Life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan;
Then from the Courtier to the Country-clown,
I have strange Visions.

Jul. Visions, *Crocale*?

Cro. Yes, and fine Visions too;
And Visions I hope in Dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by our Canons; the last Night
(Troth 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my Cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking.

Hip. Upon your Back?

Cro. How should a young Maid lie, Fool,
When she would be intranc'd?

Hip. We are instructed, forward I prethee.

Cro. Methought a sweet young Man
In years some twenty, with a downy Chin,
Promising a future Beard, and yet no red one,
Stole slyly to my Cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in his Arms, and kiss'd me twenty times,
Yet still I slept.

Jul. Fie, thy Lips run over, *Crocale*.
But to the rest.

Cro. Lord, what a Man is this, thought I,
To do this to a Maid!
Yet then for my Life I could not wake.
The Youth, a little daunted, with a trembling Hand
Heav'd up the Clothes.

Hip. Yet still you slept?

Cro. Y'faith I did; and when, methoughts, he was warm
by my Side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretch'd out both mine Arms;
And when I felt him not, I shriek'd out,
And wak'd for Anger.

Hip. 'Twas a pretty Dream.

Cro. Ay, if it had been a true one.

Enter Albert.

Jul. But stay, what's here cast o' th' Shore?

Hip. 'Tis a Man;
Shall I shoot him?

Cro. No, no, 'tis a handsome Beast,
Would we had more o' th' Breed; stand close Wenches,
And let's hear if he can speak.

Alb. Do I yet live?

Sure it is Air I breathe: What Place is this?
Sure something more than Humane keeps Residence here,
For I have past the *Strygian* Gulph,
And touch upon the blessed Shore: 'Tis so;
This is the *Elizian* Shade; these happy Spirits,
That here enjoy all Pleasures.

Hip. He makes towards us.

Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Cro. Hold, he makes no Resistance.

Alb. Be not offended, Goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your Feet: Or if not such,
But Nymphs of *Dian's* Train, that range these Groves,
Which you forbid to Men; vouchsafe to know
I am a Man, a wicked sinful Man; and yet not sold
So far to Impudence, as to presume
To press upon your Privacies, or provoke
Your Heav'nly Angers; 'tis not for my self

I beg thus poorly, for I am already wounded,
Wounded to Death, and faint; my last Breath
Is for a Virgin, comes as near your selves
In all Perfection, as what's Mortal may
Resemble things Divine. O pity her,
And let your Charity free her from that Desert,
If Heav'nly Charity can reach to Hell,
For sure that Place comes near it; and where-e'er
My Ghost shall find abode,
Eternally I shall pour Blessings on ye.

Hip. By my Life I cannot hurt him.

Cro. Though I lose my Head for it, nor I.
I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Ful. But stay, *Clarinda*?

Cl. What new Game have ye found here, ha!
What Beast is this lies wallowing in his Gore?

Cro. Keep off.

Cl. Wherefore, I pray? I ne'er turn'd
From a fell Lioness robb'd of her Whelps,
And shall I fear dead Carrion?

Ful. O but.

Cl. But, What is't?

Hip. It is Infectious.

Cl. Has it not a Name?

Cro. Yes, but such a Name from which,
As from the Devil, your Mother commands us fly.

Cl. Is't a Man?

Cro. It is.

Cl. What a brave Shape it has in Death;
How excellent would it appear, had it Life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My Mother say, I had a Father,
And was not he a Man?

Cro. Questionless, Madam.

Cl. Your Fathers too were Men?

Ful. Without doubt Lady.

Cl. And without such it is impossible
We could have been.

Hip. A Sin against Nature to deny it.

Cl.

Cla. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a Mother,
Without the help of Men.

Cro. Impossible.

Cla. Which of you then most barbarous, that knew
You from a Man had Being, and owe to it
The name of Parent, durst presume to kill
The Likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose Arrows made these Wounds? speak, or by *Dian*,
Without Distinction I'll let fly at ye all.

Ful. Not mine.

Hip. Nor mine.

Cro. 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.
Restrain your Fury, Madam; had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your Mother's Command.

Cla. But if the command unjust and cruel things,
We are not to obey it.

Cro. We are innocent; some Storm did cast
Him Shipwrackt on the shore, as you see wounded:
Nor durst we be Surgeons to such
Your Mother doth appoint for Death.

Cla. Weak Excuse; where's Pity?
Where's soft Compassion? cruel and ungrateful,
Did Providence offer to your Charity
But one poor Subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it?

Hip. For ought I know, he's living yet;
And you may tempt your Mother, by giving him Succour.

Cla. Ha, come near I charge ye.
So, bend his Body softly; rub his Temples;
Nay, that shall be my Office: how the red
Steals into his pale Lips! run and fetch the Simples
With which my Mother heal'd my Arm,
When last I was wounded by the Boar.

Cro. Do; but remember her to come after ye,
That she may behold her Daughter's Charity.

Cla. Now he breaths; [Exit Hip.
The Air passing through the *Arabian* Groves
Yields not so sweet an Odour; prethee Taste it;
Taste it good *Crocus*; yet I envy thee so great a Blessing;
'Tis

'Tis not Sin to touch these Rubies, is it?

Ful. Not, I think.

Cla. Or thus to live *Camelion* like?

I could resign my Essence to live ever thus.

O welcome; raise him up gently. Some soft Hand
Bind up these Wounds; a Woman's Hair. What fury,
For which my Ignorance does not know a Name,
Is crept into my Bosom? But I forget

Enter Hippolita.

My pious Work. Now if this Juice hath Power,
Let it appear; his Eye-lids ope: Prodigious!
Two Suns break from these Orbes.

Alb. Ha, Where am I? What new Vision's this?

To what Goddess do I owe this second Life?

Sure thou art more than Mortal:

And any Sacrifice of Thanks or Duty

In poor and wretched Man to pay, comes short

Of your immortal Bounty: But to shew

I am not unthankful, thus in Humility

I kiss the happy Ground you have made sacred,

By bearing of your weight.

Cla. No Goddess, Friend, but made

Of that same Brittle Mould as you are;

One too acquainted with Calamities,

And from that apt to Pity. Charity ever

Finds in the Act reward, and needs no Trumpet

In the Receiver. O forbear this Duty;

I have a Hand to meet with yours,

And Lips to bid yours welcome.

Gro. I see, that by Instinct,

Though a young Maid hath never seen a Man,

Touches have Titillations, and inform her.

Enter Rosella.

But here's our Governess;

Now I expect a Storm.

Ros. Child of my Flesh,

And not of my fair unspotted Mind,

Un-hand this Monster.

Cla. Monster, Mother?

Ros. Yes, and every word he speaks, a *Syren's* Note,

To

To drown the careless Hearer. Have I not taught thee
 The Falshood and the Perjuries of Men?
 On whom, but for a Woman to shew Pity,
 Is to be cruel to her self; the Sovereignty
 Proud and imperious Men usurp upon us,
 We confer on our selves, and love those Fetters
 We fasten to our Freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,
 Since thy Father's wreck, fought Liberty,
 To lose it uncompell'd? Did Fortune guide,
 Or rather Destiny, our Bark, to which
 We could appoint no Port, to this blest Place,
 Inhabited heretofore by warlike Women,
 That kept Men in Subjection? Did we then,
 By their Example, after we had lost
 All we could love in Man, here plant our selves,
 With execrable Oaths never to look
 On Man, but as a Monster? and, Wilt thou
 Be the first President to infringe those Vows
 We made to Heav'n?

Cl. Hear me, and hear me with Justice;
 And as ye are delighted in the Name
 Of Mother, hear a Daughter that would be like you.
 Should all Women use this obstinate Abstinence,
 You would force upon us; in a few Years
 The whole World would be peopled
 Only with Beasts.

Hip. We must and will have Men.

Cro. Ay, or we'll shake off all Obedience.

Ros. Are ye Mad?

Can no Perswasion alter ye? Suppose
 You had my suffrage to your sute;
 Can this Shipwrackt Wretch supply them all?

Alb. Hear me, great Lady:

I have Fellows in my Misery, not far hence,
 Divided only by this hellish River,
 There live a Company of wretched Men,
 Such as your Charity may make your Slaves;
 Imagine all the Miseries Mankind
 My suffer under; and they Groan beneath 'em.

Cl.

Cl. But are they like to you?

Ful. Speak they your Language?

Cro. Are they able, lusty Men?

Alb. They were, good Ladies;
And in their May of Youth of gentle Blood,
And such as may deserve ye; now Cold and Hunger
Have lessen'd their Perfection; but restor'd
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your Favours.

Ful. This is a Blessing
We durst not hope for.

Cl. Dear Mother, be not obdurate.

Ros. Hear then my Resolution; and labour not
To add to what I'll grant, for 'twill be fruitless,
You shall appear as good Angels to these wretched Men;
In a small Boat we'll pass o'er to 'em,
And bring 'em comfort; if you like their Persons,
And they approve of yours; for we'll force nothing;
And since we want Ceremonies,
Each one shall chuse a Husband, and enjoy
His Company a Month, but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em; if you prove fruitful,
The Males ye shall return to them, the Females
We will reserve our selves; this is the utmost
Ye shall e'er obtain; as ye think fit,
Ye may dismiss this Stranger,
And prepare to Morrow for the Journey. [Exit.

Cl. Come, Sir, Will ye walk?

We will shew ye our pleasant Bowers,
And something ye shall find to cheer your Heart.

Alb. Excellent Lady,
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd
Should refuse Rest and Meat, I must not take
Your noble Offer; I left in yonder Desert
A Virgin almost pin'd.

Cl. She's not your Wife?

Alb. No, Lady, but my Sister: ('Tis now dangerous
To speak truth:) To her I deeply vow'd
Not to taste Food, or Rest, if Fortune brought it me,
Till I bless'd her with my Return; now if you please
To

To afford me an easie Passage to her,
 And some Meat for her Recovery,
 I shall live your Slave; and thankfully
 She shall ever acknowledge her Life at your Service.

Cl. You plead so well, I can deny ye nothing;
 I my self will see you furnisht,
 And with the next Sun visit and relieve thee.

Alb. Ye are all Goodness——— [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter severally, Lamure, Franville and Morillat.

Lam. OH! What a Tempest have I in my Stomach?
 How my empty Guts cry out? my Wounds
 Would they would bleed again, that I might get (ake,
 Something to quench my Thirst.

Fran. O *Lamure*, the Happiness my Dogs had
 When I kept House at home! they had a Storehouse,
 A Storehouse of most blessed Bones and Crusts,
 Happy Crusts: Oh! how sharp Hunger pinches me?
 [Exit Franville.

Mor. O my importunate Belly, I have nothing
 To satisfy thee; I have sought,
 As far as my weak Legs would carry me,
 Yet can find nothing; neither Meat nor Water,
 Nor any thing that's nourishing,
 My Belly's grown together like an empty Sachel.

Enter Franville.

Lam. How now, what News?

Mor. Hast any Meat yet?

Fran. Not a bit that I can see;
 Here be goodly Quarries, but they be cruel hard
 To gnaw: I ha' got some Mud, we'll eat it with Spoons,
 Very good thick Mud; but it stinks damnably,
 There's old rotten Trunks of Trees too,
 But not a Leaf nor Blossom in all the Island.

Lam. How it looks?

Mor. It stinks too.

Lam.

Lam. It may be Poison.

Fran. Let it be any thing;
So I can get it down: Why Man,
Poison's a Princely Dish.

Mor. Hast thou no Bisket?
No Crumbs left in thy Pocket; here's my Doubler,
Give me but three small Crumbs.

Fran. Not for three Kingdoms,
If I were Master of 'em. Oh *Lamure*,
But one poor joint of Mutton, we ha' scorn'd, Man.

Lam. Thou speak'st of Paradise;
Or but the Snuffs of those Healths,
We have lewdly at midnight flang away.

Mor. Ah! but to lick the Glasses.

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon: What
Hast thou discover'd? smile, smile, and comfort us.

Sur. I am expiring,
Smile they that can; I can find nothing, Gentlemen,
Here's nothing can be Meat, without a Miracle.
Oh that I had my Boxes and my Lints now,
My Stupes, my Tents, and those sweet helps of Nature,
What dainty Dishes could I make of 'em.

Mor. Hast ne'er an old Suppository?

Sur. Oh would I had, Sir.

Lam. Or but the Paper where such a Cordial
Potion, or Pills hath been entomb'd.

Fran. Or the best Bladder where a cooling-glisten.

Mor. Hast thou no Searcloths left?
Nor any old Pulteffes?

Fran. We care not to what it hath been ministred.

Sur. Sure I have none of these Dainties, Gentlemen.

Fran. Where's the great Wen
Thou cut'st from *Hugh* the Sailer's Shoulder?
That would serve now for a most Princely Banquet.

Sur. Ay if we had it, Gentlemen.
I flung it over-board, Slave that I was.

Lam. A most unprovident Villain.

Sur. If I had any thing that were but supple now!
I could make Sallads of your Shoos, Gentlemen,

And

And rare ones; any thing unctuous,

Mor. I, and then we might fry the Soals i'th' Sun.
The Soals would make a second Dish.

Lam. Or souce 'em in the Salt-water,
And inner Soal well souc'd.

Enter Aminta.

Fran. Here comes the Woman;
It may be she has Meat, and may relieve us:
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready,
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

Amin. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my Body?
Mine Eyes, like spent Lamps glowing out, grow heavy,
My Sight forsaking me, and all my Spirits,
As if they heard my Passing-Bell go for me,
Pull in their Powers, and give me up to Destiny.
Oh! for a little Water; a little, little Meat,
A little to relieve me e'er I perish;
I had whole Floods of Tears awhile that nourisht me,
But they are all consum'd for thee dear *Albert*;
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless Fate has swallow'd thee.
Oh——— I grow heavy; Sleep is a salve for Misery;
Heav'n look on me, and either take my Life,
Or make me once more happy.

Lam. She's fast asleep already,
Why should she have this Blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our wants?

Mor. This thing hath been our Overthrow,
And all these biting Mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her Means.

Fran. True, we were bound, ye all know,
For happy Places, and most fertile Islands,
Where we had constant Promises of all things;
She turn'd the Captain's Mind,
And must have him go in search, I know not of who,
Nor to what end; of such a Fool her Brother,
And such a Coxcomb her Kinsman, and we must put in
every where;
She has put us in now y'faith.

Lam.

Lam. Why should we consume thus, and starve,
Have nothing to relieve us;
And she live there that bred all our Miseries,
Unroasted, or unfod?

Mor. I have read in Stories.

Lam. Of such restoring Meats,
We have Examples;
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have eat their Children,
Men their Slaves, nay their Brothers, but these are nothing;
Husbands devoured their Wives: (they are their Chat-
tels,)

And of a Schoolmaster, that in a time of Famine
Powder'd up all his Scholars.

Mor. She's young and tidy,
In my Conscience she'll eat delicately;
Just like young Pork a little lean:
Your Opinion, Surgeon.

Sur. I think she may be made good Meat,
But look, we shall want Salt.

Fran. Tush, she needs no Powdering.

Sur. I grant ye;
But to suck out the humorous Parts: By all means,
Lets kill her in a Chafe, she'll eat the sweeter.

Lam. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly,
That we might be at our Meat.

Sur. How if the Captain?

Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.
Wake her Surgeon, and cut her Throat,
And then divide her, every Man his share.

Fran. She wakes her self.

Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel Dreams have I had! Who are these?
O they are my Friends; for Heav'ns sake Gentlemen
Give me some Food to save my Life, if ye have ought
to spare;

A little to relieve me, I may bless ye;
For weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Even now I die.

Mor. You'll savé a Labour then,
 You bred these Miseries, and you shall pay for't;
 We have no Meat, nor where to have we know not,
 Nor how to pull our selves from these Afflictions;
 We are starv'd too, famish'd, all our hopes deluded;
 Yet e'er we die thus, we'll have one dainty Meal.

Amin. Shall I be with ye, Gentlemen?

Lam. Yes marry shall ye, in our Bellies, Lady.
 We love you well——

Amin. What said you, Sir?

Lam. Marry we'll eat your Ladiship.

Fran. You that have buried us in this base Island,
 We'll bury ye in a more noble Monument. *(Lady?)*

Sur. Will ye say your Prayers, that I may perform,
 We are wondrous sharp set; come Gentlemen
 Who are for the hinder Parts?

Mor. I.

Fran. I.

Lam. And I.

Sur. Be patient;
 They will not fall to every Man's share.

Amin. O hear me;
 Hear me, ye barbarous Men.

Mor. Be short and pithy,
 Our Stomachs cannot stay a long Discourse.

Sur. And be not fearful,
 For I'll kill ye daintily.

Amin. Are ye not Christians?

Lam. Why, do not Christians eat Women?

Enter Tibalt, Master, and Sailors.

Amin. Eat one another? 'Tis most Impious.

Sur. Come, come.

Amin. Oh, help, help, help.

Tib. The Lady's Voice! Stand off Slaves,
 What do you intend, Villains?
 I have strength enough left me, if you abuse this Soul,
 To——

Maft. They would have ravish'd her, upon my Life;
 Speak, how was it, Lady?

Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their Hungers.

Tib.

Tib. Ha, their Hungers!

Maft. They would have eaten her.

Tib. O damn'd Villains; ſpeak, Is it true?

Sur. I confeſs an Appetite.

Tib. An Appetite, I'll fit ye for an Appetite.

Are ye ſo ſharp ſet, that her Fleſh muſt ſerve you?

Murther's a main good ſervice with your Worſhips;

Since ye would be ſuch Devils,

Why did you not begin with one another handſomely,

And ſpare the Woman to beget more Food on?

Amin. Good, Sir.

Tib. You ſhall grow Mummy, Rascals;

I'll make ye fall to your Brawns, and your Buttocks,

And worry one another like keen Bandogs.

Amin. Good Sir, be merciful.

Tib. You ſhall know what 'tis to be damn'd Canibals.

Amin. O my beſt Friend!

Enter Albert.

Alb. Alas poor Heart! Here,

Here's ſome Meat and ſovereign Drink to eaſe you,

Sit down, gentle Sweet.

Amin. I am bleſt to ſee you.

Tib. Stir not within forty Foot of this Food,

If you do, Dogs!

All. Oh, Captain, Captain, Captain.

Alb. Ye ſhall have Meat all of you.

Tib. Captain, hear me firſt: Hark, (it.

'Tis ſo inhuman! I would not ha' the Air corrupted with

Alb. O barbarous Men! Sit down *du Pont*,

Good Maſter, and honeſt Sailors.

Tib. But ſtand you off,

And wait upon our Charity; I'll wait on you elſe;

And touch nothing but what's flung ye; as if you were

Dogs;

If you do, I'll cut your Fingers, Friends,

I'll ſpoil your carving.

Amin. There Wretches, there.

Tib. Eat your Meat handſomely now,

And give Heav'n Thanks.

Alb. There's more Bread.

Tib. See, they snarle like Dogs;
Eat quietly you Rascals, eat quietly.

Alb. There is Drink too.

Tib. Come, come, I'll fill you each your Cups,
Ye shall not surfeit.

Amin. And what have you discover'd?

Alb. Sweet, a Paradise,
Paradise inhabited with Angels,
Such as you are, their Pities make 'em Angels,
They gave me these Viands, and supply'd me
With these precious Drinks.

Amin. Shall not we see 'em?

Alb. Yes, they will see you
Out of their Charities, having heard our Story,
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know Wants nor Miseries.

Amin. Are they all Women?

Alb. All, and all in Love with us.

Amin. How!

Alb. Do not mistake, in love with our Misfortunes,
They will cherish and relieve our Men.

Tib. Do you shrug now,
And pull up your Noses? You smell Comfort.
See they stretch out their Legs like Dottrels,
Each like a new Saint Dennis.

Alb. Dear Mistress,
When you would name me, and the Women here,
Call me your Brother, you I'll call my Sister,
And pray observe this all——
Why do you change Colour, Sweet?

Amin. Eating too much Meat.

Alb. Sawc'd with Jealousie;
Fie, fie, dear Saint, 'faith ye are to blame,
Are ye not here? Here fixt in my Heart?

All. Hark, hark.

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Julietta.

Alb. They are come, stand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble Reverence receive 'em.
Our Lives depend upon their gentle Pities,
And Death waits on their Anger.

Mor. Sure they are Fairies.

Tib. Be they Devils, Devils of Flesh and Blood;
After so long a *Lent*, and tedious Voyage,
To me they are Angels.

Fran. O for some *Eringoes*!

Lam. *Potatoes*, or *Cantharides*.

Tib. Peace you Rogues, that buy Abilities of your
Apothecaries,

Had I but took the Diet of green Cheese,
And Onions for a Month, I could do wonders.

Ros. Are these the Jewels you run mad for?
What can you see in one of these,
To whom you would vouchsafe a gentle Touch?
Can nothing persuade you
To love your selves, and place your Happiness
In cold and chaste Embraces of each other?

Jul. This is from the purpose.

Hip. We had your grant to have them as they were.

Cl. 'Tis a beauteous Creature,
And to my self, I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her, and yet she is
The Stranger's Sister; why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my Rival.

Ros. When you repent
That you refus'd my Counsel, may it add
To your Afflictions, that you were forward;
Yet leap'd into the Gulph of your Misfortunes:
But have your Wishes.

Mast. Now she makes to us.

Amin. I am instructed, but take heed *Albert*,
You prove not false.

Alb. Ye are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own Perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you, therefore fear not.

Ros. That you are poor and miserable Men,
My Eyes inform me; that without our Succours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of Safety,
The present plight you are in; can resolve you
That to be merciful, is to draw near
The Heav'nly Essence; whether you will be

Thankful, I do not question; nor demand
 What Country bred you, what Names, what Manners;
 To us it is sufficient we relieve
 Such as have Shapes of Men, and I command you,
 As we are not ambitious to know
 Farther of you, that on pain of Death
 You presume not to enquire what we are,
 Or whence deriv'd.

Alb. In all things we obey you,
 And thankfully we ever shall confess
 Our selves your Creatures.

Ros. You speak as becomes you;
 First then, and willingly, deliver up
 Those Weapons we could force from you.

Alb. We lay 'em down
 Most gladly at your Feet.

Tib. I have had many a Combat with a tall Wench;
 But never was disarm'd before.

Ros. And now hear Comfort,
 Your Wants shall be supply'd; and though it be
 A Debt Women may challenge to be sued to,
 Especially from such they may command,
 We give up to you that Power, and therefore
 Freely each make his Choice.

Fran. Then here I fix.

Mor. Nay, she is mine: I ey'd her first.

Lam. This mine.

Tib. Stay, good Rascals;
 You are too forward, Sir Gallant,
 You are not giving order to a Tailor
 For the fashion of a new Suit;
 Nor are you in your Warehouse, Master Merchant,
 Stand back, and give your betters leave; your betters;
 And grumble not, if you do, as I love Meat
 I will so swinge the salt Itch out on you.
 Captain, Master, and the rest of us,
 That are Brothers, and good Fellows, we have been
 Too late by the Ears, and yet smart for our Follies;
 To end therefore all future Emulation: If you please
 To trust to my Election, you shall say

I am not partial to my self; I doubt not
Give content to all.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Tib. Then but observe, how learned' and discreetly,
I will proceed, and as a skilful Doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the Game,
Read over your Complexions; for you Captain,
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,
I give my Judgment thus; for your Aspect,
You're much inclin'd to Melancholy, and that tells me
The sullen *Saturn* had predominance
At your Nativity, a malignant Planet,
And if not qualified by a sweet Conjunction
Of a soft and ruddy Wench, born under *Venus*,
It may prove fatal, therefore to your Arms
I give this rose-cheek'd Virgin.

Cl. To my Wish;
Till now I never was happy.

Amin. Nor I accurs'd.

Tib. Master, you are old,
Yet love the Game, that I perceive too,
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty;
Therefore to help ye here's a *Bradamanta*,
Or I am cozen'd in my Calculation.

Cro. A poor old Man allotted to my share.

Tib. Thou would'st have two,
Nay, I think twenty; but fear not Wench,
Though he be old he's tough, look on's making,
He'll not fail I warrant thee.

Ros. A merry Fellow,
And were not Man a Creature I detest
I could indure his Company.

Tib. Here's a fair heard of Does before me,
And now for a barren one:
For, though I like the sport, I do not love
To Father Children; like the *Grand Signior*,
Thus I walk in my Seraglio,
And view 'em as I pass, then draw I forth
My Handkerchief, and having made my choice,
I thus bestow it.

Ros. On me.

Tib. On you, now my Choice is made;
To it, you hungry Rascals.

Alb. Excellent.

Amin. As you love Goodness,
It makes me smile i'th' height of all my Fears.

Cl. What a strong Contention you may behold
Between my Mother's Mirth and Anger.

Tib. Nay, no coyness, be Mistress of your Word,
I must and will enjoy you.

Ros. Be advis'd, Fool: Alas I am old;
How canst thou hope content from one that's fifty?

Tib. Never talk on't;
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;
Besides the Weather's hot, and Men
That have Experience, fear Feavers:
A temperate Diet is the only Physick.
Your *Julips*, nor *Guajacum prunello's*,
Camphire Pills, nor *Goord-water*,
Come not near your old Woman;
Youthful Stomachs are still craving,
Though there be nothing left to stop their Mouths with;
And believe me I am no frequent giver of those Bounties:
Laugh on, laugh on, good Gentlemen do,
I shall make Holiday and sleep, when you
Dig in the Mines till your Hearts ache.

Ros. A mad Fellow.

Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing, and as I like
Your Wooing, and Discourse; but I must tell ye Sir,
That rich Widows look for great Sums in present,
Or assurances of ample Jointures.

Tib. That to me is easie,
For instantly I'll do it; hear me Comrades.

Alb. What say'st thou, *Tibalt*?

Tib. Why, that to woo a Wench with empty Hands
Is no good Heraldry, therefore let's to the Gold,
And share it equally, 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand Complements or Cringes,
Ditties stolen from *Petrarch*, or Discourse from *Ovid*;
Be-

Besides, 'twill beget us respect,
And if ever Fortune friend us with a Banquet,
Largely supply us with all Provision.

Alb. Well advis'd, defer it not.

Tib. Are ye all contented.

All. We are?

Tib. Let's away then,

Strait we'll return,

And you shall see our Riches.

[*Exe.*

Ros. Since I knew what Wonder and Amazement was,
I ne'er was so transported.

Cla. Why weep ye, gentle Maid?

There is no danger here to such as you;
Banish Fear, for with us I dare promise
You shall meet all courteous Entertainment.

Cro. We esteem our selves most happy in you.

Hip. And bless Fortune that brought you hither.

Cla. Hark in your Ear;

I love you as a Friend already,
E'er long you shall call me by a nearer Name,
I wish your Brother well; I know you apprehend me.

Amin. Ay, to my Grief I do.

Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me
But Thanks, to pay ye with.

Cla. That's more

Than yet you stand engag'd for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with Treasure.

Ros. So soon return'd!

Alb. Here; see the Idol of the Lapidary.

Tib. These Pearls, for which the slavish Negro
Dives to the bottom of the Sea.

Lam. To get which the industrious Merchant
Touches at either Pole.

Fran. The never-failing purchase
Of Lordships, and of Honours.

Mor. The Worlds Mistress,
That can give every thing to the Possessors.

Mast. For which the Sailors scorn tempestuous Winds,
And spit defiance in the Sea.

Tib. Speak, Lady; Look we not lovely now?

Ros.

Ros. Yes, yes: O my Stars,
Be now for ever blest, that have brought
To my revenge these Robbers; take your Arrows,
And nail these Monsters to the Earth.

Alb. What mean ye, Lady?
In what have we offended?

Ros. O my Daughter!
And you Companions with me in all Fortunes,
Look on these Caskets, and these Jewels,
These were our own, when first we put to Sea
With good *Sebastian*; and these the Pirates
That not alone depriv'd him of this Treasure,
But also took his Life.

Cro. Part of my Present
I well remember was mine own.

Hip. And these were mine.

Ful. Sure I have worn this Jewel.

Ros. Wherefore do ye stay then,
And not perform my Command?

Alb. O Heav'n!
What cruel Fate pursues us.

Tib. I am well enough serv'd,
That must be off'ring Jointures, Jewels,
And precious Stones, more than I brought with me.

Ros. Why shoot ye not?

Cl. Hear me dear Mother;
And when the greatest Cruelty is Justice,
Do not shew Mercy: Death to these starv'd Wretches
Is a Reward, not Punishment; let 'em live
To undergo the full weight of your Displeasure.
And that they have Sense to feel the Torments
They have deserv'd allow 'em some small Pittance,
To linger out their Tortures.

Ros. 'Tis well counsell'd.

All. And we'll follow it.

Alb. Hear us speak.

Ros. Peace Dogs.

Find 'em fast; when Fury hath given way to Reason,
I will determine of their Sufferings,

Which

Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow pac'd,
At length o'ertakes the guilty; and the Wrath
Of the incensed Powers, will fall most sure
On wicked Men, when they are most secure. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Sailors.

1 *Sail.* **H**ERE's nothing, Sir, but Poverty and Hunger;

No Promise of Inhabitation, neither track of Breast,
Nor foot of Man; we have searcht
All this rocky Desert, yet cannot discover any Assurance
Here is, or hath been such Men.

2 *Sail.* Not a Relique of any thing they wore;
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find Relief,
Or to warn others from the like Misfortune.
Believe it, these Fellows are both false,
And, to get a little Succour in their Misery,
Have fram'd this cunning Tale.

Ray. The Ship, I know, is *French*, and own'd by Pi-
If not by *Albert* my arch Enemy. (rats,
You told me too there was a Woman with 'em,
A young and handsome Woman.

Seb. There was so, Sir.

Ray. And such and such young Gallants.

Nic. We told you true, Sir,
That they had no means to quit this Island.

Ray. And that amidst their Mutiny to save your Lives,
You got their Ship.

Seb. All is most certain, Sir.

Ray. Where are they then? Where are these Men
Or Woman? we are landed, where your Faiths
Did assure us we could not miss their Sights.
For this News we took ye to our Mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea, and Famine
Strove, which should first devour ye; Cloath'd,

Cloath'd, and cherisht ye; us'd ye as those ye say ye are.
 Fair Gentlemen, now keep your words,
 And shew us this Company, your own free Pities spoke
 These Men ye left in Misery; the Woman. (of;
 Men of those noble Breedings you pretend to
 Should scorn to lie, or get their Food with Falshood;
 Come, direct us.

Seb. Alas, Sir, they are gone,
 But by what Means, or Providence, we know not.

2 Sail. Was not the Captain
 A Fellow of a fiery, yet brave Nature,
 A middle Stature, and of brown Complexion?

Nic. He was, Sir.

Ray. 'Twas *Albert*,
 And my poor wretched Sister.

2 Sail. 'Twas he certain,
 I ha' been at Sea with him, many times at Sea.

Ray. Come, shew us these Men;
 Shew us presently, and do not dally with us.

Seb. We left 'em here; What should we say, Sir?
 Here, in this Place.

2 Sail. The Earth cannot swallow 'em;
 They have no Wings, they cannot fly sure.

Ray. You told us too
 Of heaps of Treasure, and of Sums conceal'd,
 That set their Heart a-fire; we see no such thing,
 No such sign; What can ye say to purge ye?
 What have ye done with these Men?

Nic. We, Sir?

Ray. You, Sir;
 For certain I believe ye saw such People.

Seb. By all that's good,
 By all that's pure and honest,
 By all that's Holy.

Ray. I dare not credit ye,
 Ye have so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

1 Sail. Let's put 'em in their ragged Clothes again,
 Captain,
 For certain they are Knaves, let's e'en deliver 'em
 To their old fruitful Farm; here let 'em walk the Island.

Seb.

Sab. If ye do so, we shall curse your Mercies.

Nic. Rather put us to Sea again.

Ray. Not so.

Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are Christians,
Though I hardly credit it; bring in the Boat,
And all aboard again, but these two Wretches;
Yet leave 'em four Days Meat. If in that time
(For I will search all Nooks of this strange Island)
I can discover any Tract of these Men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour ye;
If not, ye have found your Graves; so farewell. [*Exe.*

Nic. That Goodness dwells above, and knows us In-
Comfort our Lives, and at his Pleasure quit us. (nocent.

Seb. Come Cousin, come; old time will end our Story;
But no time, (if we end well) ends our Glory. [*Exit.*

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.

Ros. Use 'em with all the Austerity that may be,
They are our Slaves; turn all those Pities,
Those tender Reluctations that should become your Sex,
To stern Anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with those Eyes that wept those bitter Sorrows,
Those Cruelties ye suffer'd by their Rapines.
Some five Days hence that blessed Hour comes
Most happy to me, that knit this Hand to my dear Hus-
And both our Hearts in mutual Bands. (band's,
That hour, Ladies.

Cl. What of that hour?

Ros. Why, on that hour, Daughter,
And in the height of all our Celebrations,
Our dear Remembrances of that dear Man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair Kinsmen,
Their Lives shall fall a Sacrifice to Vengeance,
Their Lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full Justice.
I will look glorious in their Bloods;
And the most noble Spirit of *Sebastian*,
That perisht by the Pride of these *French* Pirates,
Shall smile in Heav'n, and bless the Hand that kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your Prisoners;
For he that makes a scape beyond my Vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair Usage;

Take

Take heed, I say, she that deceives my trust,
Again take heed; her Life, and that's but light neither;
Her Life in all the Tortures my Spirit can put on.

All. We shall be careful.

Ros. Do so.

[*Ex. Rosella.*

Cl. You are angry Mother, and ye are old too,
Forgetting what Men are; but we shall temper ye.
How fare your Prisoners, Ladies? in what forms
Do they appear in their Afflictions?

Ful. Mine fare but poorly;
For so I am commanded; 'tis none of their fault.

Cl. Of what sort are they?

Ful. They say they are Gentlemen,
But they shew Mungrels.

Cl. How do they suffer?

Ful. Faith like Boys,
They are fearful in all Fortunes; when I smile
They kneel, and beg to have that Face continued;
And like poor Slaves, adore the Ground I go on.
When I frown, they hang their most dejected Heads,
Like fearful Sheep-hounds; shew 'em a crust of Bread
They'll Saint me presently, and skip like Apes
For a sup of Wine. I'll whip 'em like Hackneys,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Cl. Tush, these are poor things.
Have they Names like Christians?

Ful. Very fair Names; *Franville, Lamure* and *Morillat*;
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very hand-
But that I am a Fool, and dare not venture. (somerly,
They are sound too o'my Conscience,
Or very near upon't.

Cl. Fy, away Fool.

Ful. They tell me,
If they might be brought before you,
They would reveal things of strange consequence.

Cl. Their base poor Fears.

Ful. Ay, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their Sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.

Cl.

Cl. An hour hence I'll take a view of 'em,
And hear their Business. Are your Men thus too?

Gro. Mine? No, gentle Madam, mine were not cast
In such base Molds; Afflictions, Tortures,
Are Names and Natures of Delight, to my Men;
All sorts of Cruelties they meet like Pleasures.
I have but two, the one they call *Du-pont*,
Tibalt Du-pont; the other the Ship-master.

Cl. Have they not Lives and Fears?

Gro. Lives they have, Madam;
But those Lives ne'er linkt to such Companions
As Fears or Doubts.

Cl. Use 'em nobly;
And where you find fit Subjects for your Pities
Let it become ye to be courteous;
My Mother will not always be thus rigorous.

Hip. Mine are Sailors, Madam,
But they sleep soundly, and seldom trouble me, unless
it be when

They dream sometimes of Fights and Tempests;
Then they rore and whistle for Cans of Wine,
And down they fling me; and in that Rage,
(For they are violent Fellows) they play such Reaks.
If they have Meat, they thank me;
If none, they heartily desire to be hang'd quickly.
And this is all they care.

Cl. Look to 'em diligently, and where your Pities
tells ye

They may deserve, give Comfort.

All. We will.

[*Exe.*

Cl. Come hither, be not frighted:

Enter Aminta.

Think not ye steal this Liberty, for we give it,
Your tender Innocence assures me, Virgin,
Ye had no share in those wrongs these Men did us;
I find ye are not hardned in such Mischiefs.
Your Brother was mis-led sure,
Foully mis-led.

Amin. How much I fear these Pities!

Cl. Certain he was, so much I pity him;

And

And for your sake, whose Eyes plead for him;
Nay, for his own sake.

Amin. Ha!

Cla. For I see about him,
Women have subtil Eyes, and look narrowly;
Or I am much abus'd; many fair Promises;
Nay beyond those, too many shadowed Virtues.

Amin. I think he is good.

Cla. I assure my self he will be;
And out of that Assurance take this Comfort,
For I perceive your fear hath much dejected ye.
I love your Brother.

Amin. Madam.

Cla. Nay, do not take it for a dream of favour,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes;
Indeed I love him.

Amin. Do ye indeed?

Cla. You doubt still, because ye fear his Safety;
Indeed he is the sweetest Man I e'er saw;
I think the best. Ye may hear without Blushes,
And give thanks, if ye please, for my Courtesie.

Amin. Madam, I ever must;
Yet witness Heav'n, they are hard pull'd from me.
Believe me, Madam, so many Imperfections I could find,
(Forgive me, Grace, for lying) and such wants,
(Tis to an honest use) such Poverties,
Both in his main Proportion, and his Mind too;
There are a hundred handsomer; (I lie leadly)
Your noble Usage, Madam, hath so bound me to ye,
That I must tell ye.

Cla. Come, tell your worst.

Amin. He is no Husband for ye.
I think ye mean in that fair way.

Cla. Ye have hit it.

Amin. I am sure ye have hit my Heart.
You will find him dangerous, Madam,
As fickle as the flying Air, proud, jealous,
Soon glutt'd in your Sweets, and soon forgetful;
I could say more, and tell ye I have a Brother,
Another Brother, that so far excels this,

Both

Both in the Ornaments of Man, and making.

Cla. If you were not his Sister, I should doubt ye mainly;
Doubt ye for his Love, ye deal so cunningly.

Do not abuse me, I have trusted ye with more than Life,
With my first Love; be careful of me.

Amin. In what use, Madam?

Cla. In this, Lady;

Speak to him for me, you have Power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him;
It will become your Tongue.

Amin. Become my Grave.

O Fortune, O cursed Fortune!

Cla. Tell him his Liberty,
And all those with him; all our Wealth and Jewels:
Good Sister, for I'll call ye so.

Amin. I shall, Lady,
Even die, I hope,

Cla. Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,
And there he lies; give him what Liberty you please;
But still conceal'd. What Pleasure you shall please, Sister?
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'll take it;
Why do you study thus?

Amin. To avoid Mischiefs, if they should happen.

Cla. Go, and be happy for me.

Amin. O blind Fortune;
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him,
In what strange Desolation lives he here now?
Sure this Curtain will reveal.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle Hand, I hope, to bring me Comfort.
Or if it be my Death, 'tis sweetly shadowed.

Amin. Have ye forgot me, Sir?

Alb. My *Aminta*?

Amin. She, Sir,
That walks here up and down an empty Shadow,
One, that for some few Hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad Coffin,
Seeking some desert Place to lodge her Grievs in.

Alb. Sweet Sorrow welcome, welcome noble Grief;
How got you this fair Liberty to see me?

For Sorrows in your Shape are Strangers to me.

Amin. I come to counsel ye.

Alb. Ye are still more welcome;
For good Friends in Afflictions give good Counsels.
Pray then proceed.

Amin. Pray eat first, ye shew faint;
Here's Wine to refresh ye too.

Alb. I thank ye, Dear.

Amin. Drink again.

Alb. Here's to our Loves.
How! turn and weep!
Pray pledge it, this Happiness we have yet left,
Our Hearts are free. Not pledge it? Why?
And though beneath the Ax this Health were holy.
Why do ye weep thus?

Amin. I come to woo ye.

Alb. To woo me, Sweet? I am woo'd and won already,
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes ye.
But you would deceive my Sorrows; that's your intent.

Amin. I would I could, I should not weep, but smile.
Do ye like your Meat and Wine?

Alb. Like it?

Amin. Do you like your Liberty?

Alb. All these I well may like.

Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em.
Do ye like Wealth, and most unequal'd Beauty?

Alb. Peace, indeed you'll make me angry.

Amin. Would I were dead that ask it,
Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.

Alb. What like, and who? Add not more Misery
To a Man that's fruitful in Afflictions.
Who is't you would have me like?
Who sent these Comforts?

Amin. I must tell.

Alb. Be bold.

Amin. But be you temperate.
If you be bold, I die. The young fair Virgin;
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,

And wisely hark, the Governess Daughter:
That Star that strikes this Island full of wonder,
That blooming Sweetness.

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She sent it; and with it,
It must be out, she dotes on ye,
And must enjoy ye, else no Joy must find ye.

Alb. And have you the Patience to deliver this?

Amin. A Sister may say much, and modestly.

Alb. A Sister?

Amin. Yes, that Name undid ye,
Undid us both; had ye nam'd Wife, she had fear'd ye,
And fear'd the Sin she follow'd; she had shunn'd, yea
Her Virgin Modesty had not touch'd at ye.
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a Fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguish'd.

Alb. Indeed I play'd the Fool.

Amin. O my best Sir, take heed,
Take heed of Lies. Truth, though it trouble some Minds,
Some wicked Minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preserves it self, comes off pure, innocent,
And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in Glory. O Sir, lie no more.

Alb. Ye have read me a fair Lecture,
And put a Spell upon my Tongue for feigning.
But how will you counsel now?

Amin. Ye must study to forget me.

Alb. How?

Amin. Be patient.

Be wise and patient, it concerns ye highly.
Can ye lay by our Loves? But why should I doubt it?
Ye are a Man, and Man may shift Affections,
'Tis held no Sin. To come to the Point,
Ye must lose me; many and mighty Reasons.

Alb. Hear me, *Aminta*;

Have you a Man that loves you too, that feeds ye,
That sends ye Liberty? Has this great Governess
A noble Son too, young, and apt to catch ye?
Am I, because I am in Bonds, and miserable,
My Health decay'd, my Youth and Strength half blasted,

My Fortune, like my waining self, for this despis'd?
 Am I for this forsaken? A new Love chosen,
 And my Affections, like my Fortunes, Wanderers?
 Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;
 And shew'd how deep a Sin it was, and dangerous.
 Take heed your self, you swore you lov'd me dearly;
 No few, nor little Oaths you swore, *Aminta*,
 Those seal'd with no small Faith, I then assur'd my self.
 O seek no new ways to cozen Truth.

Amin. I do not.

By Love it self I love thee,
 And ever must, nor can all Deaths dissolve it.

Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?

Amin. For your safety,
 To preserve your Life.

Alb. My Life, I do confess, is hers,
 She gives it,
 And let her take it back, I yield it.
 My Love's entirely thine, none shall touch at it;
 None, my *Aminta*, none.

Amin. Ye have made me happy,
 And now I know ye are mine, Fortune, I scorn thee.
 Go to your rest, and I'll sit by ye;
 Whilst I have time I'll be your Mate, and comfort ye,
 For only I am trusted: You shall want nothing,
 Not a liberty that I can steal ye.

Alb. May we not celebrate our Loves, *Aminta*?
 And where our Wishes cannot meet.

Amin. You are wanton,
 But with cold Kisses I'll allay that Fever;
 Look for no more, and that in private too.
 Believe me, I shall blush else.

But, let's consider, we are both lost else.

Alb. Let's in, and prevent Fate.

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt and Master.

Tib. You do well to air us, Ladies, we shall be musty else.
 What are your wife Wills now?

Cro. You are very crank still.

Tib. As crank as a Holy Frier fed with Hail-stones.
 But do ye bring us out to bait, like Bulls?

Mass.

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Maft. Or are you weary of the Charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again, let's jog, Ladies;
We are grofs, and courfe, unfit for your sweet Pleasures.

Tib. Knock off our Shoes, and turn's to Grafs.

Cro. You are determin'd

Still to be stubborn then? it well becomes ye.

Tib. An Humour, Lady, that contents a Prisoner.
A fullen fit sometimes ferves for a fecond Courfe.

Ful. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our Favours; gain Meat and Drink,
And Lodging to reft your Bones.

Tib. My Bones have bore me thus long,
And had their fhare of Pains and Recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair Companions.

Cro. Are ye thus harfh to all our Sex?

Maft. We cannot be merry without a Fidler,
Pray ftrike up your Tabors, Ladies.

Cro. The Fools defpife us.

Ful. We know ye are very hungry now.

Tib. Yes, 'tis very wholefome, Ladies;
For we that have grofs Bodies, muft be careful.
Have ye no piercing Air to ftir our Stomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.

Ful. Why Slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Maft. Very likely.

'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and fcorn ye.
Hanging's as fweet to us, as dreaming to you.

Cro. Come, be more courteous. (Necessaries.

Ful. Do, and then ye fhall be pleas'd, and have all

Tib. Give me fome Ratsbane then.

Cro. And why Ratsbane, Monsieur?

Tib. We live like Vermine here, and eat up your Cheefe,
Your mouldy Cheefe, that none but Rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis juft that Ratsbane fhould reward us.

We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of Harveft this Year, Ladies.

Ful. Ye fhall have all content.

Maft. Ay, and we'll ferve your Ufes.
I had rather ferve Hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy Appetites are never fatisfied;

Just like hungry Camels, sleeping or waking
You chew the Cud still.

Co. By this Hand we'll starve ye.

Mast. 'Tis a noble Courtesie.

I had as lief ye shou'd furnish me, as founde me;
To be jaded to Death, is only fit for a Hackney.
Here be certain Tarts of Tarr about me,
And parcels of Potargo in my Jerkin,
As long as these last.

Ful. Which will not last ever.

Tib. Then we'll Eat one another like good Fellows.
A Shoulder of his for a Haunch of mine.

Ful. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'Twill be as we'll dress it, Ladies.

Cro. Why sure ye are not Men?

Mast. Ye had best come search us,
A Seaman is seldom without a salt Ecce.

Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious Wencher;
And yet ye make me blush at your Immodesty.
Tell me, good Master, didst ever see such things?

Mast. I could like 'em, tho' they were lewdly given.
If they could say no.

Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us;
But your commanding Impudence shall never fear us.
Had ye by blushing Signs, soft Cunnings, crept into us,
And shew'd us your Necessities; we had met your pur-
Supply'd your wants. We are no Saints, Ladies; (poes,
I love a good Wench as I love my Life,
And with my Life I will maintain my Love;
But such a sordid Impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our Dens again, Come, noble Master.
You know our Minds, Ladies:

This is the Faith in which we'll die. [*Exe. Tib. and Mast.*]

Cro. I do admire 'em.

Ful. They are noble Fellows,
And they shall not want, for this.

Cro. But see, *Clarinda* comes.
Farewel, I'll to my Charge.

[*Exit.*
Enter]

Enter Clarinda.

Cl. Bring out those Prisoners now,
And let me see 'em, and hear their business.

Jul. I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Cl. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her Brother.
She has a sweet Tongue, and can describe the Happiness
My Love is ready to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, for certain, wonder,
And bless the hour that brought him to this Island.
I long to hear the full Joy that he labours with.

Enter Julietta, Morillat, Franville, and Lamure.

Mor. Bless thy Divine Beauty.

Fran. Mirror of Sweetness.

Lam. Ever-springing Brightness.

Cl. Nay, stand up Gentlemen, and leave your Flatteries.

Mor. She calls us Gentlemen, sure we shall have some

Cl. I am a mortal Creature, (Meat now,

Worship Heav'n, and give these Attributes
To their Divinities. Methinks ye look but thin.

Mor. Oh we are starv'd, immortal Beauty.

Lam. We are all poor starv'd Knaves.

Fran. Neither Liberty nor Meat, Lady. (sweet Men,

Mor. We were handsome Men, and Gentlemen, and
And were once gracious in the Eyes of Beauties;
But now we look like Rogues,
Like poor starv'd Rogues.

Cl. What would ye do, if ye were to die now?

Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good Meal or two to die with,
To put's in heart.

Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let's be drunk first, that we may die merrily,
And bless the Founders.

Cl. Ye shall not die so hastily.
What dare ye do to deserve my Favour?

Lam. Put us to any Service.

Fran. Any Bondage,
Let's but live.

Mor. We'll get a world of Children,
For we know ye are hainously unprovided that way;
And

And ye shall beat us when we offend ye;
Beat us abundantly, and take our Meat from us. (ones,

Cla. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor
What's the great Service ye so oft have threatned,
If ye might see me, and win my Favour?

Ful. That business of Discovery.

Mor. Oh I'll tell ye Lady.

Lam. And so will I.

Fran. And I.

Pray let me speak first.

Mor. Good, no confusion.

We are before a Lady that knows Manners;
And by the next Meat I shall eat, 'tis certain,
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us.

Cla. Your Captain's Sister, she you mean.

Mor. Ay, ay, she's the business that we would open to ye.
You are cozen'd in her.

Lam. How, what is't you would open?

Fran. She is no Sister.

Mor. Good Sirs, how quick you are,
She is no Sister, Madam.

Fran. She is his——

Mor. Peace, I say,

Cla. What is she?

Mor. Faith, sweet Lady,
She is, as a Man would say, his——

Cla. What?

Lam. His Mistress.

Mor. Or, as some new Translators read, his——

Cla. Oh me!

Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
Unless he meant some Villany? These ten Weeks
He has had her at Sea, for his own proper Appetite.

Lam. His Cabin-mate, I'll assure ye.

Cla. No Sister, say ye?

Mor. No more than I am Brother to your Beauty.
I know not why he should juggle thus.

Cla. Do not lie to me.

Mor. If ye find me lie, Lady, hang me empty.

Cla. How am I fool'd?

Away

Away with 'em *Juletta*, and feed 'em,
But hark ye, with such food as they have given me.
New Misery!

Fran. Nor Meat nor Thanks for all this.

[*Exit.*

Cl. Make 'em more wretched.

Oh I could burst! curse and kill now,
Kill any thing I meet. *Juletta*, follow me,
And call the rest along.

Jul. We follow, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Amin. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me;
How shall I answer her?

Alb. Tell her directly.

Amin. That were too sudden, too improvident;
Fires of this Nature must be put out cunningly,
They'll waste all come near 'em else.
Farewel once more.

Alb. Farewel,

And keep my Love entire.

Nay, kiss me once again, methinks we should not part.

Amin. Oh be wise, Sir.

Alb. Nay, one Kiss more.

Amin. Indeed you're wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale and Hippolita.

Cl. Out, thou base Woman.

I'll shoot 'em both.

Cro. Nay stay, brave Lady, hold;
A sudden Death cuts off a nobler Vengeance.

Cl. Am I made Bawd to your lascivious Meetings?
Are ye grown so wise in Sin?
Shut up that Villany; and Sirrah,
Now expect my utmost Anger.
Let him there starve.

Alb. I mock at your Mischiefs.

[*Exit.*

Cl. Tie that false Witch unto that Tree,
There let that savage Beasts
Gnaw off her Sweetness, and Snakes
Embrace her Beauties; tie her, and watch
That none relieve her.

Hip.

Hip. We could wish ye better Fortune, Lady,
But dare not help ye.

Amin. Be your own Friends, I thank ye.
Now only my last audit, and my greatest;
Oh Heav'n, be kind unto me,
And if it be thy Will, preserve.

Enter Raymond.

Ray. Who is this?
Sure 'tis a Woman, I have trode this Place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopl'd.
Ha, let me see! 'tis her Face.
Oh Heav'n! turn this way, Maid.

Amin. Oh *Raymond*, oh Brother.

Ray. Her Tongue too; 'tis my Sister; what rude
Nay kifs me first, Oh Joy! (Hand!

Amin. Fly, fly, dear Brother,
You are lost else.

Ful. A Man, a Man, a new Man.

Ray. What are these?

Enter Juletta, Crocale, and Clarinda.

Cro. An Enemy, an Enemy.

Cl. Dispatch him,
Take him off, shoot him straight.

Ray. I dare not use my Sword, Ladies,
Against such comely Foes.

Amin. Oh Brother, Brother!

Cl. Away with 'em, and in dark Prisons bind 'em.
One word reply'd, ye die both.
Now brave Mother, follow thy noble Anger,
And I'll help thee. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.

Ros. I Am deaf to all your Intreaties; she that moves
For Pity or Compassion to these Pirates, (me
Digs up her Father's, or her Brother's Tomb,
And spurns about their Ashes.

Couldst

Couldst thou remember what a Father thou hadst once,
'Twould steel thy Heart against all foolish Pity. (braces,
By his Memory, and the remembrance of his dear Em-
I am taught, that in a noble cause Revenge is noble;
And they shall fall the Sacrifices, to appease
His wandring Ghost, and my incensed Fury.

Cla. The new come Prisoner too!

Ros. He too; yet that we may learn
Whether they are the same, or near ally'd
To those that forc'd me to this cruel Course,
Better their poor Allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together, and confer,
Within the distance of your Ear; perhaps
They may discover something that may kill
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
From certain Ruin.

Cro. That shall be my Charge.

Ros. Yet to prevent

All hope of rescue; for this new-come Captain
Hath both a Ship and Men not far from us,
Though ignorant to find the only Port,
That can yield Entrance to our happy Island,
Guard the Place strongly, and e'er the next Sun
Ends his diurnal Progress, I will be
Happy in my Revenge, or set 'em free. [Exeunt.

Enter Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita. A Table furnish'd.

Cro. So, serve it plentifully,
And lose not time to enquire the cause;
There is a main design that hangs upon this Bounty.
See the Table furnish'd with Wine too,
That discovers Secrets which Tortures cannot open;
Open the Doors too of the several Prisons,
And give all free Entrance into this Room.
Undiscover'd I can here mark all.

Enter Tibalt and Master.

Here's Captain Careless, and the tough Ship-master,
The Slaves are nos'd like Vultures,
How wild they look!

Tib. Ha, the Mystery of this,
Some good Hob-goblin rise and reveal.

Master.

Mast. I'm amazed at it; nor can I sound the Intent.

Tib. Is not this Bread;
Substantial Bread, not painted?

Mast. But take heed,
You may be poisoned.

Tib. I am sure I am famish'd;
And Famine, as the wise Man says,
Gripes the Guts as much as any Mineral.
This may be *Treacle* sent to preserve me
After a long Fast; or be it *Vipers* Spittle,
I'll run the hazard.

Mast. We are past all fear, I'll take part with ye.

Tib. Do; and now i'faith, how d'ye feel your self?
I find great ease in't. What's here;
Wine, and it be thy Will;
Strong lusty Wine. Well, Fools may talk
Of *Mythridate*, Cordials, and *Elixirs*;
But from my Youth this was my only Physick.
Here's a Colour, what Lady's Cheek,
Though cerus'd over, comes near it?
It sparkles too; hangs out Diamonds.
Oh my Sweet-heart, how I will hug thee,
Again, and again! They are poor Drunkards,
And not worth thy Favours,
That number thy moist Kisses in these Crystals.

Mast. But Monsieur,
Here are Suckets, and sweet Dishes.

Tib. Tush, Boy's Meat,
I am past it; here's strong food fit for Men;
Nectar, old Lad. Mistress of merry Hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.

Mast. Take heed, Man,
Too much will breed Distemper.

Tib. Hast thou liv'd at Sea
The most part of thy Life, where to be sober,
While we have Wine aboard, is capital Treason;
And dost thou preach Sobriety?

Mast. Prethee forbear,
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.

Tib

Tib. I am sure for me; therefore *footra*,
When I am full, let 'em hang me, I care not.

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Morillat,
and Franville, *severally*.

Mast. This has been his Temper ever.
See, provoking Dishes; candid *Eringoes*,
And *Potatoes*.

Tib. I'll not touch 'em, I will drink;
But not a Bit on a March, I'll be an Eunuch rather.

Mast. Who are these?

Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my Text here.

Alb. Raymond!

Ray. Albert!

Tib. Away, I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off Rogues, or I'll belch ye into Air;
Not a drop here.

Amin. Dear Brother, put not in your Eyes such Anger,
Those looks poison'd with Fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh Brother, look milder, or
The Crystal of his Temperance
Will turn 'em on your self.

Alb. Sir, I have sought ye long
To find your Pardon; you have plough'd the Ocean,
To wreak you Vengeance on me, for the Rape
Of this fair Virgin. Now our Fortune guides us
To meet on such hard Terms, that we need rather
A mutual Pity of our present State,
Than to expostulate of Breaches past,
Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from your Power, to force me to confess
That I have done ye wrong, or such Submission
Failing to make my Peace, to vent your Anger;
You being your self slav'd, as I to others;
Yet for you Sister's sake, her blessed sake,
In part of Recompence of what she has suffer'd
For my rash Folly; the Contagion
Of my black Actions, catching hold upon
Her purer Innocence, I crave your Mercy;
And with however several Motives kept us

From

From being Friends, while we had hope to live,
Let Death, which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all Contention.

Tib. Drink upon't, 'tis a good Motion;
Ratify it in Wine, and 'tis authentical.

Ray. When I consider
The ground of our long Difference, and look on
Our not to be avoided Miseries,
It doth beget in me I know not how
A soft religious Tenderneſs; which tells me,
Though we have many faults to answer for
Upon our own Account, our Father's Crimes
Are in us puniſh'd. Oh *Albert*, the Courſe
They took to leave us rich, was not honeſt,
Nor can that Friendſhip laſt, which Virtue joyns not.
When firſt they forc'd the induſtrious *Portugals*
From their Plantations in the *Happy Iſlands*.

Grd. This is that I watch for.

Ray. And did omit no Tyranny, which Men,
Inured to Spoil and Miſchief, could inflict,
On the griev'd Sufferers; when by lawleſs Rapine
They reap'd the Harveſt, which their Labourers ſow'd;
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
But laid for 'em at Sea, to raviſh from 'em
The laſt remainder of their Wealth; then, then,
After a long purſuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the *Portugals* eſcape,
They did begin to Quarrel, like in Men;
(Forgive my Piety, that I call 'em ſo)
No longer Love or Correſpondence holds,
Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn theſe Swords they oft had bloody'd
With innocent Gore, upon their wretched ſelves,
And paid the forfeit of their Cruelty
Shewn to *Sebastian*, and his Colony,
By being fatal Enemies to each other.
Thence grew *Aminta's* Rape, and my deſire
To be reveng'd. And now obſerve the iſſue;
As they for ſpoil ever forgot Compaſſion
To Women, (who ſhould be exempted

From

From the Extremities of a lawful War)
We now, young able Men, are fall'n into
The Hands of Women; that, against the soft
Tenderness familiar to their Sex,
Will shew no Mercy.

Enter Crocale.

Cro. None, unless you shew us
Our long lost Husbands.
We are those *Portugals* you talk'd of.

Ray. Stay,
I met upon the Sea in a tall Ship
Two *Portugals*, famish'd almost to Death.

Tib. Our Ship, by this Wine,
And those the Rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the barren Islands.

Ray. Some such Tale they told me,
And something of a Woman, which I find
To be my Sister.

Cro. Where are these Men?

Ray. I left 'em,
Supposing they had deluded me with forg'd Tales,
In the Island, where they said
They had liv'd many Years, the wretched Owners
Of a huge mass of Treasure.

Alb. The same Men; and that the fatal Muck
We quarrell'd for.

Cro. They were *Portugals*, you say.

Ray. So they profess'd.

Cro. They may prove such Men as may save your Lives,
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard Life to be resolv'd on't:
How came you hither?

Ray. My Ship lies by the River's Mouth,
That can convey ye to these wretched Men,
Which you desire to see.

Cro. Back to your Prisons,
And pray for the Success; if they be those
Which I desire to find, you are safe;
If not, prepare to die to Morrow;
For the World cannot redeem-ye.

Alb.

Alb. However, we are arm'd
For either Fortune.

Tib. What must become of me now,
That I am not dismiss'd?

Cro. Oh Sir, I purpose
To have your Company.

Tib. Take heed, wicked Woman,
I am apt to Mischief now.

Cro. You cannot be so unkind,
To her that gives you Liberty.

Tib. No, I shall be too kind, that's the Devil on't;
I have had store of good Wine; and when I am drunk,
Joan is a Lady to me, and I shall
Lay about me like a Lord; I feel strange Motions;
Avoid me, Temptation.

Cro. Come, Sir, I'll help ye in.

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Nic. What may that be
That moves upon the Lake?

Seb. Still it draws nearer,
And now I plainly can discern it.
'Tis the *French* Ship.

Nic. In it a Woman,
Who seems to invite us to her.

Seb. Still she calls with Signs of Love to hasten to her;
So lovely hope doth still appear;
I feel nor Age, nor Weakness.

Nic. Though it bring Death,
To us 'tis Comfort; and deserves a meeting.
Or else Fortune tir'd with what we have suffer'd,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a Period to our Misery.

[Exeunt.]

[Horrid Musick.]

Enter severally, Raymond, Albert, and Aminta.

Ray. What dreadful sounds are these?

Amin. Infernal Musick,
Fit for a bloody Feast.

Alb. It seems prepar'd
To kill our Courages, e'er they divorce.

Our

Our Souls and Bodies.

Ray. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their Triumph.

[An Altar prepar'd.

Enter Rosfillia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c.

Amin. See the Furies,

In their full trim of Cruelty.

Ros. 'Tis the last

Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord;
Set out the Altar, I my self will be
The Priest, and boldly do those horrid Rites
You shake to think on; lead these Captains nearer,
For they shall have the Honour to fall first
To my *Sebastian's* Athes; and now Wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,
And lately by your free Confession,
French Pirates, and the Sons of those I hate,
Even equal with the Devil; hear with Horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel Course,
And what you are to suffer, no *Amazons* we,
But Women of *Portugal*, that must have from you
Sebastian and *Nicusa*; we are they
That groan'd beneath your Fathers Wrongs:
We are those wretched Women,
Their Injuries pursu'd, and overtook;
And from the sad Remembrance of our Losses
We are taught to be cruel; when we were forc'd
From that sweet Air we breath'd in, by their Rapine,
And sought a Place of being; as the Seas
And Winds conspir'd with their ill Purposes,
To load us with Afflictions in a Storm
That fell upon us; the two Ships that brought us,
To seek new Fortunes in an unknown World
Were severed; the one bore all the able Men,
Our Treasure and our Jewels; in the other,
We Women were embark'd, and fell upon,
After long tossing in the troubled Main,
This pleasant Island; but in few Months,
The Men that did conduct us hither, dy'd.

VOL. VI.

L1

We

We long before had given our Husbands lost:
 Remembring what we had suffer'd by the *French*,
 We took a solemn Oath, never to admit
 The curs'd Society of Men: Necessity
 Taught us those Arts, not usual to our Sex,
 And the fertile Earth yielding abundance to us,
 We did resolve, thus shap'd like *Amazons*
 To end our Lives; but when you arriv'd here,
 And brought as Presents to us, our own Jewels,
 Those which were born in the other Ship,
 How can ye hope to scape our Vengeance?

Amint. It boots not then to swear our Innocence?

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the Owners?

Ray. Or that there are a Remnant of that Wrack,
 And not far off?

Ros. All you affirm, I know,
 Is but to win time; therefore prepare your Throats,
 The World shall not redeem ye; and that your Cries
 May find no Entrance to our Ears,
 To move Pity in any, bid loud Musick sound
 Their fatal Knells; if ye have Prayers use 'em quickly,
 To any Power will own ye; but ha!

Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa and Tibalt.
 Who are these? What Spectacles of Misfortune?
 Why are their Looks
 So full of Joy and Wonder?

Cro. Oh! Lay by
 These Instruments of Death, and welcome
 To your Arms, what you durst never hope to imbrace:
 This is *Sebastian*, this *Nicusa*, Madam:
 Preserv'd by Miracle: Look up, dear Sir,
 And know your own *Rossella*; be not lost
 In Wonder and Amazement; or if Nature
 Can, by Instinct, instruct you what it is,
 To be blessed with the Name of Father,
 Freely enjoy it in this fair Virgin.

Seb. Though my Miseries,
 And many Years of Wants I have endur'd,
 May well deprive me of the Memory
 Of all Joys past; yet looking on this Building,

This

This ruin'd Building of a heav'nly Form
In my *Rosilla*; I must remember, I am *Sebastian*.

Ros. Oh my Joys!

Seb. And here,

I see a perfect Model of thy self,
As thou wert when thy Choice first made thee mine:
These Cheeks and Fronts, though wrinkled now with
Which Art cannot restore, had equal Pureness (Time
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
Which by fair Order and Succession,
I see descend on her; and may thy Virtues
Wind into her Form, and make her a perfect Dower,
No Part of thy sweet Goodness wanting to her.
I will not now *Rosilla*, ask thy Fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad Hours
In their Relation: All past Wrongs forgot;
I'm glad to see you, Gentlemen; but most,
That it is in my Power to save your Lives;
You sav'd ours, when we were near starv'd at Sea,
And I despair not, for if she be mine,
Rosilla can deny *Sebastian* nothing.

Ros. She does give up her self,
Her Power and Joys, and all, to you,
To be discharged of 'em as too burthensome;
Welcome in any Shape.

Seb. Sir, in your Looks,
I read your Suit of my *Clarinda*; she is yours;
And Lady, if it be in me to confirm
Your Hopes in this brave Gentleman,
Presume I am your Servant.

Alb. We thank you, Sir.

Amin. Oh happy Hour!

Alb. O my dear *Aminta*;
Now all our Fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix; she's Mettle,
Steel to the Back, and will cut my leaden Dagger,
If not us'd with Discretion.

Gro. You are still no Changeling.

Seb. Nay,
All look chearfully, for none shall be
Deny'd their lawful Wishes; when a while
We have here refresh'd our selves, we'll return
To our several homes; and well that Voyage ends,
That makes of deadly Enemies, faithful Friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



mes,



Wit at severall Weapons Vol. 6. p. 336

W I T

At Several

W E A P O N S.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

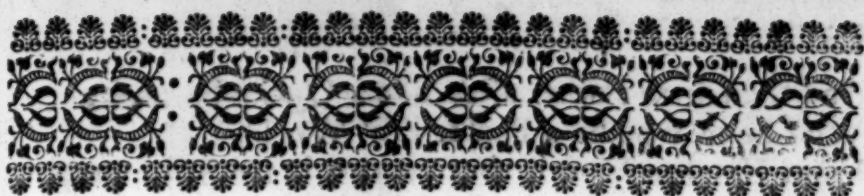
SIR Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old Knight, a great Admirer of Wit.*
Witty-pate Oldcraft, *his Father's own Son.*
Sir Gregory Fop, *a witless Lord of Land.*
Cunningham, *a discreet Gentleman, Sir Gregory's Comrade and Supplanter.*
Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decay'd Knight,* } *Two sharking Companions.*
Priscian, *a poor Scholar,*
Pompey Doodle, *a Clown, Sir Gregory's Man, a piece of Puff-paste, like his Master.*
Mr. Credulous, *Nephew to Sir Perfidious, a shallow-brain'd Scholar.*

W O M E N.

Neice to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty Heir.
Lady Ruinous, Wife to Sir Ruinous.
Guardianess to Sir Perfidious his Neice, an old doting Croane.
Mirabell, the Guardianess's Niece.

The SCENE LONDON.

Wit



Wit at several Weapons.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir Prefidious Old-craft, an old Knight,
and Witty-pate his Son.*

W I T T I.

SIR, I'm no Boy, I'm deep in one and
twenty,
The second Year's approaching
Old K. A fine time
For a Youth to live by his Wits then, I
should think,

If e'er he mean to make Account of any.

Witty. Wits, Sir?

Old K. Ay Wits, Sir; if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,
I might have imploy'd my Pains a great deal better;
Thou knowst all that I have, I ha' got by my Wits,
And yet to see how urgent thou art too;
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for Means, I never offer'd it
My Parents from a School-boy, past Nineteen once.
See what these Times are grown to, before Twenty
I rush'd into the World, which is indeed
Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall Plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous,
And not stand putting in one Foot, and shiver,

And then draw t'other after, like a Quake-buttock;
 Well he may make a Padler i'th' World,
 From Hand to Mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,
 Born up by th' Chin, as I bore up my self,
 With my strong Industry that never fail'd me;
 For he that lyes born up with Patrimonies,
 Looks like a long great Afs that swims with Bladders,
 Come but one Prick of adverse Fortune to him
 He sinks, because he never try'd to swim,
 When Wir plays with the Billows that choak'd him.

Witty. Why is it not a Fashion for a Father, Sir,
 Out of his yearly thousands, to allow
 His only Son a competent Brace of Hundreds;
 Or such a Toy?

Old K. Yes, if he mean to spoil him,
 Or mar his Wits he may, but never I,
 This is my Humour, Sir, which you'll find constant;
 I love Wit so well, because I liv'd by't,
 That I'll give no Man Power out of my Means to hurt it,
 And that's a kind of Gratitude to my Raifer,
 Which great ones oft forget; I admire much
 This Age's Dulness, when I scarce writ Man,
 The first Degree that e'er I took in thriving,
 I lay Intelligencer close for wenching,
 Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate
 Of all the Maiden-Heads extant, how many lay
 'Mongst Chamber-maids, how many 'mongst Exchange,
 Though never many there I must confess,
 They have a Trick to utter Ware so fast;
 I knew which Lady had a Mind to fall, (breaking,
 Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman
 The Price of every Sinner to a Hair,
 And where to raise each Price; which were the Tearmers,
 That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,
 Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and half Crowns;
 I knew how to match, and make my Market.
 Could give Intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,
 And then to see the Letchers shift a Point,
 'Twas Sport and Profit too; how they would shun
 Their ador'd Mistress's Chambers, and rue fearfully,
 Like

Like Rats from burning Houses; so brought I
My Clyents the Game still safe together,
And noble Gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.
Give me a Man that lives by his Wits, say I,
And's never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursie, I grew then
In Mens opinions too, and confidences,
They put things call'd Executorships upon me,
The charge of Orphans, little senseless Creatures,
Whom in their Childhoods I bound forth to Felt-makers,
To make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry,
Disguise their tender Natures with hard Custom,
So wrought 'em out in time, there I rise ungently,
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,
I'm arm'd at all points against Treachery,
I hold my Humour firm; if I can see thee thrive by
Thy Wits while I live, I shall have the more courage
To trust thee with my Lands when I dye; if not,
The next best Wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich Children
Of the City conclude in Beggary, I'd rather
Make a wise Stranger my Executor, than a foolish
Son my Heir, and to have my Lands call'd after my
Wit, than after my Name; and that's my Nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one, must I still shift then?
I come, brave Cheats, once to my Trade again,
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't;
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Old K. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I should ask you Blessing e'er I go, Sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Old K. Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy Wits once
Thou shalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine else,
Then why should I take care for thee?

Witty. 'Thank your Bounty.

[*Exit.*

Old K. So Wealth love me, and long Life, I beseech it,
As I do love the Man that lives by his Wits,
He comes so near my Nature; I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my last Cheat I fear me,
But 'twil make shift to bury me, by day-light too,

And

And discharge all my Legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
 And never trouble any Interest Mony:
 I've yet a Neice to wed, over whose steps
 I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianess,
 For fear some poor Earl steal her, 't has been threat'ned,
 To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he shall miss on't;
 To prevent which, I have sought out a Match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall, he writes himself, I take it,
 The ancient'st *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately
 Compounded for the third part of her Portion,

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cunningham.

And she seems pleas'd, so two parts rest with me,
 He's come; *Sir Gregory*, welcome; what's he, Sir?

Sir Greg. Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman,
 One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my Kindred,
 Ever since my remembrance; he's a Wit indeed,
 And we all strive to have him, nay, 'tis certain
 Some of our Name has gone to Law for him;
 Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
 He's plaguy chargeable, as all your Wits are,
 But I will give him over when I list,
 I ha' us'd Wits so before. (off.)

Old K. I hope when you're married, Sir, you'll shake him

Sir Greg. Why what do you take me to be, old Father-
 i' Law that shall be, do you think I'll have any of the *Wits*
 hang upon me after I am married once? none of my Kin-
 dred ever had before me; but where's this Niece? is't a fa-
 shion in *London* to marry a Woman, and never see her?

Old K. Excuse the niceness, Sir, that care's your Friend,
 Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her;
 There's many a *spent thing* call'd, and't please your Honour,
 That lies in wait for her, at first snap she's a Countess,
 Drawn with six Mares through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coach-
 Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* Buttocks: (man,
 This whets him on.

Sir Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, Sir,
 I long to see her, are you sure you have her,
 Is she not there already? Hark, hark, oh hark.

Old K. How now, what's that, Sir?

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Every Caroach goes by,
Goes ev'n to th' Heart of me.

Old K. I'll have that Doubt eas'd, Sir,
Instantly eas'd, *Sir Gregory*, and now I think on't
A Toy comes i' my Mind, seeing your Friend there,
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her, I love Wit preciously,
You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your Friend first,
If't please but him to stand for the Anti-mask.

Sir Greg. Puh, he shall stand for any thing, why his Supper
Lies i' my Breeches here, I'll make him fast else.

Old K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly
The Mask it self, a thousand a Year Joynture,
The cloud, your Friends will be then drawn away,
And only you the Beauty of the Play. (Fullers,

Sir Greg. For Red and Black, I'll put down all your
Let but your Neice bring White, and we have three co-
lours. [Exit *Sir Greg.*

Old K. I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

Cun. I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, Sir.

Old K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will
or no, Sir;

To tell you truth, I'm taken with a *Wit*.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know
so much.

Old K. A Pestilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey Spark*,
Had rather lose his Dinner than his Jest;
I say I love a *Wit* the best of all things.

Cun. Always except your self.

Old K. Has giv'n't me twice now.

Enter Neice and Guardianes.

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a *Wit*
I should be heartily angry; cuds, my Neice,
You know the business with her.

Cun. With a Woman?

'Tis ev'n the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand Years ago, no Fool can miss it.

Old K. This is the Gentleman I promis'd Neice,
To present to your Affection.

Cun. Ware that Arrow.

Old K.

Old K. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cun. I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game
Should be found out as I am.

Old K. Go set to her, Sir——ha, ha, ha.

Cun. How noble is this Virtue in you, Lady?
Your Eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters
On your dull Servants, which truly tasted
Conclude all in comforts.

Old K. Pu.

Neice. It rather shews what a true Worth can make,
Such as yours is.

Old K. And that's not worth a Groat;
How like you him, Neice?

Neice. It shall appear how well, Sir,
I humbly thank you for him.

Old K. Ha, ha, good Gullery, he does it well i'faith,
Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-land* there:
Hold, hold, bear off I say, slid your Part hangs too long.

Cun. My Joys are Mockeries.

Neice. You've both exprefs'd a worthy care and love, Sir;
Had mine own Eye been set at liberty,
To make a publick choice (believe my Truth, Sir)
It could not ha' done better for my Heart
Than your good Providence has.

Old K. You will say so then,
Alas sweet Neice, all this is but the Scabbard,
Now I draw forth the Weapon.

Neice. How?

Old K. Sir Gregory,
Approach thou Lad of thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?

Neice. What Motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

Old K. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee,

Sir Greg. I was advis'd to bestow dainty Cost on you.

Neice. You were ill advis'd, back, and take better coun-
fel;

You may have good for an Angel, the least cost
You can bestow upon a Woman, Sir,
Trebles ten Counsellors Fees in Lady-ware,

You're

You're over Head and Ears, e'er you be aware :
Faith keep a Batchelor still, and go to Bowls, Sir,
Follow your Mistress there, and prick and save, Sir;
For other Mistresses will make you a Slave, Sir.

Sir Greg. So, so, I have my lerrepoop already. (you.

Old K. Why how now, Neice, this is the Man I tell

Neice. He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock,

This is the Man you would say.

Old K. The Devil rides, I think.

Cun. I must use cunning here.

Old K. Make me not mad, use him with all respect,
This is the Man I swear.

Neice. Would you could persuade me to that ;

Alas, you cannot go beyond me, Unkle,

You carry a Jest well, I must confess,

For a Man of your Years, but——

Old K. I'm wrought beside my self.

Cun. I never beheld Comeliness 'till this minute.

Guard. Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these words
To an old Gentlewoman.

Neice. Sir.

Cun. Away Fifteen,

Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

Neice. What's the business ?

Cun. Give me these motherly Creatures, come, ne'er
smother it,

I know you are a teeming Woman yet.

Guard. Troth a young Gentleman might do much I
think, Sir.

Cun. Go too then.

Guard. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

Neice. Can you so soon neglect me !

Cun. Hence, I'm busie. (gage,

Old K. This cross point came in luckily ; impudent Bag-
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not ashamed
To be a Widow's hind'rance ?

Cun. Are you angry, Sir ?

Old K. You're welcome, pray court on, I shall desire
Your honest wife Acquaintance ; vex me not
After my care and pains to find a Match for thee,
Lest I confine thy Life to some Out-chamber, Where

Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy Youth,
Like a consuming Light in her own Socket,
And not allow'd a Male-Creature about thee;
A very Monky, thy necessity
Shall prize at a thousand Pound, a Chimney-sweeper
At fifteen hundred.

Neice. But are you serious, Uncle?

Old K. Serious.

Neice. Pray let me look upon the Gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over
In haste, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery Sheets;
Beshrew my Blood, a tolerable Man,
Now I distinctly read him.

Sir Greg. Hum, hum, hum.

Neice. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch,
Well ankled, two good confident Calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth Child;
The Redness i'th' Face, why that's in fashion,
Most of your high Bloods have it, sign of Greatness marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with *May-butter*,
I'll send to my Lady *Spend-tail* for her Medicine.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

Neice. He's qualified too, believe me.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

Neice. Where was my Judgment?

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

Neice. Perfections cover'd mess.

Sir Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

Neice. It smoaks apparantly: Pardon, sweet Sir,
The error of my Sex.

Old K. Why, well said, Neice;

Upon Submission you must pardon her now, Sir.

Sir Greg. I'll do't by course, do you think I'm an Als,
Knight?

Here's first my Hand, now't goes to the Seal-Office.

Old K. Formally finish'd, how goes this Suit forward?

Cun. I'm taking measure of the Widow's Mind, Sir,
I hope to fit her Heart.

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young Morfel now? things come in Minutes.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Trust him not, Widow, he's a younger Brother,
He'll swear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.

Guard. He brings more Content to a Woman with that
nothing,

Than he that brings his thousands without any thing;
We have Precedents for that amongst great Ladies.

Old K. Come, come, no Language now shall be in fashion,
But your Love-phrase, the Bell to Procreation. [*Exe.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian.

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my Wits,
but this fourth,

This last illiterate share, there's no Conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd,
and must be

Still where I am, nor has it been undeserv'd at the Years
End, and shuffle the Almanack together, Vacations and
Term-times, one with another, tho' I say't, my Wife is a
Woman of a good Spirit, then it is no lay-share.

Pris. Faith for this five year, *Ego possum probare*, I have
had (much
A hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as
As I always.

Witty. Present, or not present.

Pris. *Residens aut non residens, per fidem.*

Witty. And what Precedent's this for me? because your
Hic & bac, *Turpis* and *Qui mihi discipulus* Brains (that ne-
ver got any thing but by accident and uncertainty) did
allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded Conclufi-
ons of Wit, Hereditary Rules from my Father to get by---

Ruin. Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will
'bate no token of my Wife's share, make even the last
reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good Resolution, *profecto*, let every Man beg his
own way, and happy Man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single
Brains, *Pol*, *adipol*, here's toward, a *Castor ecastor* for you,
I will endure it a Fortnight longer, but by these just five
ends——

Pris. Take heed, five's odd, put both hands together,
or severally, they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty.

Witty. Medius filius, hold your Tongue, I depose you from half a share presently else, I will make you a Participle, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined ; you and your *Latine* ends shall go shift, *Solus cum solo*, together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine Maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough, here comes Company, we lose five Shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father ; put on *Priscian*, he has *Latine* Fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my Face with a little more Hair, and relieve.

Old K. Tush, Nephew, (I'll call you so) for if there be No other Obstacles than those you speak of They are but Powder-Charges without Pellets, You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own Danger.

Sir Greg. No other that I can perceive i' faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest Repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that, if need were, should defend her Reputation.

Old K. And surely, Sir, that is a Principle Amongst your principal Ladies, they require Valour, either in a Friend or a Husband.

Sir Greg. And I allow their Requests i' faith as well as any Woman's Heart can desire, if I knew where to get Valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any Man that blows.

Old K. Breaths, breaths, Sir, that's the sweeter Phrase.

Sir Greg. Blows for a Soldier, i' faith Sir, and I'm in Practise that way.

Old K. For a Soldier, I grant it.

Sir Greg. Slid, I'll swallow some Bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd?

Sir Greg. And some Scholar she would have me besides, Tush, that shall be no Bar, 'tis a Quality in a Gentleman, but of the least Question.

Pris.

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Win
Pri
Paup
Old
Argum
Pri
Wit
Vol.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

Old K. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvare.*

Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other Metal in us too:
Sir, you shall see me talk with this Fellow now.

Sir Greg. I could find in my Heart to talk with him
If I could understand him. (too,

Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia
Charitatis vestra estote propitii in me jejunum*

Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem.

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my Faith, Sir, but I'll to
him again.

Sir Greg. Does he beg or steal in this Language, can
you tell Sir?

He may take away my good Name from me, and I ne'er
the wiser.

Old K. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen, in ore
Fames sitisque ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,
In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.*

Old K. *Audi tu bonus socius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo;
Ego faciam argumentum.* Mark now, Sir, now I fetch
Him up.

Sir Greg. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this,
Yet I could never learn half so much.

Old K. *Audi, & responde, hoc est Argumentum, Nomen est
Nomen, ergo, quod est tibi Nomen? Responde nunc,
Responde Argumentum meum.* Have I not put him to't, Sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in, the Rascal is put out of his penn'd Speech;
And he can get no farther.

Old K. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *Ob Domine, tanta mea est miseria.*

Witty. So, he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie
Paupertas habitat.*

Old K. *Sed quod est tibi Nomen: & quis dedit? Responde
Argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem.

Witty. He's dry, he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. Courteous Gentlemen, if the Brow of a Military Face may not be offensive to your generous Eye-Balls, let his Wounds speak better than his Words, for some Branch or small Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what, Arms and Arts both go abeging?

Ruin. Such is the Post-progress of cold Charity now a-days, who (for Heat to her frigid Limbs) passes in so swift a Motion that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Sir Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em I pray you, and be gone. If any Quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them; his Iron and Steel Tongue is as hard as the t'other's *Latine* one.

Old K. Stay, stay, Sir, I will talk a little with him first, Let me alone with both, I will try whether they Live by their Wits or no; for such a Man I love. And what? You both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.*

Ruin. With equal Fortunes, equal Distribution, there's not the Breadth of a Sword's Point uneven in our Division.

Sir Greg. What two Qualities are here cast away upon two poor Fellows, if a Man had 'em that could maintain 'em? What a double Man were that, if these two Fellows might be bought and sodden, and boil'd to a Jelly, and eaten fasting every Morning, I do not think but a Man should find strange things in his Stomach.

Old K. Come, Sir, join your Charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of Pence betwixt us.

Sir Greg. If a Man could have a pennyworth for his Penny, I would bestow more Mony with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemea, how now? What, are you encounter'd here? What Fellows are these?

Old K. Faith, Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a Pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their Wits, and we are e'en about a little Spark of Charity to kindle 'em a new Fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay, Sir, you may abuse your Charity, nay, make that Goodness in you no better than a Vice; so many Deceivers walk in these Shadows now-a-days; that certainly your Bounties were better spilt, than reserv'd

reserv'd to so lewd and vicious Uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own Profession, Sir, and the dangerous Life he hath led in it, this Pair of half-score Years.

Witty. In what Services have you been, Sir?

Ruin. The first that flesht me a Soldier, Sir, was that great Battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English Stukely* fell, and where that *Royal Portugal Sebastian* ended his untimely Days.

Witty. Are you sure *Sebastian* dy'd there?

Ruin. Faith, Sir, there was some other Rumour hop'd amongst us, that he, wounded, escap'd, and touch'd on his Native Shore again, where finding his Country at home more distress'd by the Invasion of the *Spaniard*, than his Loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate Life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my Faith, Sir, he speaks the nearest Fame of Truth in this.

Ruin. Since, Sir, I serv'd in *France*, the *Low Countries*, Lastly, at that memorable Skirmish at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there spent his Life so freely, that from every single Heart that there fell, came home from his Resolution, a double Honour to his Country.

Witty. This should be no Counterfeit, Sir.

Old K. I do not think he is, Sir.

Witty. But, Sir, methinks you do not shew the Marks of a Soldier, could you so freely scape, that you brought home no Scars to be your Chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have Wounds, and many; but in those Parts where Nature and Humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good Soldier cannot want those Badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your Mind in that, for I hold him the best Soldier that scapes best; always at a Cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest Knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar, too; To ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learn'd,

Were no Question, at least, you can easily
 Answer it; but whether you have Learning enough
 To deserve to be poor or no (since Poverty is
 Commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be try'd:
 You have the Languages, I mean the chief,
 As the *Hebrew, Syriack, Greek, Latine, &c.*

Pris. Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.

Old K. The *Latine* I have sufficiently try'd him in,
 And I promise you, Sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.

Toia miois fatherois iste Cock-scomboy?

Pris. Kay yonkeron nigittion oy fouleroi Asinifoy.

Witty. Cheateron ton biton?

Pris. Tous pollous strikerous, Angelo to peeso.

Witty. Certainly, Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the
Old K. I do note a wondrous Readiness in him. (*Greek.*

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out
 ten Years Siege, as 'tis reported, against the *Greeks*, if
Achilles spoke but this Tongue? I do not think but he
 might have shaken down the Walls in a sevensnight, and
 ne'er troubled the wooden Horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the *Syriack.*

Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.

Pris. Hashbagath rabgabosh shobos onoriadka.

Witty. Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.

Pris. Napshamozhem Ribsie bongomosh lashbemeck nagotbi.

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any Man that can go
 I confess my self at a *Nonplus.* (farther,

Sir Greg. Faith not I, Sir, I was at my farthest in my
 natural Language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank
 my hard Fortune.

Witty. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a
 little my Friends) I say, 'tis pity such Fellows so endow'd,
 so qualify'd with the Gifts of Nature and Arts, yet should
 have such a Scarcity of Fortune's Benefits, we must
 blame our Iron-hearted Age for it.

Old K. 'Tis pity indeed, and our Pity shall speak a
 Come, Sir, here's my Groat. (little for 'em;

Witty. A Groat, Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, 'twere
 better

better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit your self; I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my Wits to live on.

Old K. Troth, and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better Example than so; here Fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were here heavier for your sakes, there's a Pair of Angels to guide you to your Lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.*

Old K. This is an ill Example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to Day.

Sir Greg. Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be Soldier or Scholar while I live; here Friends, there's a Piece, that if he were divided, would make a Pair of Angels for me too, in the Love I bear to the Sword and the Tougues.

Old K. My Largeſs ſhall be equal too, and much good do you; this Bounty is a little Abatement of my Wit though, I feel that.

Ruin. May Soldiers ever defend ſuch Charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their Increaſe.

Old K. Fare you well, Sir, theſe Fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a Word with you, Sir, you ſaid you liv'd by your Wits, if you uſe this Bounty, you'll beggar your Wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it, this Seed never wants his Harveſt; fare you well, Sir. [Exit.]

Sir Greg. I think a Man were as good meet with a reaſonable Thief, as an unreaſonable Beggar ſometimes; I could find in my Heart to beg half mine back again: Can you change my Piece, my Friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

Sir Greg. My Gold is turn'd into *Latine*.

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Look you good Fellows, here's one round Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

Old K. Sir, away, we ſhall be drawn farther into Damage elſe.

Sir Greg. A Pox of the Fool, he live by his Wits? If his Wits leave him any Mony, but what he begs or steals very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him.

[*Exeunt the two Knights.*]

Ruin. This Breakfast Parcel was well fetch'd off i' faith.

Witty. Tush, a by-blow for Mirth, we must have better Purchase, we want a fourth for another Project that I have ripened.

Ruin. My Wife she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her Shape, and be Masculine.

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'st Conditions, she fears not the crack of a Pistol, she dares say, Stand, to a Grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit, profecto Domine.*

Witty. Good, then you *Sir Bacchus*, *Apollo* shall be dispatch'd with her Share, and some Contents to meet us to Morrow, at a certain Place and Time appointed, in the Masculine Gender; my Father has a Nephew, and I an own Cousin coming up from the University, whom he loves most indulgently, easie Master *Credulous Oldcraft*, (for you know what your meer Academick is) your Carrier never misses his Hour, he must not be robb'd, because he has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a Device that I have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred Pieces, and thank me to be rid on't, for there's the Ambition of my Wit, to live upon his profest Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wits.

Pris. *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

Witty. A Male Habit, a Bag of an hundred Weight though it be Counters, for my *Alchemy* shall turn 'em in to Gold of my Father's; the Hour, the Place, the Action shall be at large set down; and Father, you shall know, that I put my Portion to use, that you have given me to live by;

And to confirm your self in me renate,
I hope you'll find my Wits legitimate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Lady and Servants.

Serv. **N**AY Lady.

Lady. Put me not in mind on't, prithee,
You cannot do a greater wrong to Women,
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief Affliction
To have that Name remembred; 'tis a Title
That Misery mocks us by, and the World's Malice;
Scorn and Contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble Callings; they are safe, and lye
Level with Pity still, and pale Distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a stormy Face on our conditions,
We find Affliction Work, and Envy Pastime,
And our worst Enemy than that, most abuses us,
Is that we are call'd by, Lady. Oh my Spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
And can live quiet with my Fate sometimes,
Until I look into the World again,
Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,
To see how many Muckhills plac'd above me;
Peasants and Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghills,
Whose very Birth stinks in a generous Nostril, (Streets,
Glistring by Night like Glow-worms through the High
Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans Hands,
That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,
And I put to my Shifts and Wits to live,
Nay sometimes Danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,
And earn my Supper manfully e'er I get it,
Many a Meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priscian.

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.
Ha, what are you?

Pris. Now you may tell your self, Lady.

[Pulls off's Beard.

Lady. Oh Mr. Priscian, what's the Project?
For you ne'er come without one.

M m 4

Pris.

Pris. First, your Husband,
Sir *Ruinous Gentry*, greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five Cheats and two Robberies.

Lady. And what comes it too?

Pris. Near upon thirteen Pound.

Lady. A goodly share,
'Twill put a Lady scarce in Philip and Cheyney,
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chamber-maid,
Here's precious lifting.

Pris. 'Las you must consider, Lady,
'Tis but young Term, Attornies ha' small doings yet,
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs ha' little,
We've had no great good luck to speak troth, Beauty,
Since your stout Ladyship parted from's at *Highgate*,
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred,
Here's Man's Apparel, your Horse stands at Door.

Lady. And what's the virtuous Plot now?

Pris. Marry Lady,
You, like a brave young Gallant, must be robb'd.

Lady. I robb'd?

Pris. Nay then——

Lady. Well, go on, let's hear, Sir.

Pris. Here's a seal'd Bag of a Hundred, which indeed
Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats
Of white Mony i'th' Mouth on't.

Lady. So, what Saddle have I?

Pris. Monsieur *Laroon's* the *Frenchman's*.

Lady. That again,
You know so well it is not for my stride,
How oft have I complain'd on't?

Pris. You may have *Jocky's* then, the little *Scotch* one,
You must dispatch. [Exit Pris.]

Lady. I'll soon be ready, Sir,
Before you ha' shifted Saddles. Many Women
Have their Wealth flow to 'em, I was made, I see,
To help my Fortune, not my Fortune me. [Exit.]

Enter Cunningham.

Cun. My ways are Goblin-led, and the Night-Elf
Still draws me from my home, yet I follow;

Sure

Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such Hags do get Dominion of our Tongues
So soon as we speak, the Inchantment binds;
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best Wits can hardly clear again;
Piping through this old Reed, the Guardianess,
With purpose that my Harmony shall reach
And please the Lady's Ear, she stops below,
And ecchoes back my Love unto my Lips,
Perswaded by most violent Arguments
Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,
To doat upon her hundred wrinkl'd Face;
I could beggar her to accept the Gifts
She would throw upon me; 'twere Charity,
But for pity's sake I will be a Niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her;
I'm haunted again, if it take not now
I'll break the Spell.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Sweet *Cunningham*, welcome;
What? a whole day absent? Birds that build Nests
Have care to keep 'em.

Cun. That's granted,
But not continually to sit upon 'em;
Less in the youngling Season, else they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their Labours,
Then they return with fresher Appetite
To work again.

Guard. Well, well, you have built a Nest
That will stand all Storms, you need not mistrust
A weather-wrack, and one day it may be
The Youngling season too, then I hope
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

Cun. There will be pains
I see to shake this Bur off; and sweetest,
Prithee how fares thy Charge? has my good Friend,
Sir Gregory, the Countenance of a Lover?

Guard. No by my troth, not in my Mind, methinks
(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a Fool.

Cun.

Cun. Nay i' faith, ne'er divide his Worship from him for
Small matter; Fool and Worship are no such (that
Strangers now-a-days; but my Meaning is,
Has he thy Lady's countenance of Love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As, *Cupid* bless us, we have?

Guard. Troth I know not,
I can perceive no forwardness in my Charge,
But I protest I wish the Knight better
For your sake, Bird.

Cun. Why thanks sweet Bird, and with my Heart I wish,
That he had as strong and likely hope of her,
As thou hast of me.

Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish, and I'll tell you,
Bird, (for Secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My Charge thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me? for what?

Guard. For my sake, I mean so; I have heard her
A hundred times, since her Uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together;
We have spoke of Doors and Bolts, and things, and things,
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find
Some Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

Cun. Faith be not sparing, tell me.

Guard. By my Lady
You shall pardon me for that, 'twere a shame
If Men should hear all that Women speak behind
Their Backs sometimes.

Cun. You must give me leave yet,
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. Nor that neither,
She must not take notice of my blabbing,
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful,
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

Cun. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest Duty.

Guard.

Guard. I, but you must not know it ; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both ;
Afar off you may kiss your Hand, blush or so,
But I'll allow no nearer Conference.

Cun. Whoop! you'll be jealous I perceive now.

Guard. Jealous? why there's no true Love without it,
I must be jealous of thee, but for her,
(Were it within my Duty to my Master)
I durst trust her with the strongest Tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a Virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a Marriage-Bed ;
If Thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

Cun. And where's the cause of your fear then?

Guard. Well, well ;
When things are past, and the Wedding Torches
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cun. Come, come, I see farther,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

Guard. I protest I should a little, but not of her ;
It is the married Woman (if you mark it)
And not the Maid that longs, the Appetite
Follows the first Taste, when we have relisht
We wish cloying, the Taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more,
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith Bird.

Cun. Not a whit, i'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd,
But make not things common.

Cun. Ud' so, your Lady?

Guard. I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,
Our Familiarity is her Content.

Enter Neice and Clown.

Neice. This Present from Sir Gregory?

Clown. From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir Gre-
gory Fop.

Neice. A Ruff? and what might be his high Conceit
In sending of a Ruff?

Clown.

Clown. I think he had two Conceits in it forsooth, too high too low, Ruff high, because as the Ruff does embrace your Neck all Day, so does he desire to throw his Knightly Arms.

Neice. But then I leave him off a-nights.

Clown. Why then he is Ruff low, a Ruffian, a bold adventurous Errand to do any rough Service for his Lady.

Neice. A witty and unhappy Conceit; does he mean As he seems to say unto that Reverence? [*Toward Cun.* He does wooe her sure.

Clown. To tell you truth, Lady, his Conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it yet.

Neice. Do you think so, Sir?

Clown. Nay, I know it, Forsooth, for it was two days e'er he compass'd it, to find a fitting Present for your Ladyship, he was sending once a very fine Puppy to you.

Neice. And that he would have brought himself.

Clown. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his Device, and sent this Ruff, requesting withal, that whenever it is foul, you (with your own Hands) would bestow the starching of it.

Neice. Else she wooes him, now his Eyes shoot this way; And what was the Reason for that, Sir? [*Toward Cun.*

Clown. There lies his main Conceit, Lady, for says he, in so doing she cannot chuse but in the starching to clap it often between her Hands, and so she gives a great Liking and Applause to my Present; whereas, if I should send a Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hiss, hiss, hiss, which is a fearful disgrace; he drew the Device from a Play at the Bull, t'other Day.

Neice. Ay marry, Sir, this was a rich Conceit indeed.

Clown. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

Guard. How now? which way look you, Bird?

Cun. At the Fool, Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

Guard. At the Fool, and I here? what need that? pray look this way.

Neice. I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake His Wits (if he have any;) or force him To appear (as yet I cannot think him) Without any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true

That

That I shall ask you now; Was this Device
Your Master's own? I doubt his Wit in it;
He's not so ingenious.

Clown. His own, I assure you, Madam.

Niece. Nay, you must not lye.

Clown. Not with a Lady? I'd rather lye with you, than
lye with my Master, by your Leave in such a Case as this.

Guard. Yet again your Eye?

Cun. The Fool makes Mirth i'faith,
I would hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Niece. Come hither, Friend, nay, come nearer me;
Thy Master send thee to me? He may be wise, (did
But did not shew it much in that; Men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think
Was *Vulcan* ever so unwise to send *Mars* (on't;
To be his Spokesman, when he went a wooing?
Send thee? Hey-ho, a pretty rowling Eye.

Clown. I can turn up the white and the black too, and
need be, Forsooth.

Niece. Why, here's an amorous Nose.

Clown. You see the worst of my Nose, Forsooth.

Niece. A Cheek, how I could put it now in Dalliance;
A Pair of Lips, oh that we were uney'd,
I could suck Sugar from 'em; what a Beard's here?
When will the Knight thy Master have such a
Stamp of Manhood on his Face? Nay, do not blush.

Clown. 'Tis nothing but my Flesh and Blood that rises so.

Cun. 'Death, the courts the Fool.

Guard. Away, away, 'tis Sport, do not mind it.

Niece. Give me thy Hand, come be familiar;
Here's a promising Palm; what a soft
Handful of Pleasure's here, here's Down compar'd
With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knight's Fingers
Are lean Mattrice Rubbers to these Feathers,
I prithee let me lean my Cheek upon't.
What a soft Pillow's here?

Crown. Hum, umh, hu, hum.

Niece. Why there's a Courage in that lively Passion,
Measure thee all o'er, there's not a Limb

But

But has his full proportion, it is my Voice,
There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,
The goodlier Man behalf, at once now
I see thee all over.

Clown. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my
Back, you would have said you had seen; there was two
Chambermaids that saw me, and my Legs by chance
were tangled in the Flags, and when they saw how I was
hang'd, they cryed out, Oh help the Man for fear he be
drown'd.

Neice. They could do no less in pity, come thine Arm,
we'll walk together.

Cun. Blindness of Love and Women, why she dotes up-
on the Fool.

Guard. What's that to you, mind her not.

Cun. Away you Burr.

Guard. How's that?

Cun. Hang of Flehook, fasten thine itchy claspe
On some dry Toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh abominable,
Why do you not love me?

Cun. No, never did;
I took thee down a little way to
Enforce a Vomit from my offended Stomach,
Now thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh Villain.

Cun. Why dost thou not see a sight,
Would make a Man abjure the sight of Women.

Neice. Ha, ha, ha, he's vext; ha, ha, ha.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha.

Neice. Why dost thou laugh?

Clown. Because thou laugh'st, nothing else i'faith.

Cun. She has but mockt my folly, else she finds not
The Bosom of my purpose, some other way,
Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit. [Exit.]

Neice. Yes in troth, I laught to think of thy Master,
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clown. By my troth I laugh at him too, faith Sirrah,
he's

he's but a Fool to say the Truth, though I say't that should not say't.

Neice. Yet, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee; Well, for this time, we'll part, you perceive something, Our Tongues betray our Hearts, there's our weakness, But pray be silent.

Clown. As Mouse in Cheese, or Goose in Hay i'faith.

Neice. Look, we are cut off, there's my Hand where my Lips would be.

Clown. I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewell. [*Ex.*

Neice. Now Guardianess, I need not ask where you have

Guard. Oh Lady, never was Woman so abus'd. (*been.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. Dost thou hear, Lady, Sweet-heart, I had forgot to tell thee, if you will, I will come back in the Evening.

Neice. By no means, come not 'till I send for you.

Clown. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone, I may be convey'd into your Chamber, I'll lye under the Bed while Midnight, or so, or you shall put me up in one of your little Boxes, I can creep in at a small hole.

Neice. These are things I dare not venture, I charge you on my Love, never come 'till I send for you.

Clown. *Verbum insipienti*, 'tis enough to the wise, nor I think it is not fit the Knight should know any thing yet.

Neice. By no means, pray you go now, we are suspected.

Clown. For the things that are past, let us use our Secrets.

Neice. Now I'll make a firm tryal of your Love, As you love me, not a word more at this time, Not a Syllable, 'tis the Seal of Love, take heed.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum——

He hums loath to depart.

[*Exit Clown.*

Neice. So, this pleasant trouble's gone; now Guardianess, What? your Eyes easing your Heart, the cause, Woman?

Guard. The cause is false Man, Madam, oh Lady, I have been gull'd in a shining Carbuncle, A very Glo-worm, that I thought had fire in't, And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neice. And justly serv'd, Wouldst thou once think that such an early Spring Would dote upon thy Autumn?

Guard.

Guard. Oh, had you heard him but protest.

Neice. I would not have believ'd him.

Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy Folly,
In wanton Imitation with the Fool.

Go weep the sin of thy Credulity,
Not of thy Loss, for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it; wert thou so dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable.

Why, thou wert but the Bait to fish with, not
The Prey, the stale to catch another Bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Neice. Yet thou perceiv'st not,
It is your Neice he loves; wouldst thou be made
A stalking Jade? 'tis she, examine it,
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my Path
Over unbeaten Grounds, go level to the mark,
Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleasing,
And rare's but seldom in the simple Sense,
But has her *Emphasis* with Eminence. [Exit.]

Guard. My Neice? she the Rival of my abuse?
My Flesh and Blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't;

Enter Mirabel.

Oh Opportunity, thou bleflest me.
Now Gentlewoman, are you parted so soon?
Where's your Friend, I pray? your *Cunningham*?

Mir. What say you, Aunt?

Guard. Come, come, your *Cunningham*?
I am not blind with Age, yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not; what ail you, Aunt?
Are you not well?

Guard. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor sleeping,
nor waking, nor nothing, nor any thing; I know not
what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us, what do you mean, Aunt?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Guard. On thee Baggage.

Mir. Revenge should follow Injury,
Which never reach'd so far as Thought in me
Towards you, Aunt.

Guard.

Guard. Your cunning, Minion,
Nor your *Cunningham*; can either blind me,
The gentle Beggar loves you.

Mir. Beseech you,
Let me stay your Error, I begin to hear,
And shake off my Amazement; if you think
That ever any Passage treating Love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenc'd, any
Silent Eye-Glance that might but sparkle Fire,
So much as Brother and Sister might meet with,
The Lip-salute, so much as Strangers might
Take a Farewel with, the commixed Hands,
Nay, but the least Thought of the least of these;
In troth you wrong your Bosome, by that Truth
Which I think yet you durst be Bail for in me,
If it were offer'd ye; I am as free
As all this Protestation.

Guard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe Truth; Why, I thought
he had spoke Love to you, and if his Heart prompted
his Tongue, sure I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh falsest Man, *Ixon's* Plague fell on me,
Never by Woman, such a Masculine Cloud,
So airy and so subtle was embrac'd.

Mio. By no cause in me, by my Life, dear Aunt.

Guard. I believe you, then help in my Revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my Love for ever,
I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapon;
Thou art young, follow him, bait his Desires
With all the Engines of a Woman's Wit,
Stretch Modesty even to the highest Pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming Beauty;
And when thou hast him by th' amorous Gills,
Think on my Vengeance, choak up his Desires,
Then let his Banquettings be *Tantalisme*.
Let thy Disdain spurn the Dissembler out;
Oh I should climb my Stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to Ashes in his Love.

Mir. This will be a strange Taste, Aunt, and an
Unwilling

Unwilling Labour, yet in your Injunction
I am a Servant to't.

Guard: Thou'lt undertake't?

Mir. Yes, let the Success commend it self hereafter.

Guard. Effect it Girl, my Substance is thy Store,
Nothing but want of Will makes Woman poor. [*Exe.*]

Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*, thou art not stark mad, art
Wilt thou not tell me how my Lady does? (thou?

Clown. Your Lady? (kindly, or no?

Sir Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her

Clown. The thing that you sent her, Knight, by the
thing that you sent, was for the things sake that was sent
to carry the thing that you sent, very kindly receiv'd;
first, there is your Indenture, now go seek you a Servant:
Secondly, you are a Knight; thirdly and lastly, I am
mine own Man; and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*? Prithee let me speak with thee,
I'll lay my Life some Hare has crost him.

Clown. Knight, if you be a Knight, so keep you; as
for the Lady, who shall say that she is not a fair Lady, a
sweet Lady, an honest and a virtuous Lady, I will say he
is a base Fellow, a blab of his Tongue, and I will make
him eat these Fingers Ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's no Body says so, *Pompey*.

Clown. Whatsoever things have past between the La-
dy and the other Party, whom I will not name at this
time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will main-
tain it, as long as I can maintain my self with Bread and
Water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no Body thinks otherwise.

Clown. Any Man that does but think it in my hear-
ing, I will make him think on't while he has a Thought
in his Bosom; shall we say that Kindnesses from Ladies
are common? Or that Favours and Protections are things
of no Moment betwixt Parties and Parties? I say still,
whatsoever has been betwixt the Lady and the Party, which
I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest,
whatsoever she does by Day or by Night, by Light or
by Darknes, with cut and long Tail.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Why, I say she is honest.

Clown. Is she honest? In what Sense do you say she is honest, Knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my Heart to throw my Dagger at thy Head, Hilts and all, I'm an Ass, and no Gentleman.

Clown. Throw your Dagger at me! Do not Knight, I give you fair Warning, 'tis but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other Words of me; the Lady is an honest Lady, whatsoever Reports may go of Sports and Toys, and Thoughts, and Words, and Deeds, betwixt her and the Party which I will not name; this I give you to understand, That another Man may have as good an Eye, as amorous a Nose, as fair a Rampt Beard, and be as proper a Man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a *Pompey* as a *Gregory*, a *Doodle* as a *Fop*; so Servingman *Pompey Doodle* may be respected as well with Ladies, (though I name no Parties) as *Sir Gregory Fop*; so farewell. [Exit.

Sir Greg. If the Fellow be not out of his Wits, then will I never have any more Wit while I live; either the Sight of the Lady has gaster'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his Sleep, or else's a Fool, or a Knave, or both, one of the three I'm sure 'tis; yet now I think on't she has not us'd me so kindly as her Uncle promis'd me she should; but that's all one, he says I shall have her, and I dare take his Word for the best Worse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a Lady, I'm sure on't. [Exit.

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a Man) Witty-Pate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous, binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs. Credulous finds the Bag.

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your Pleasure How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat, You will not make that which is bad enough, Worse than it need be, by a second Ill, When it can render you no second Profit; If it be Coin you seek, you have your Prey, All my Store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred,) My Life, or any Hurt you give my Body, Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue.

L. Ruin. As I am a Gentleman, I never will,

Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet Behaviour
'Till you call out for Bail, and on th'other
Side of the Hedge leave you; but keep the Peace
'Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We shall be out of Danger; if we come back,
We come with a Mischief.

L. Ruin. You need not fear me.

Pris. Come, we'll bestow you then.

[*Exe. Ruin. Pris. and Lady.*]

Witty. Why law you, Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue
than. *Sic probas, ergo's* & *igitur's* can bring in? Why is
not this one of your Syllogismes in *Barbara*? *Omne uti-*
le est honestum.

Cred. Well, Sir, a little more of this Acquaintance
Will make me know you fully, I protest
You have (at first sight) made me conscious
Of such a Deed my Dreams ne'er prompted, yet
I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad rob'd me
Of my Cloak, (or my Purse, 'tis a Scholar's)
Than to have made me a Robber.

I had rather have answer'd three difficult Questions,
Than this one, as easie as yet it seems. (for't;

Witty. Tush, you shall never come to farther answer
Can you confess your penurious Uncle,
In his full Face of Love, to be so strict
A Nigard to your Commons, that you are fain
To fize your Belly out with Shoulder Fees?
With Rumps and Kidnies, and Cues of single Beer,
And yet make *Daymy* to feed more daintily,
At this easier Rate? Fie Master *Credulous*,
I blush for you.

Cred. This is a Truth undeniable.

Witty. Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle,
How does he use his Son, nearer than you?

Crad. Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons,
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it;

He would have been glad to have shar'd in such
A Purchase, and thank'd his good Fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priscian.

But mum, no more——is all safe, Bullies? (his Loss,
Ruin. Secure, the Gentleman thinks him most happy in
With his safe Life and Limbs, and redoubles
His first Vow, as he is a Gentleman,
Never to pursue us.

Wit. Well away then,

Disperse you with Master *Credulous*, who still
Shall bear the Purchase, *Priscian* and I
Will take some other Course: You know our Meeting
At the *Three Cups* in St. *Gile's*, with this *Proviso*,
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd
'Till all be present, the Loser says a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.

Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your Guide.

Cred. My Honesty, which 'till now was never forfeited,
All shall be close 'till our Meeting. [*Exe. Cred. and Ruin.*]

Witty. Tush, I believe't,

And then all shall out; where's the Thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Ruin. Here, Master *Oldcraft*, all follows now.

Witty. 'Twas neatly done, Wench, now to turn that
Bay of Counterfeits to current Pieces, & *actum est*.

L. Ruin. You are the *Chymist*, we'll blow the Fire still,
If you can mingle the Ingredients.

Witty. I will not miss a Cause, a Quantity, a Dram;
You know the Place.

Pris. I have told her that, Sir.

Witty. Good, turn *Ruinous* to be a Constable, I'm sure
We want not Beards of all sorts, from the
Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman;
Because we must have no Danger of Life,
But a cleanly Cheat, attach *Credulous*,
The Cause is plain, the Theft found about him;
Then fall I in his own Cousin's Shape
By meer Accident, where finding him distress'd,
I with some Difficulty must fetch him off,
With Promise that his Uncle shall shut up all

With double Restitution: Master Constable, *Ruinous*
His Mouth shall be stopt; you Mistress rob-thief,
Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of;
Is't plain enough?

L. Ruin. As plain a Cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again when this is
Past too, Father, one will beget another;
Ed be loath to leave your Posterity barren;
You were best come to Composition, Father,
Two hundred Pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be the cheaper, Father, than my Wit,
For I will cheat none but you, dear Father. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Old K. **W**HY now you take the Course, *Sir Gregory* *Fop:*
I could inforce her, and I list; but Love
That's gently won, is a Man's own for ever;
Have you prepar'd good Musick?

Sir Greg. As fine a Noise, Uncle, as Heart can wish.

Old K. Why that's done like a Suitor,
They must be woo'd a hundred several Ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a Woman,
'Tis an odd Creature, full of Creeks and Windings,
The Serpent has not more; for sh'as all his,
And then her own beside came in by her Mother.

Sir Greg. A fearful Portion for a Man to venture on.

Old K. But the way found once by the Wits of Men,
There is no Creature lyes so tame again.

Sir Greg. I promise you, not a House-Rabbit, Sir.

Old K. No sucker on 'em all.

Sir Greg. What a thing's that?

They're pretty Fools I warrant, when they're tame,
As a Man can lay his Lips to.

Old K. How were you bred, Sir?

Did

Did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter?

Sir Greg. Never i' faith, they ha' made some Fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their Aprons.

Old K. They could not shew you the way plainlier, I
To make a Fool again. (think,

Sir Greg. There's Fools enough, Sir,
'Less they were wiser.

Old K. This is wondrous rare,
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, Knight?
A Gentleman of your Rank ride with a Cloak-bag?
Never an Hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor Tapster's Sister? Nor Head-Ostler's Wife?
What, no Body?

Sir Greg. Well mock'd, old Wit-monger,
I keep it for your Neice.

Old K. Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee;
A Wife ne'er looks for't, 'tis a Batchelor's Penny,
He may giv't to a Beggar-wench, i'th' Progress time.
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [Exit.

Sir Greg. Would I had known so much,
I could ha' stopt a Beggar's Mouth by th' way

Enter Page and Fidler's Boy.

That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing——
What, are they come?

Page. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her Window.

Sir Greg. What may I call you, Gentleman?

Boy. A poor Servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.

Sir Greg. In good time, Master Voice.

Boy. Indeed good time does get the Mastery.

Sir Greg. What Countryman, Master Voice?

Boy. Sir, born at *Ely*, we all set up in *Ela*,
But our House commonly breaks in *Rutlandshire*.

Sir Greg. A shrewd Place by my Faith, it may well
break your Voice,
It breaks many a Man's Back; come, set to your Business.

S O N G.

Fain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear
 I should invite you to worse Cheer;
 In your Dreams you cannot fare
 Meaner than Musick; no compare;
 None of your Slumbers are compil'd
 Under the Pleasure makes a Child;
 Your Day-delights, so well compact,
 That what you think, turns all to act:
 I'd wish my Life no better Play,
 Your Dream by Night, your Thought by Day.
 Wake gently, wake,
 Part softly from your Dreams;
 The Morning flies
 To your fair Eyes,
 To take her special Beams.

Sir Greg. I hear her up; here Master Voice,
 Pay you the Instruments, save what you can,
Enter Neice above.

To keep you when you're crackt. [Exit Boy.]

Neice. Who should this be,
 That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?
 Pray Heav'n it happens right.

Sir Greg. Good morrow, Mistress.

Neice. An ill Day and a thousand come upon thee,

Sir Greg. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any Almanack has.

Neice. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick That ever Woman heard.

Sir Greg. Nay, say not so, Lady,
 There's not an itch about 'em.

Neice. I could curse
 My attentive Powers, for giving entrance to't;
 There is no boldness like the Impudence
 That's lockt in a Fool's Blood; how durst you do this?
 In Conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently
 As Woman could a Man; insatiate Coxcomb,

The

The mocks and spiteful Language I have given thee,
Would o' my Life ha' serv'd ten reasonable Men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their Friends.
Thou glutton at Abuses, never satisfied?
I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy Body's worth, and still a hungred!
A mischief of that Maw, prithee seek elsewhere,
In troth I am weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh Mistress, thou'dst make work enough;
I do not think there's scorn enough in Town
To serve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

Sir Greg. Is this in earnest, Lady?

Neice. Oh unsatiable!

Dost thou count all this but an Earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole Sum, trust me;
Thou'lt beggar my Derision utterly
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a Laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a Contempt (then:
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou shouldst
But thou'lt no Conscience now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

Sir Greg. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [*Exit.*]

Neice. Now he runs

To fetch my Uncle to this musty Bargain,
But I have better ware always at hand.
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cunningham.

Cun. I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn
What Entertainment he receiv'd from her.

Neice. There's some Body set already, I must to't, I see.
Well, well, *Sir Gregory?*

Cun. Ha, *Sir Gregory?*

Neice. Where-e'er you come, you may well boast your
Conquest.

Cun. She's lost i' faith, enough, has Fortune then
Remembred her great Boy? she seldom fails 'em.

Neice.

Neice. H'was the unlikeliest Man at first, methought,
To have my Love, we never met but wrangled.

Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,
I never knew it fail yet, where-e'er't came;
It never comes but like a storm of Hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the Tail on't,
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it,
It fights i'th' Tongue, but sure to agree i'th' Haunches.

Neice. That Man that should ha'told me when time was,
I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteously,
But see how things will change?

Cun. Here's a Heart feels it—Oh the deceitful pro-
mises of Love!

What trust should a Man put i'th' Lip of Woman?
She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant
To ha' set the fair print of her Soul upon me.

Neice. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a Match
once.

Cun. I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear so much,
Why should I aim my Thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger Brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,
Or some old Soap-boiler's Widow, without Teeth,
There waits my Fortune for me; seek no farther.

[*Exit Cun.*]

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Old K. You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that cannot be.
She will not, nor she dares not.

Sir Greg. Would I were whipt then.

Neice. I'll make as little shew of love, Sir Gregory,
As ever Woman did, you shall not know
You have my Heart a good while.

Old K. Heard you that?

Neice. Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,
I've much ado I swear; and love i'th' end
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,
They are but frail things 'till they end in Man.

Old K. What say you to this, Sir?

Sir Greg. This is somewhat handsome.

Neice. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now

Now I shall try how constant his Love is,
Although't went fore against my Heart to chide him.

Sir Greg. Alas poor Gentlewoman.

Old K. Now you're sure of Truth,
You hear her own Thoughts speak.

Sir Greg. They speak indeed.

Old K. Go, you're a brainless Coax, a Toy, a Pop.
I'll go no farther than your Name, *Sir Gregory*,
I'll right my self there; were you from this place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you;
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neice and I?
Good morrow, Neice, good morrow.

Neice. Many fair ones to you, Sir. (Morning?)

Old K. Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neice, this
An idle shallow Fool: Sleep'st thou well, Girl?
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,
For Honesty has left thee little Manners.

Sir Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides?

Old K. Abuse kindness? Will't take the Air to day, Neice?

Neice. When you please, Sir,
There stands the Heir behind you I must take,
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.) (now?)

Old K. La' you; do you hear't continued to your Teeth
A pox of all such *Gregories*; what a hand
Have I with you? [*Neice lets fall her Scarf.*]

Sir Greg. No more i'feck, I ha' done, Sir:
Lady, your Scarf's fall'n down.

Neice. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And does presage the Mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, and you please.

Old K. There's a trick for you,
You're parlously belov'd, you should complain.

Sir Greg. Yes, when I complain, Sir,
Then do your worst, there I'll deceive you, Sir.

Old K. You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. Ah Sirrah, Mistress were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; I must not know
I have your Heart, take heed o' that, I pray,
I knew some Scarf would come.

Neice.

Neice. He's quite gone sure:
Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?
And so abus'd as thou wast?

Sir Greg. How?

Neice. 'Twould ha' kill'd
A sensible Man, he would ha' gone to his Chamber
And broke his Heart, by this time.

Sir Greg. Thank you heartily.

Neice. Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall,
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood e'er he had it,
And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' Hilts. (to't,

Sir Greg. Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up
I never profess'd running i' my Life. (Vermin.

Neice. What art thou made on? thou tough villainous
Will nothing destroy thee?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, assure your self
Unkind Words may do much.

Neice. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consum'd my Spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee?
I'll see what I can do yet.

Sir Greg. I'm much beholding to you,
You're willing to bestow huge prins upon me.

Neice. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

Sir Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your Uncle was here.

Neice. Why there thou betray'st thy House; we of the
Old-Crafts

Were born to more Wit than so.

Sir Greg. I wear your Favour here.

Neice. Would it might rot thy Arm off: If thou knewst
With what contempt thou hast it, what Hearts bitterness,
How many cunning Curses came along with it,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.

Sir Greg. A pox, take't again then;
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all Hands?

Neice. No, wear't still,
But long I hope thou shalt not, 'tis but cast
Upon thee, purposely to serve another
That has more right to't; as in some Countries they con-
vey
Their

Their Treasure upon Asses to their Friends;
If mine be but so wise, and apprehensive,
As my Opinion gives him to my Heart,
It stays not long on thy desertless Arm;
I'll make thee, e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;
Kiss it you may, and make what shew you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier Man,
And so good morrow to you.

[Exit.]

Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum;
I han't the Spirit now to dash my Brains out,
Nor the Audacity to kill my self,
But I could cry my Heart out, that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way it comes,
If I can dye with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what's that to any Man?
If there be so much Death that serves my turn there.
Every one knows the state of his own Body,
No Carrion kills a Kite, but then agan
There's Cheese will choak a Daw; time I were dead i' faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked Weapon with any Modesty,
Else 'twould go hard with me, and to complain
To *Sir Perfidious* the old Knight again,
Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,
But ne'er believe me.

Enter Cunningham.

And few Men dye o' beating, that were lost too:
Oh, here's my Friend, I'll make my moan to him.

Cun. I cannot tear her Memory from my Heart,
That treads mine down; was ever Man so fool'd
That profess'd Wit?

Sir Greg. O *Cunningham*?

Cun. *Sir Gregory*?

The Choice, the Victor, the Town's happy Man?

Sir Greg. 'Snigs, What dost mean? come I to thee for
Comfort, and do'st abuse me too?

Cun. Abuse you? How, Sir?

With justifying your Fortune, and your Joys?

Sir Greg.

Sir Gr. Pray hold your hand, Sir, I've been bob'd enough,
 You come with a new way now; strike me merrily,
 But when a Man's fore beaten o'both sides already,
 Then the least tap in Jest goes to the Guts on him.
 Wilt ha' the Truth? I'm made the rankest Ass
 That e'er was born to Lordships.

Cun. What? no Sir?

Sir Greg. I had not thought my Body could a yielded
 All those foul scurvie Names that she has call'd me,
 I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.

Cun. Is this credible?

Sir Greg. She pin'd this Scarf upon me afore her Uncle;
 But his Back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on't,
 The very brawn of mine Arm has ak'd ever since,
 Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't still,
 But hop'd I should not long; if good Luck serve
 I should meet one that has more Wit and Worth
 Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,
 And sent to him for a Token.

Cun. I conceit it, I know the Man
 That lies in wait for't, part with't by all means,
 In any case, you are way-laid about it.

Sir Greg. How Sir, way-laid?

Cun. Pox of a Scarf, say I,
 I prize my Friend's Life 'bove a Million on 'em,
 You shall be rul'd, Sir, I know more than you.

Sir Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't,
 'Lafs, 'tis not for my wearing, so she told me.

Cun. No, no, give me't, the Knave shall miss his purpose,
 And you shall live.

Sir Greg. I would as long as I could, Sir.

Cun. No more Replies, you shall, I'll prevent this,
Pompey shall March without it.

Sir Greg. What, is't he?
 My Man that was?

Cun. Call him your deadly Enemy;
 You give him too fair a Name, you deal too nobly,
 He bears a bloody Mind, a cruel Foe, Sir;
 I care not if he heard me.

Sir

Sir Greg. But, do you hear, Sir?
Can't sound with Reason she should affect him?

Cun. Do you talk of Reason? I never thought to have
Such a Word come from you, Reason in Love? (heard
Would you give that no Doctor could e'er give?

Has not a Deputy married his Cook Maid?
An Alderman's Widow, one that was her turn-broach?
Nay, has not a great Lady brought her Stable
Into her Chamber: Lay with her Horse-keeper?

Sir Greg. Did ever Love play such Jades tricks, Sir?

Cun. Oh thousands, thousands; beware a sturdy Clown
e'er while you live, Sir;

'Tis like a Hufwifery in most Shires about us;
You shall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen
Much like your self, but put 'em to no stress:
What Work can they do, with small Trap-stick Legs,
They keep Clowns to stop Gaps and drive in Pegs,
A drudgery fit for Hinds; e'en back again, Sir,
You're safest at returning.

Sir Greg. Think you so, Sir?

Cun. But how came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* first?

Sir Greg. Push, one Goodman *Cæsar*, a Pump-maker,
kerfend him;

Pompey he writes himself, but his right Name's *Pumpey*,
And stunk too when I had him, now he's crank.

Cun. I'm glad I know so much to quell his Pride, Sir,
Walk you still that way, I'll make use of this
To resolve all my Doubts, and place this Favour
On some new Mistress, only for a try,
And if it meet my Thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. [Exit.

Sir Greg. Is *Pompey* grown so malepert, so frampel?
The only cutter about Ladies Honours?

Enter Old Knight.

And his blade soonest out.

Old K. Now, what's the News, Sir?

Sir Gr. I dare not say but good, oh excellent good, Sir.

O. K. I hope now you're resolv'd she loves you, Knight?

Sir Gr. Cuds me, what else, Sir? that's not to do now.

Old K. You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,

When

When you bely'd her Goodness, oh you vex't me
Even to a Palsey.

Sir Greg. What a thing was that, Sir?

Enter Neice.

Neice. 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of Sweetness,
the Scarf's gone;

Worthy wife Friend, I doat upon thy cunning,
We two shall be well match'd, our Issue Male sure
Will be born Counsellors; is't possible?

Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst want,
O my best joy and dearest. (y'faith.

Old K. Well said, Niece,
So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do
In secret then?

Sir Greg. Marry call me Slave and Rascal.

Neice. Your Scarf—the Scarf I gave you—

Old K. Mass that's true, Neice,
I ne'er thought upon that; the Scarf she gave you—Sir,
What, Dumb? No Answer from you? the Scarf?

Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my Life threatened;
Life's Life, Scarf's but a Scarf, and so I parted from't.

Neice. Unfortunate Woman! My first Favour too?

Old K. Will you be still an Ass? no Reconcilement
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fallen out
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very lowly asham'd on you,
That's the worst Shame that can be:

Thus baiting on him: Now his Heart's hook'd in,
I'll make him, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing.
I love a Man that lives by his Wits alive;
Nay leave, sweet Neice, 'tis but a Scarf, let it go.

Neice. The going of it never grieves me, Sir,
It is the manner, the manner—

Sir Greg. O dissembling Marmaset! If I durst speak,
Or could be believ'd when I speak,
What a Tale could I tell, to make Hair stand upright
now?

Neice.

Neice. Nay, Sir, at your Request you shall perceive,
With what renewing Love I forgive this: (Uncle,
Here's a fair Diamond, Sir, I'll try how long
You can keep that?

Sir Greg. Not very long, you know't too,
Like a cunning Witch as you are.

Neice. Y'are best let him ha' that too.

Sir Greg. So I were, I think, there were no living elf.
I thank you, as you have handled the Matter.

Old K. Why this is musical now, and *Tuesday* next
Shall tune your Instruments, that's the Day set.

Neice. A Match, good Uncle.

Old K. Sir, you hear me too?

Sir Greg. Oh very well, I'm for you.

Neice. What e'er you hear, you know my Mind.

[*Exe. Old Knight and Neice.*]

Sir Greg. Ay, a — on't, too well, if I do not wonder
how we two shall come together; I'm a Bear-Whelp? He
talks of *Tuesday* next, as familiarly as if we lov'd one
another, but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas seven Year
before I saw her; I shall try his Cunning, it may be he
has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to
be such a one, for all that I can think on will never do't;
I look to have this Diamond taken from me very speed-
ily, therefore I'll take it off o' my Finger, for if it be
seen, I shall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Old Knight and Witty-Pate.

Old K. O H Torture! Torture! Thou carry'st a Sting
i'th' thy Tail,
Thou never brought'st good News i'thy Life yet,
And that's an ill Quality, leave it when thou wilt.

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O o

Witty.

Witty. Why you receive a Blessing the wrong way, Sir,
Call you not this good News? to save at once, Sir,
Your Credit and your Kinsman's Life together?
Would it not vex your Peace, and gaule your Worth,
T'have one of your Name hang'd?

Old K. Peace, no such Words, Boy.

Witty. Be thankful for the Blessing of Prevention then.

Old K. Le'me see, there was none hang'd out of our
House since *Brute*,

I ha' search'd both *Stow*, and *Hollingshead*.

Witty. O Sir.

Old K. I'll see what *Polychronicon* says anon too

Witty. 'Twas a miraculous Fortune that I heard on't.

Old K. I would thou'dst never heard on't.

Witty. That's true too,

So it had ne'er been done; to see the Luck on't,
He was even brought to Justice *Aurum's* Threshold,
There had flown forth a *Mittimus* straight for *Newgate*;
And note the Fortune too. Sessions a *Thursday*,
Jury call'd out a *Friday*, Judgment a *Saturday*,
Dungeon a *Sunday*, *Tyburn* a *Monday*,
Miseries quotidian Ague, when't begins once,
Every Day pulls him, 'till he pull his last.

Old K. No more, I say, 'tis an ill Theam; where
left you him?

Witty. He's i'th' Constables Hands below i'th' Hall, Sir,
Poor Gentleman, and his Accuser with him.

Old K. What's he?

Witty. A Judge's Son 'tis thought, so much the worse
He'll hang his Enemy, and't shall cost him nothing, (too,
That's a great Privilege.

Old K. Within there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir?

Old K. Call up the Folks i'th' Hall. I had such Hope
on him,

For a Scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for,
Therefore erected all my Joys in him,
Got a *Welch* Benefice in Reversion for him,

Dean

Dean of *Cardigan*, has his Grace already,
He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a Hair on's Face,
Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable) and
Lady Gentry, as a Man.

Like a *French* Vicar, and does he bring such Fruits to
Town with him?

A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you.

Witty. Nay, sweet Sir, you're so vext now, you'll
grieve him,

And hurt your self.

Old K. Away, I'll hear no Counsell;
Come you but once in seven Year to your Uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a Constable?

Witty. Oh speak low, Sir,
Remember your own Credit, you profess
You love a Man o' Wit, begin at home, Sir,
Express it i' your self.

Lady. Nay, Master Constable,
Shew your self a wise Man, 'gainst your Nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no Dish Porridgement, we have brought home
As good Men as ye.

Old K. Out, a *North-Britain* Constable, that Tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already;
Are you the Gentleman?

L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, Sir,
That fell into the Power of merciless Thieves,
Whereof this Fellow, whom I'd call your Kinsman
As little as I could, for the fair Reverence
I owe to Fame and Years, was the prime Villain.

Old K. A wicked Prime.

Witty. Nay, not so loud, sweet Father.

L. Ruin. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em,
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it,
And 'twas my Luck to light upon this first.

Old K. A *Cambridge* Man for this? these your De-
grees, Sir?

Nine Years at University for this Fellowship?

Witty. Take you Voice lower, dear Sir. *

Old K. What's your Loss, Sir?

L. Ruin. That which offends me to repeat, the Mony's whole, Sir,

'Tis i'th' Constable's Hands there, a seal'd hundred,
But I will not receive it.

Old K. No? Not the Mony, Sir,
Having confest 'tis all?

L. Ruin. 'Tis all the Mony, Sir,
But 'tis not all I lost, for when they bound me,
They took a Diamond hung at my Shirt String,
Which fear of Life made me forget to hide;
It being the sparkling Witness of a Contract
'Twixt a great Lawyer's Daughter and my self.

Witty. I told you what he was: What does the Diamond
Concern my Cousin, Sir? (mond

L. Ruin. No more did the Mony,
But he shall answer all now.

Witty. There's your Conscience,
It shews from whence you sprung.

L. Ruin. Sprung? I had leapt a Thief,
Had I leapt some of your Alliance.

Witty. Slave!

L. Ruin. You prevent me still.

Old K. 'Slid, Son, are you mad?

L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal Course.

Old K. Will you undo us all? What's your Demand,
Now we're in's Danger too. (Sir?

L. Ruin. A hundred Mark, Sir,
I will not bate a Doit.

Witty. A hundred Rascals. (take 'em.

L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own Blood, and

Witty. Go take your Course, follow the Law, and
spare not.

Old K. Does Fury make you drunk? Know you what
you say?

Witty. A hundred Dogs dungs, do your worst.

Old K. You do, I'm sure: Who's loud now?

Witty. What, his own asking?

Old K. Not in such a Case?

Witty.

Witty. You shall have but threescore Pound; spite a
your Teeth,
I'll see you hang'd first.

Old K. And what's seven pound more, Man?
That all this coil's about? stay, I say, he shall ha't.

Witty. It is your own, you may do what you please
with it;

Pardon my Zeal, I would ha' sav'd you Mony;
Give him all his own asking?

Old K. What's that to you, Sir?
Be sparing of your own, teach me to pinch
In such a case as this? go, go, live by your Wits, go.

Witty. I practise all I can.

Old K. Follow you me, Sir,
And, Master Constable, come from the Knave,
And be a witness of a full Recompence.

Witty. Pray stop the Constable's Mouth, what e'er you
do, Sir.

Old K. Yet again? as if I meant not to do that myself,
Without your Counsel? As for you, precious Kinsman,
Your first Years Fruits in *Wales* shall go to rack for this;
You lie not in my House, I'll pack you out,
And pay for your Lodging rather.

[*Exeunt Knight, Ruin. and Lady.*]

Witty. Oh fie, Cousin,
These are ill courses, you a Scholar too?

Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately,
By filthy debauch Company.

Witty. I, I, I.
'Tis even the spoil of all our Youth in *England*.
What were they, Gentlemen?

Cred. Faith so like some on 'em,
They were ev'n the worse again.

Witty. Hum.

Cred. Great Tobacco whiffers,
They would go near to rob with a Pipe in their Mouths.

Witty. What, no?

Cred. Faith leave it, Cousin, because Rascals use it.

Witty. So they do Meat and Drink; must worthy Gen-
tlemen

Refrain their Food-for that? an honest Man
 May eat of the same Pig some Parson dines with,
 A Lawyer and a Fool feed of one Woodcock,
 Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;
 'Tis not Meat, Drink, or Smoak, Dish, Cup, or Pipe,
 Co-operates to the making of a Knave,
 'Tis the condition makes a Slave, a Slave,
 There's *London* Philosophy for you; I tell you Cousin,
 You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
 In your Society here, especially
 When you come raw from the University,
 Before the World has hardned you a little;
 For as a butter'd Loaf is a Scholar's Breakfast there,
 So a poacht Scholar is a Cheater's Dinner here;
 I ha' known seven of 'em supt up at a Meal.

Cred. Why a poacht Sholar?

Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
 And all his Secrets, at the first Acquaintance,
 Never so-crafty to be eaten i'th' Shell,
 But is out-strippt of all he has at first,
 And goes down glib, he's swallowed with sharp Wit,
 Stead of Wine Vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, Cousin,
 O' your poacht Scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Master *Credulous*,
 Your Uncle wills you to forbear the House,
 You must with me, I'm charg'd to see you plac'd
 In some new Lodging about *Thieving-Lane*.
 What the Conceit's, I know not, but commands you
 To be seen here no more, 'till you hear further.

Cred. Here's a strange welcome, Sir.

Witty. This is the World, Cousin;
 When a Man's Fame's once poison'd, fare thee well, Lad.

[Exit Cred. and Servant.]

This is the happiest Cheat I e'er claim'd share in,
 It has a two-fold Fortune, gets me Coin,
 And puts him out of Grace, that stood between me,
 My Father's *Cambridge* Jewel, much suspected
 To be his Heir, now there's a Bar in's hopes.

Enter

Enter Ruinous and Lady Gentry.

Ruin. It chinks, make haste.

Lady. The Goat at *Smithfield Pens.*

Enter Cunningham.

Wit. Zo, zo, zufficient. Master *Cunningham*?
I never have ill luck when I meet a Wit.

Cun. A Wit's better to meet, than to follow, then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly Men unfortunate to themselves,
Are luckieft to their Friends, and so may I be.

Wit. I run o'er so much Worth, going but in haste
from you,
All my deliberate Friendship cannot equal.

Cun. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes
Enter Mirabell.

Your Modesty a top of all your Virtues. [*Exit Wit.*]
This Gentleman may pleasure me yet again;
I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd Hat,
Of the last progress block, with the young Hat-band,
Made for a sucking Devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn my self.

Mir. Sir?

Cun. More Torture?

Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.

Cun. A my troth Gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a Knave as ever pist then,
Pray tell him so from me; I cannot feign
With a sweet Gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

Mir. I heard, though you dissembled with my Aunt, Sir,
And that makes me more confident.

Cun. There's no falshood,
But pays us our own some way; I confess
I feign'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpose,
But not with thee, I swear.

Mir. Nor I with you then,
Although my Aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble,
To right her Spleen, I love you faithfully.

Cun. Light, this is worse than 'twas.

Mir. I find such Worth in you,
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,

For fear the flame consume me.

Cun. Here's fresh trouble,
This drives me to my Conscience, for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.

Mir. I crave but such a truth from your Love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

Cun. A good Geometrician, shrew my Heart;
Why are you out o' your Wits, pretty plump Gentle-
woman,

You talk so desperately? 'tis a great Happiness,
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else;
Yet I love Gratitude, I must requite you,
I shall be sick else; but to give you me,
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can my self;
No wise Physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your State is weak, you had need of Cordials,
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son and Heir,
An elder Brother, in a Cullisse, whole,
'T must be some wealthy *Gregory*, boil'd to a Jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new Gowns,
French Ruffs, and mutable Head-tires,

Mir. But, where is he, Sir?

One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

Cun. Then see thy Conscience, and thy Wit together,
Would'st thou have me then, that has nothing neither?
What say you to *Fop Gregory* the first, yonder?

Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd?
Full Satisfaction upon Love's Record?

Without any more Suit, if I combine you?

Mir. Yes, by this honest Kiss.

Cun. You're a wise Clyent,
To pay your Fee before-hand, but all do so,
You know the worst already, that's the best too.

Mir. I know he's a Fool.

Cun. You're shrewdly hurt then;
This is your Comfort, your great wisest Women
Pick their first Husband still out of that House,

And

And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

Mir. I'm of their Minds, that like him for a Husband
To run Youths Race with, 'tis very pleasant,
But when I'm old, I'd always wish for a wiser.

Cun. You may have me by that time:
For this first Business,

Rest upon my Performance,

Mir. With all thankfulness.

Cun. I have a Project you must aid me in too.

Mir. You bind me to all lawful Action, Sir.

Cun. Pray wear this Scarfe about you.

Mir. I conjecture now——

Cun. There's a Court Principle for't, one Office must
help another;

As for Example, for your cast o' Manchits out o'th' Pantry,
I'll allow you a Goose out o'th' Kitchin.

Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, Sir, farewell Performance,
I shall be bold to call you so.

Cun. Do, sweet Confidence.

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad brim'd Hats;
'Tis he, I know the Maggot by his Head;
Now shall I learn News of him, my precious Chief.

Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you i'th' Bowling-
Green,

Enquir'd at *Nettletons* and *Anthones* Ordinary,
T'ha's vext me to th' Heart, look, I've a Diamond here,
And it cannot find a Master.

Cun. No? that's hard i'faith.

Sir Greg. It does belong to some Body, a——on him,
I would he had it, does but trouble me,
And she that sent it, is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.

Cun. Oh, ho, ah Sirrah, are you come?

Sir Greg. What's that, Friend?

Cun. Do you note that Corner Sparkle?

Sir Greg. Which? Which? Which, Sir?

Cun. At the West End o'th' Coller.

Sir Greg. Oh I see't now.

Cun.

Cun. 'Tis an apparent mark; this is the Stone, Sir,
That so much Blood is threatned to be shed for.

Sir Greg. I pray.

Cun. A Tun at least.

Sir Greg. They must not find't i'me then, they must
Go where 'tis to be had.

Cun. 'Tis well it came to my Hands first, Sir Gregory,
I know where this must go.

Sir Greg. Am I discharg'd on't?

Cun. My Life for yours now.

[*Draws.*

Sir Greg. What now?

Cun. 'Tis Discretion, Sir,
I'll stand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.

Sir Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee
still,

To preserve me alive.

Cun. 'Tis a Friend's Duty, Sir,
Nay, by a Toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your Mistress for you.

Sir Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?

Cun. Contract her by a trick, Sir,
When she least thinks on't.

Sir Greg. There's the right way to't,
For if she think on't once, she'll never do't.

Cun. She does abuse you still then?

Sir Greg. A——damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her Uncle
Thinks the day holds a *Tuesday*; say it did, Sir,
She's so familiarly us'd to call me Rascal,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own Name,
And then that Marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.

Cun. Will you leave all to me?

Sir Greg. Who should I leave it to?

Cun. 'Tis our luck to love Neices; I love a Neice too.

Sir Greg. I would you did i' faith.

Cun. But mine's a kind Wretch.

Sir Greg. Ay marry Sir, I would mine were so too.

Cun. No Rascal comes in her Mouth.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Troth, and mine has little else in hers.

Cun. Mine sends me Tokens,

All the World knows not on.

Sir Greg. Mine gives me Tokens too, very fine Tokens,
But I dare not wear 'em.

Cun. Mine's kind in secret.

Sir Greg. And there mine's a Hell-cat.

Cun. We have a day set too.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, so have we Man,
But there's no sign of ever coming together.

Cun. I'll tell thee who 'tis, the old Woman's Neice.

Sir Greg. Is't she?

Cun. I would your luck had been no worse for Mild-
ness ;

But mum, no more words on't to your Lady.

Sir Greg. Foh !

Cun. No blabbing, as you love me.

Sir Greg. None of our Blood
Were ever Bablers.

Cun. Prithee convey this Letter to her,
But at any hand let not your Mistress see't.

Sir Greg. Yet again, Sir ?

Cun. There's a Jewel in't,
The very Art would make her doat upon't.

Sir Greg. Say you so?

And she shall see't for that trick only.

Cun. Remember but your Mistress, and all's well.

Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me. [Exit.

Cun. I believe you ;

This is the only way to return a Token,
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to th' con-
trary.

He's the nearest kin to a Woman, of a thing
Made without Substance, that a Man can find again,
Some Petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of paund Hose,
Lying in some hot Chamber o'er the Kitchen,
Very Steam bred him,

He

He never came where *Rem in Re* e'er grew;
 The Generation of a hundred such
 Cannot make a Man stand in a white Sheet,
 For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Constable
 Pick out a Bawdy business for *Bridewell* in't ;

Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)

A lamentable case, he's got with a Man's Urine, like a
Mandrake.

How now? Hah? What prodigious Bravery's this?
 A most preposterous Gallant, the Doublet fits
 As if it mock'd the Breeches.

Clow. Save you, Sir.

Cun. H'as put his Tongue in the fine suit of Words too.

Clow. How does the Party?

Cun. Takes me for a Scrivener. Which of the Parties?

Clow. Hum, Simplicity betide thee——

I would fain hear of the Party; I would be loath to go
 Farther with her; Honour is not a thing to be dallied
 withall,

No more is Reputation, no nor Fame, I take it, I must not
 Have her wrong'd when I'm abroad; my Party is not
 To be compell'd with any Party in an oblique way;
 'Tis very dangerous to deal with Women;
 May prove a Lady too, but shall be nameless,
 I'll bite my Tongue out, e'er it prove a Traitor.

Cun. Upon my Life I know her.

Clow. Not by me,

Know what you can, talk a whole Day with me,
 Y'are ne'er the wiser, she comes not from these Lips.

Cun. The old Knight's Neice.

Clow. 'Slid he has got her, Pox of his Heart that told
 him.

Can nothing be kept secret? Let me entreat you
 To use her Name as little as you can, though.

Cun. 'Twill be small Pleasure, Sir, to use her Name.

Clow. I had Intelligence in my solemn Walks,
 'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pancridge*, of a Scarf
 Sent for a Token, and a Jewel follow'd,
 But I acknowledge not the Receipt of any,

How-

Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, Sir,
Upon my Reputation I receiv'd none.

Cun. What, neither Scarf nor Jewel?

Clow. 'Twould be seen

Somewhere about me, you may well think that,
I have an Arm for a Scarf, as others have,
An Ear to hang a Jewel too, and that's more
Then some Men have, my Betters a great deal;
I must have Restitution where-e'er it lights.

Cun. And reason good.

Clow. For all these Tokens, Sir,

Pass i' my Name.

Cun. It cannot otherwise be.

Clow. Sent to a worthy Friend.

Cun. Ay, that's to thee.

Clow. I'm wrong'd under that Title.

Cun. I dare swear thou art,

'Tis nothing but Sir *Gregory's* Circumvention,
His envious Spite, when thou'rt at *Paddington*,
He meets the Gifts at *Pancridge*.

Clow. Ah false Knight?

False both to Honour, and the Law of Arms?

Cun. What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee?
Thou sit as Witness?

Clow. I should laugh in state then.

Cun. I'll fob him, here's my Hand.

Clow. I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him
well fob'd, Sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder
the Lady sends not for me according to Promise? I ha'
kept out o' Town these two Days, a purpose to be sent
for; I am almost starv'd with Walking.

Cun. Walking gets Men a Stomach.

Clow. 'Tis most true, Sir, I may speak it by Experi-
ence, for I ha' got a Stomach six times, and lost it again,
as often as a Traveller from *Chelsea* shall lose the fight of
Pauls, and get it again.

Cun. Go to her, Man.

Clow. Not for a Million, enfringe my Oath? There's a
Toy call'd a Vow has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir:
Pray

Pray do me the part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance to meet a Footman by the way, in Orange tawny Ribbands, running before an empty Coach, with a Buzzard i'th' Poop on't, direct him and his Horses toward the new River by *Islington*, there they shall have me looking upon the Pipes, and whistling.

[*Exit Clow.*

Cun. A very good Note; this Love makes us all Mon-
kies,

But to my Work : 'Scarf first ? And now a Diamond ?
These should be sure signs of her Affection's Truth,
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [*Exit.*

Enter Neice and Sir Gregory.

Neice. Is't possible ?

Sir Greg. Nay, here's his Letter too, there's a fine
Jewel in't,

Therefore I brought it to you.

Neice. You tedious Mongril ! Is't not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy Hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too ?

Sir Greg. I ha' done.

Neice. Fall back,

Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly Puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it ?

Sir Greg. Nay, these are Golden Days, now I stay by't,
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all,
The World mends, I see that.

Neice. What an ambiguous Superscription's here ?
To the best of Neices. Why that Title may be mine,
And more than her's :

Sure I much wrong the neatness of his Art ;
'Tis certain sent to me, and to requite
My Cunning in the carriage of my Tokens,
Us'd the same *Fop* for his.

Sir Greg. She nodded now to me, 'twill come in time.

Neice. What's here ? An entire *Ruby*, cut into a Heart,
And this the Word, *Istud Amoris opus* ?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have heard him say, that Love is
the best Stone-cutter.

Neice.

Neice. Why thou sawcy issue of some travelling Sow-gelder,

What makes Love in thy Mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't? Hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same Room where Lovers are;
And 'scape unbrain'd with one of their Velvet Slippers?

Sir Greg. Love Tricks break out I see, and you talk of
Slippers once,

'Tis not far off to Bed time.

Neice. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a Spider
With less Venom far, than I have spit at thee.

Sir Greg. You must conceive,
A Knight's another manner a piece of Flesh.

Neice. Back, Owl's Face.

Within. Old K. Do, do.

Neice. 'Tis my Uncle's Voice, that.
Why keep you so far off, *Sir Gregory*?
Are you afraid, Sir, to come near your Mistress?

Sir Greg. Is the proud Heart come down? I lookt for
this still.

Neice. He comes not this way yet: Away, you Dog-
whelp,

Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my Mind in time;
You run in greedily, like a Hound to his Breakfast,
That chops in Head and all to beguile his Fellows;
I'm to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and Leisure,
Behaviour and Discourse, things that ne'er trouble you,
After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I tro you will learn more Manners.

Sir Greg. I'm wondring still when we two shall come
together?
Tuesday's at hand, but I'm as far off, as I was at first,
I swear.

Enter Guardianes.

Guard. Now *Cunningham*, I'll be reveng'd at large:
Lady, what was but all this while Suspicion,

Is

Is Truth full blown now, my Neice wears your Scarf.
Neice. Ha?

Guard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly
 Where you shall see her courted by *Cunningham*.

Neice. I go with greediness; we long for things
 That break our Hearts sometimes, there's Pleasure's Misery.
 [Exe. *Neice and Guard.*]

Sir Greg. Where are those Gad-flies going? To some
 Junket now;

That some old *Humble-bee* toles the young one forth
 To Sweet-meats after kind, let 'em look to't,
 The thing you wot on be not mist or gone,
 I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one.

Which is only a Puppet so drest. [Exit.

Enter Cunningham (in Discourse with a Mask'd Gentlewoman in a broad Hat, and Scarfed) Neice at another Door.

Cun. Yes, yes.

Neice. Too manifest now, the Scarf and all.

Cun. It cannot be, you're such a fearful Soul.

Neice. I'll give her cause of Fear e'er I part from her.

Cun. Will you say so? Is't not your Aunt's desire too?

Neice. What a dissembling Croane's that? She'll for-
 swear't now.

Cun. I see my Project takes, yonder's the grace on't.

Neice. Who would put Confidence in Wit again,
 I'm plagu'd for my Ambition, to desire
 A wise Man for a Husband, and I see
 Fate will not have us go beyond our stint,
 We are allow'd but one Dish, and that's Woodcock,
 It keeps up Wit to make us Friends and Servants of,
 And thinks any thing's good enough to make us Husbands;
 Oh that Whore's Hat o' thine, o' the riding Block,
 A Shade for lecherous Kisses.

Cun. Make you doubt on't?
 Is not my Love of force?

Neice. Yes, me it forces
 To tear that forcerous Strumpet from th' Imbraces.

Cun. Lady?

Neice.

Neice. Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisit'ft Love---

Cun. What mean you, Lady?

Neice. Mine, you'll answer for't.

Cun. Alas, What seek ye?

Niece. Sir, mine own with Loss.

Cun. You shall.

Neice. I never made so hard a Bargain.

Cun. Sweet Lady?

Neice. Unjust Man, let my Wrath reach her,
As you owe Virtue Duty; [Cun. falls on purpose.
Your Cause trips you.

Now *Minion*, you shall feel what Love's Rage is,
Before you taste the Pleasure. Smile you, false Sir?

Cun. How can I chuse? to see what Pains you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't.

Neice. How?

Cun. See what things you Women be, Lady,
When Cloaths are taken for the best part of you?
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not;
How y'are deceiv'd still, there the Moral lyes,
'Twas a Trap set to catch you, and the only Bait
To take a Lady nibling, is fine Cloaths:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your Love,
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this Fit,
For a jealous Ague always ushers it.

Neice. Now Blessings still maintain this Wit of thine,
And I have an excellent Fortune coming in thee,
Bring nothing else I charge thee.

Cun. Not a Groat I warrant ye.

Niece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my
Faith for't,
Next Opportunity shall make us.

Cun. The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her Revenge
sweetly.

Neice. 'Lass, 'tis her part, she knows her Place so
well yonder;
Always when Women jump upon threescore,
Loves shoves 'em from the Chamber to the Door.

Cun. Thou art a precious she-Wit.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cunningham, at one Door; Witty-Pate, Ruinous, Lady Ruinous, and Priscian, at the other.

Cun. Friend, met in the Harvest of our Designs,
Not a Thought but's busie.

Witty. I knew it Man,
And that made me provide these needful Reapers,
Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; we'll sing it home
With a melodious Horn-Pipe; this is the Bond,
That as we further in your great Affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for Crums,
And if we snatch a Handful from the Sheaf,
You will not look a Churl on's.

Cun. Friend, we'll share
The Sheaves of Gold, only the Love Acre
Shall be peculiar.

Witty. Much good do you, Sir,
Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you
The Musick ready, while we prepare the Dancers.

Ruin. We are a Consort of our selves.

Prif. And can strike up lustily.

Witty. You must bring, Sir *Fop*.

Cun. That's perfect enough.

Ruin. Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more the better Fare,
So the Proverb runs backwards.

L. Ruin. I'll bring the Ladies.

Witty. Do so first, and then the *Fops* will follow;
I must to my Father, he must make one.

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. While I dispatch a Business with the Knight,
And I go with you. Well said, I thank you;
This small Banquet will furnish our few Guests
With taste and state enough; one reach my Gown,
The Action craves it, rather than the Weather.

I Ser.

1 Ser. There's one stays to speak with you, Sir.

Cun. What is he?

1 Ser. Faith I know not what, Sir, a Fool, I think,
That some Broker's Shop has made half a Gentleman;
Has the Name of a Worthy too.

Cun. Pompey? Is't not?

1 Ser. That's he, Sir.

Cun. Alas, poor Fellow, prithee enter him, he will
need too.

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy,
If my Friend Sir Gregory comes, you know him,

Enter Clown.

Entertain him kindly. Oh Master Pompey, how is't Man?

Clown. 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with Love, and Cold,
and one thing or other;

Has not my Lady sent for me yet?

Cun. Not that I hear; sure some unfriendly Messenger
Is employ'd betwixt you.

Clown. I was ne'er so cold in my Life, in my Conscience
I have been seven Miles in length, along the *New River*;
I have seen a hundred Tickle Bags: I do not think but
there's Gudgeons too; 'twill ne'er be a true Water.

Cun. Why think you so?

Clown. I warrant you, I told a thousand Millers Thumbs
in it,

I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

Cun. And welcome, Pompey.

Clown. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cun. Oh, that's Love, that distastes any thing but it
self.

Clown. 'Tis worse than Cheese in that Point, may
not a Man break his Word with a Lady? I could find
in my Heart and my Hose too.

Cun. By no Means, Sir, that breaks all the Laws
of Love.

Clown. Well, I'll ne'er pass my Word without my
Deed to

A Lady, while I live again I would fain recover my
Taste.

Cun. Well, I have News to tell you.!

Clown. Good News, Sir?

Cun. Happy News, I help you away with a Rival
your Master bestow'd.

Clown. Where, for this Plumb's sake——

Cun. Nay, listen me.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one
Mouth.

I hear more than I eat, I'd ne'er row by *Queen-Hive*
While I liv'd else.

Cun. I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness
the Contract.

Clown. The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

Cun. Choak him first, 'tis one which thou shalt see,
See him, see him deceiv'd, see the Deceit, only
The Injunction is, you shall smile with Modesty.

Clown. I'll simper i'faith, as cold as I am yet, the
old one I hope.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Sir Gregory.

Cun. U'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen
All's ravell'd out again; stand there private,
And you'll find the very Opportunity
To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

Enter Sir Gregory.

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet will serve,
When it is crown'd with such a Dainty as you
Expect, and must have.

Sir Greg. Tush, these Sweet-Meats are but Sauce to that;
Well, if there be any Honesty, or true Word in a Dream,
She's mine own, nay, and chang'd extreamly,
Not the same Woman.

Cun. Who, not the Lady?

Sir Greg. No, not to me, the Edge of her Tongue
is taken off,

Gives me very good Words, turn'd up-side down to me,
And we live as quietly as two *Tortoises*, if she hold on,
As she began in my Dream. [Soft Musick.

Cun. Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions,
You are bound to believe 'em, there's the Watch-Word

Of her coming ; to your practis'd part now,
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

[Both go into the Gown.

Sir Greg. I will warrant you, Sir, I will give Armsto
Your Gentry, look you forward to your Business,
I am an Eye behind you, place her in that Chair,
And let me alone to grope her out.

Enter Mirabel.

Cun. Silence. Lady, your sweet Presence illustrates
This homely Roof, and, as course Entertainment ;
But where Affections are both Host and Guest,
They cannot meet unkindly ; please you sit,
Your something long Stay made me unmannerly,
To place before you, you know this Friend here,
He's my Guest, and more especially,
That this our Meeting might not be too single,
Without a Witness to't.

Mir. I came not unresolv'd, Sir,
And when our Hands are clasp'd in that firm Faith
Which I expect from you ; Fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on't : Oh you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, Friend.

Cun. That's Love's eager Will,
I'll touch it gentlier.

[Kisses her Hand.

Mir. That's too low in you,
Lest it be doubly recompenc'd in me. [She kisses his Hand.

Clown. Puh, I must stop my Mouth, I shall be choakt

Cun. Come, we'll not play and trifle with Delays, (else.
We met to join these Hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it 'till Confirmation.

Mir. One Word first, how does your Friend, kind
Sir Gregory ?

Cun. Why do you mention him ? You love him not.

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir,
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering Hand of yours does rob him, and I know
I shall have Hate for't, his Hate extreamly.

Cun. Why I thought you had not come so weakly
arm'd :

Upon my Life the Knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you'll persuade me so.

Cun. Why, he's my Friend,
And wishes me a Fortune equal with him,
I know and dare speak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this Hand betrays him, you might remem-
ber him in some Courtesie yet at least.

Cun. I thank your Help in't; here's to his Health.
Where e'er he be.

Mir. I'll pledge it, were it against my Health.

Clown. Oh, oh, my Heart hops after twelve Mile a
Day, upon a good Return, now could I walk three
hundred Mile a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

Mir. You'll take the Knight's Health, Sir.

Clown. Yes, yes, forsooth, oh my Sides! Such a Banquet
once a Week, would make me grow fat in a Fortnight.

Cun. Well, now to close our Meeting, with the close
Of mutual Hands and Hearts, thus I begin,
Here in Heav'n's Eye, and all Loves sacred Pow'rs,
(Which in my Prayers stand propitious)
I knit this holy Hand fast, and with this Hand
The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating Contract
Both Heart and Hand in Love, Faith, Loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the Dues,
Rights and Honours of a faithful Husband,
And this firm Vow, henceforth 'till Death, to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with Heart and Hand.

Mir. Which thus I second; but oh, Sir Gregory.

Cun. Again? This Interposition's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heav'n's Eye, and all Love's sacred
Pow'rs,

I knit this holy Hand fast, and with this Hand
The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding
Both Heart and Hand in Love, Honour, Loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs in all the Dues,
Rights and Duties of a true faithful Wife;
And this firm Vow, henceforth 'till Death, to stand,
Irrevocable, seal'd both with Heart and Hand.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. A full Agreement on both parts.

Cun. Ay, here's Witness of that.

Sir Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd you Lady, and that's much,

For any Knight in *England* to over-reach a Lady.

Mir. I rejoice in my Deceit, I am a Lady
Now, I thank you, Sir.

Clow. Good Morrow, Lady *Fop*.

Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful *Al*,
This is not my Lady.

Cun. But it is, Sir, and true as your Dream told you,
That your Lady was become another Woman.

Sir Greg. I'll have another Lady, Sir, if there were no
more Ladies in *London*, blindman Buff is an unlawful
Game.

Cun. Come down on your Knees first, and thank your
Stars.

Sir Greg. A fire of my Stars, I may thank you, I think.

Cun. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preserv'd you from a lasting Torment,
For a perpetual Comfort ; did you call me Friend ?

Sir Greg. I pray pardon me for that, I did mis-call
you, I confess.

Cun. And should I, receiving such a thankful Name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my Friend
Baffled, disgrac'd, without any Reverence
To your Title, to be call'd Slave, Rascal ?
Nay curst to your Face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down
With a Woman's peevish Hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away ?
I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your spurs of Knighthood to have wanted Rowels,
And to be kick'd from your Heels ; Slave, Rascal ?
Hear this Tongue!

Mir. My dearest Love, sweet Knight, my Lord, my
Husband.

Cun. So, this is not Slave and Rascal then.

Mir. What shall your Eye command, but shall be done,
In all the Duties of a loyal Wife ?

Cun. Good, good, are not Curfes fitter for you? wer't not better

Your Head were broke with the handle of a Fan,
Or your Nose bor'd with a silver Bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a Servant in your Lady.

Cun. 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,
This Contract shall be a nullity, I'll break't off,
And see you better bestow'd.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one anothers lawfully, and let me see him that will take her away by the Civil Law: If you be my Friend, keep you so, if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i'th' Teeth with't, that's not the part of a Friend.

Cun. If you be content——

Sir Greg. Content? I was never in better contention in my Life.

I'll not change her for both the *Exchanges*, *New* or the *Old*;
Come, kiss me boldly.

Clown. Give you joy, Sir.

Sir Greg. Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did, you are belov'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-Women.

Clown. Ladies? let not Ladies be disgrac'd, you are as it were a Married Man, and have a Family, and for the Party's sake that was unnam'd before, being Pease-cod time, I am appeas'd, yet I would wish you make a Ruler of your Tongue.

Cun. Nay, no dissention here, I must bar that;
And this, Friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd,
Let this private Contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming Face of Love
Unto the Lady; mark how it avails you,
And quits all her Scorns: Her Uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the Match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud Stomach, that she shall proffer
Her self to you, which when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her.

For

For there the Pride of all her Heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Sir Greg. Good I'faith; I'll continue it. I'd fain laugh at the old Fellow too, for he has abus'd me as scurvily as his Neice, my Knighthood's upon the Spur, we'll go to Bed, and then to Church as fast as we can.

[*Exe. Sir Greg. and Mirab.*

Clown. I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet

Cun. The good Minute may come sooner than we are aware of,

I do not think but 'twill e'er Night yet, as near as 'tis.

Clown. Well, I will go walk by the *New-River*, in that Meditation, I am o'er Shoes, I'm sure upon the dry Bank; this gullery of my Master will keep me company this two hours too, if Love were not an Enemy to Laughter, I should drive away the time well enough; you know my Walk, Sir, if she sends, I shall be found Angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I will fish fair for't.

Oh Knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so; ha, ha, it does me good at Heart,

But oh, Lady, thou tak'st down my merry part. [*Exit. Enter Witty-pate.*

Witty. Friend.

Cun. Here Friend.

Witty. All's afoot, and will go smooth away,
The Woman has conquer'd the Women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,
Suggesting that *Sir Gregory* is fall'n off
From his Charge, for Neglects and ill Usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On *Gentry's* Wife (whom I have call'd a Widow)
And that without most sudden Prevention
He will be married to her.

Cun. All this is wrong,
This Wings his Pursuit, and will be before me; I am
lost for ever.

Witty. No, stay, you shall not go
But with my Father, on my Wit let it lie,

You

You shall appear a friendly Assistant,
To help in all Affairs, and in Execution
Help your self only.

Cun. Would my Belief
Were strong in this Assurance.

Witty. You shall credit it,
And my Wit shall be your Slave if it deceive you.

Enter Old Knight.

My Father——

Old K. Oh Sir? You are well met, where's the Knight
your Friend?

Cun. Sir, I think your Son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my Kinswoman; her base Usage,
And your slack Performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the Knight's Heart upside down.

Old K. I'll curb her for't; can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a Wife too.

Witty. With that condition, Sir,
I dare recal him were he enter'd the Church,
So much interest of Love I assure in him.

Old K. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. Ay, but these are Words still, will not the Deeds
Be wanting at the Recovery, if it should be again.

Old K. Why here, Fool, I am provided, five hundred
in earnest,
Of the thousands in her Dower; but were they married
once,

I'd cut him short enough, that's my Agreement.

Witty. Ay, I now perceive some purpose in you, Father.

Old K. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of Doors
to him?

Witty. To him? oh fie upon your Error, she has ano-
ther Object, believe it, Sir.

Old K. I never could perceive it.

Cun. I did, and to her Shame I should speak it,
To my own Sorrow I saw it, Dalliance,
Nay, Dotage with a very Clown, a Fool.

Old K.

Old K. Wit and Wantons? nothing else? nothing else?
She love a Fool? she'll sooner make a Fool
Of a wise Man.

Cun. Ay, my Friend complains so,
Sir *Gregory* says flatly, she makes a Fool of him,
And these bold Circumstances are approv'd:
Favours have been sent by him, yet he ignorant
Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood,
And taken from him: Certain, Sir, there is
An unsuspected Fellow lies conceal'd,
What, or where-e'er he is, these slight neglects
Could not be of a Knight else.

Old K. Well, Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him
Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?

Cun. I'll do my best, Sir.

Old K. I shall thank you, costly Sir, and kindly too.

Witty. Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come
behind all your purposes?

Old K. Away good Sir.

Witty. Then stay a little, good Sir, for my Advice.
Why Father, are you broke? your Wit beggar'd,
Or are you at your wits end? or out of
Love with Wit? no trick of Wit to surprize
Those designs, but with open Hue and Cry,
For all the World to talk on? this is strange,
You were not wont to flubber a Project so.

Old K. Can you help at a pinch now? shew your self
My Son? go too, I leave this to your Wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus then,
I have had late Intelligence, they are now
Bucksom as *Bacchus* Froes, Revelling, Dancing,
Telling the Musick's numbers with their Feet,
Awaiting the meeting of permonish'd Friends,
That's questionless, little dreading you:
Now Sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the Abstract of a Masque;
What though few Persons? if best for our purpose,
That

That commends the Project.

Old K. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all, I can presently furnish
With loose Disguises that shall fit that Scene.

Old K. Why what wants then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of Musick,
That must be paid, you know.

Old K. That shall be my Charges, I'll pay the Musick,
what'er it cost.

Witty. And that shall be all your Charge,
Now on, I like it, there will be Wit in't, Father.

[*Exe. Old K. and Witty.*

Gun. I will neither distrust his Wit nor Friendship,
Yet if his Master's Brain should be o'erthrown,
My Resolution now shall seize mine own. [*Exit.*

*Enter Neice, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Ruinous and
Priscian, (with Instruments masqued.)*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet breath
at least

Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be the best
I fear this ruin'd Receptracle will yield,
But that most freely.

Niece. My Welcome follows me,
Else I am ill; come hither, you assure me
Still Mr. *Cunningham* will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my Sex,
That all belief may fly 'em.

Nee. Continue still
The Knight's Name unto my Guardianess,
She expects no other.

Ruin. He will, he will, assure you
Lady, Sir *Gregory* will be here, and suddenly
This Musick fore-ran him; is it not so Consorts?

Ruin. Yes Lady, he stays on some Device to bring along
Such a labour he was busie in, some witty Device.

Niece. 'Twill be long e'er he comes then, for Wit's
A great Labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one Day.

Niece. Scarce two, I think.

Guard.

Guard. Such a mock-beggar Suit of Cloaths as led me
Into the Fool's pair of Dice, with Dewze Ace,
He that would make me Mistress *Cun, Cun, Cunnie*,
He's quite out of my Mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my Head;
Such a one I think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you.

Ruin. Fye, speak well of him now,
Your Neice has quitted him.

Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever; but for Sir *Gregory*,
Would he were come, I shall ill answer this
Unto your Uncle else.

Neice. You know 'tis his Pleasure
I should keep him Company.

Guard. Ay, and should be your own,
If you did well too; Lord, I do wonder
At the Niceness of you Ladies now a-days,
They must have Husbands with so much Wit forsooth.
Worship and Wealth were both wont to be
In better request I'm sure, I cannot tell,
But they get ne'er the wiser Children that I see.

L. Ruin. La, la, la, la, Sol, this Musick breaths in vain,
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,
Let's have a Female Motion, 'tis in private,
And we'll grace't our selves, however it deserves.

Neice. What say you, Guardianess?

Guard. 'Las I'm weary with the Walk,
My jaunting Days are done.

L. Ru. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the Musick.

Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my Mony then.

[*They Dance, a Cornet is winded.*]

L. Ru. Hark? upon my Life the Knight; 'tis your Friend,
This was the warning-piece of his Approach.

Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, and Cunningham,
Masqu'd, and take them to Dance.

L. Ru. Ha? No Words but mum? Well then,
We shall need no Counsel-keeping.

Neice.

Neice. Cunningham?

Cun. Yes, fear nothing.

Neice. Fear? Why do you tell me of it?

Cun. Your Uncle's here.

Neice. Aye me.

Cun. Peace.

Old K. We have caught 'em.

Witty. Thank my Wit, Father.

Guard. Which is the Knight, think you?

Neice. I know not, he will be found when he speaks,
No Masque can disguise his Tongue.

Witty. Are you charg'd?

Old K. Are you awake?

Witty. I'm answer'd in a Question.

Cun. Next Change we meet, we loose our Hands no more.

Neice. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em?

Cun. Yes.

You must go with me.

Guard. Whither, Sir? Not from my Charge, believe me.

Cun. She goes along.

Neice. Will you venture, and my Uncle here?

Cun. His Stay's prepar'd for.

Guard. 'Tis the Knight sure, I'll follow.

[*Exe. Cun. Neice. Guard.*]

Old K. How now, the Musick tir'd before us?

Ruin. Yes, Sir, we must be paid now.

Witty. Oh that's my Charge, Father.

Old K. But stay, where are our wanton Ladies gone?
Son, where are they?

Witty. Only chang'd the Room in a Change, that's
all sure.

Old K. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to
you.

Ruin. You must pay for your Musick first, Sir.

Old K. Must? Are there musty Fidlers? Are Beggars
Chusers now?

Ha? Why *Witty-pate*, Son, where am I?

Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good Measure,
Sir,

Is your Health miscarried since? What ail you, Sir?

Old K. Death, I may be gull'd to my Face, where's my Neice?

What are you?

L. Ruin. None of your Neice, Sir.

Old K. How now? Have you loud Instruments too?
I'll hear

No more, I thank you; what have I done tro
To bring these Fears about me? Son, where am I?

Witty. Not where you should be, Sir, you should be
paying

For your Musick, and you are in a maze.

Old K. Oh, is't so, put up, put up, I pray you,
Here's a Crown for you.

L. Ruin. Pish, a Crown?

Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, a Crown?

Old K. Which way do you laugh? I have seen a Crown
has made a Consort laugh heartily.

Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians, they expect a Bounty
Above their punctual desert.

Old K. A——on your Punks and their Deserts too.
Am I not cheated all this while, think you?
Is not your Pate in this?

Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own Goods;
Here you trifle time to market your Bounty
And make it base, when it must needs be free
For ought I can perceive.

Old K. Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

Witty. That I will, Sir, with all my Heart.

Old K. Unless I was discover'd, and they now fled
Home again for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd,
That's the best can be hop'd for.

Witty. Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen.

Ruin. There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

Old K. Now, Sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the t'other ten Pound?

Pris. Not a Bawbee, Sir.

Old

Old K. How ? Bate ten Pound ? What's the whole Sum then ?

Witty. Faith, Sir, a hundred Pound, with much ado I got fifty bated, and faith Father, to say truth, 'Tis reasonable for Men of their Fashion.

Old K. La, la, la, down, a hundred Pound ? la, la, la, You are a Consort of Thieves, are you not ?

Witty. No Musicians, Sir, I told you before.

Old K. Fiddle faddle, is it not a Robbery ? a plain Robbery ?

Witty. No, no, no, by no means Father, you have receiv'd

For your Mony, nay and that you cannot give back, 'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it ? If they had been agreed with before-hand, 'Twas ill forgotten.

Old K. And how many Shares have you in this ? I see my force,

Cafe up your Instruments, I yield, here, as robb'd and Taken from me, I deliver it.

Witty. No, Sir, you have perform'd your Promise now, Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

Old K. I have heard no Musick, I have receiv'd none, Sir, There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why, Sir, here's Witness against you, you have danc'd,

And he that dances acknowledges a Receipt of Musick.

Old K. I deny that, Sir ; look you, I can dance without Musick, do you see, Sir ? And I can sing without it too ; you are a Consort of Thieves, do you hear what I do ?

Witty. Pray take you heed, Sir, if you do move the Musick again, it may cost you as much more.

Old K. Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly, I need not bid you farewell, I think now, so long as that hundred Pound lasts with you.

Enter Guardianes.

Ha, ha, am I snapt i' faith ?

Guard. Oh, Sir *Perfidious.*

Old K.

Old K. I, I, some howling another while, Musick's too damnable dear.

Guard. Oh Sir, my Heart-strings are broke, if I can but live to tell you the Tale, I care not, your Neice my Charge is——

Old K. What, is she sick?

Guard. No, no, Sir, she's lustily well married.

Old K. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning Dissembler *Cunningham*.

Old K. I'll hang the Priest first, what was he?

Guard. Your Kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch* Benefice.

Old K. I sav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good; is there any more?

Guard. And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

Old K. To my Neice too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No, Sir, to my Neice, thank *Cupid*; and that's all that's likely to recover me, she's Lady *Fop* now, and I am one of her Aunts, I thank my Promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cunningham, Neice, Sir Gregory, and Mirabel.

Cred. I have perform'd your best, Sir.

Old K. What have you perform'd, Sir?

Witty. Faith, Sir, I must excuse my Cousin in this act, If you can excuse your self for making him A Priest, there's the most difficult Answer. I put this practice on him, as from your desire: A truth, a truth, Father.

Cred. I protest, Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't in your Name.

Old K. I protest, Sir, he told you a Lie in my Name; and were you so easie, Mr. *Credulous*, to believe him?

Cred. If a Man should not believe his Cousin, Sir, whom should he believe?

Old K. Good e'en to you, good Mr. Cousin *Cunningham*, And your fair Bride, my Cousin *Cunningham* too, And how do you Sir *Gregory*, with your fair Lady?

Sir Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I thank you, Sir; the days of Puppy, and Slave, and Rascal, are pretty well blown over now, I know.

Crabs from Verjuice, I have tryed both, and thou'dst give me thy Neice for nothing, I'd not have her.

Cun. I think so, Sir *Gregory*, for my sake you would not.

Sir Greg. I wou'd thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she had died of the Green-sickness: Know this, that I did marry in spight, and I will kiss my Lady in spight, and love her in spight, and beget Children of her in spight, when I die, they shall have my Lands in spight; this was my Resolution, and now 'tis out.

Neice. How spightful are you now, Sir *Gregory*? Why look you, I can love my dearest Husband, With all the Honours, Duties, sweet Embraces, That can be thrown upon a loving Man.

Sir Greg. ——— This is afore your Uncle's Face, but behind his Back, in private, you'll shew him another Tale ———

Cun. You see, Sir, now the irrecoverable state of all these things before you: Come out of your Muse, they have been but Wit-weapons, you were wont to love the Play.

Enter Clown.

Old K. Let me alone in my Muse, a little, Sir, I will wake to you anon.

Cun. U'd so, your Friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

Neice. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Clown. I do hear strange Stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

Neice. Oh, the dissembling falsest Wretch is come.

Cun. How now, Lady?

Neice. Let me come to him, and instead of Love Let me have Revenge.

Witty. Pray you now, will you first examine, whether he be guilty or no.

Neice. He cannot be excus'd.

How many Messengers (thou perjur'd Man)
Hast thou return'd with Vows and Oaths, that thou
Wouldst follow, and never 'till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false Eye

Drew

Drew my Heart to it ? Oh I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft Embraces ; pray give me leave——

Witty. Faith this was ill done of you, Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

Clown. By this Hand, never any Messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her Company ; that a Man should be wrong'd thus ?

Neice. Did not I send thee Scarfs and Diamonds ?
And thou return'dst me Letters, one with a false Heart in't.

Witty. Oh fie, to receive Favours, return Falshoods, and hold a Lady in hand——

Clown. Will you believe me, Sir ? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent any Letter to her, would this Sword might ne'er go through me.

Witty. Some bad Messengers have gone between you then.

Neice. Take him from my fight, if I shall see to morrow.

Witty. Pray you forbear the place, this Discontent may impair her Health much.

Clown. 'Foot, if a Man had been in any Fault, 'twould ne'er a griev'd him : Sir, if you'll believe.

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you,
But you see how the Lady is wrong'd by't ;
She has cast away her self, it is to be fear'd,
Against her Uncle's Will, nay, and Consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spight to her self,
Married suddenly without any advice.

Clown. Why, who can help it ? if she be cast away, she may thank her self, she might have gone farther and far'd worse ; I could do no more than I could do : 'twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come 'till I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

Witty. Truly I believe you.

Clown. Night and Day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough ; I said as much to her between her and I ; yet I protest, she's as honest a Lady for my part, that I'd say, if she would see me

hang'd: If she be cast away, I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoke with a Man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard Miss on both Parts,

Clown. So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross Luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and home.

Neice. Not gone yet? Oh my Heart! none regard my Health?

Witty. Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear how ill she brooks it.

Clown. Foolish Woman, to overthrow her Fortunes so; I shall think the worse of a Lady's Wit, while I live for't—I could almost cry for Anger, if she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my Conscience a little; and who knows what Love and Conceit may do? What would People say, as I go along? There goes he that the Lady dy'd for Love on, I am sure to hear on't i'th' Streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish Woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go they ways, wouldst thou spare thy Husband's Head, and break thine own Heart? If thou hadst any Wit, I would some other had been the Cause of thy undoing, I shall be twitted i'th' Teeeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady. [Exit.

Neice. So, so, this Trouble's well shook off. Uncle, how d'ye? there's a Dowry due, Sir.

Cun. We have agreed it, Sweetest, And find your Uncle fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Old K. Never to thee, nor thee, easie Cousin *Credulous*, Was your Wit so raw?

Cred. Faith, yours Sir, so long'd season'd, Has been faulty too, and very much to blame, Speaking it with Reverence, Uncle.

Sir Greg. Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as dear for your time, as any Man here.

Witty. Ay, Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first Preface cheat of a Pair of Pieces to the Beggars, you remember that I was the Example to your Bounty there,

there, I spake *Greek* and *Syriack*, Sir; you understand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cousin, which indeed was no Robbery, no Constable, no Justice, no Thief, but all Cheaters; there was a hundred Mark, mark you that: Lastly, this memorable hundred Pounds worth of Musick, this was both Cheats and Wit too; and for the assistance of this Gentleman to my Cousin (for which I am to have a Fee) that w. a little practice of my Wit too, Father: Will you come to Composition yet, Father?

Cun. Yes faith, Sir, do, two hundred a Year will be easier than so much Weekly, I do not think he's barren if he should be put to't again.

Old K. Why this was the Day I look'd for, thou shalt have't,

And the next Cheat makes it up three hundred;
Live thou upon thy ten Pound Vicarige,
Thou get'st not a Penny more, here's thy full
Hire now.

Cred. I thank you, Sir.

Witty. Why there was the sum of all my Wit, Father,

To shuve him out of your Favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Old K. Most certain it had,
Had not thy Wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, Sir.

Old K. Nephew, part a hundred Pound amongst 'em,
I'll repay it; Wealth, love me as I love Wit;
When I die,
I'll build an Alms-house for decay'd Wits.

Sir Greg. I'll entertain one in my life-time; Scholar,
you shall be my Chaplain, I have the Gift of twenty
Benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks my great Patron.

Cun. Sir, your Gentry and your Name shall both be
rais'd as high as my Fortunes can reach 'em, for your
Friends sake.

Witty.

Witty. Something will be in my present Power, the future more,

You shall share with me.

Ruin and Wife. Thanks, worthy Gentlemen.

Neice. Sir, I would beg one thing of you?

Sir Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh Sir, if she begs, there's your Power over her.

Sir Greg. She has begg'd me for a Fool already, but, 'tis no matter.

I have begg'd her for a Lady, that she might have been, That's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg——

Sir Greg. Let her beg again then.

Neice. That your Man *Pompey's* Coat may come over his Ears back again, I would not he should be lost for my sake.

Sir Greg. Well, 'tis granted, for mine own sake.

Mir. I'll intreat it, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why then 'tis granted for your sake.

Old K. Come, come, down with all Weapons now, 'tis Musick time,

So it be purchas'd at an easie Rate;

Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,

And all concludes in Love, there's happy Wits. [*Exeunt.*]



EPILOGUE

AT THE

Reviving of this PLAY.

WE need not tell you, Gallants, that this
Night
The Wits have jump't, or that the Scenes hit
Right;
'Twould be but Labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in; his brisk Muse
Was so Mercurial, that if he but writ
An Act, or two, the whole Play rose up Wit.
We'll not Appeal unto those Gentlemen,
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when
The Ladies smile, and with their Fans delight
To whisk a Clinch aside, then all goes right;
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

The End of the Sixth Volume.

APPENDIX

Review of the DAY

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The End of the Sixth Volume

